

THE WORKS OF

AND

VARIORUM DITION

VOLUME IV

THE FALSE ONE
THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER
VALENTINIAN
MONSIEUR THOMAS
THE CHANCES

LONDON

1912

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWIC STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S E ,
AND BUNCAT, SUFFOLK

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THE FALSE ONE

EDITED BY MORTON LUCE

The False One A Tragedy

In the Folios, 1647, 1679

THE FALSE ONE

PREVIOUS EDITIONS — *The False One* appeared in the Folio editions of 1647 and 1679, it was not printed separately. Later editions are those of 1711, of Seward in 1750, Colman, 1778, Weber, 1812, and Dyce, 1843. Recently it has appeared in the edition issued by the Cambridge University Press.

DARF — Under this head Dyce remarks — “*The False One* and *The Double Marriage* are perhaps later than March, 1618-19, as the name of Burbadge, who died on the 13th of that month, is absent from the list of the original performers in these two tragedies.” He adds “Both the Prologue and Epilogue attest that *The False One* was composed by more than one author and from the comparative regularity of the plot, as well as from the versification in several scenes, Weber conjectures with much probability that a portion is by Massinger.”

THE TEXT — The text here given is based on the Folios of 1647 and 1679. The important differences between these texts, as well as the important emendations proposed or adopted are indicated in the Notes.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY — First, as to the title, “*The False One*.” Some think it may be claimed by three or four of the leading characters, but possibly the delineation of the villain and traitor Septimius, should be regarded as the main motive of this drama.

“Septimius,” says Weber, “is the most finished villain in all these plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.” As to his prominence in this play, we note especially his numerous soliloquies, and particularly the one which closes III. ii. — “How monstrous shows that man that is ungrateful.” To this quotation we may now add the following —

“Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths” — I. i. 83,

and these are the first words addressed to him on the stage.

Later we have —

“Take heed of falsehood” — IV. iii. 34.

“Since I in my nature was fashioned to be false” — V. iii. 12, 13.

“That never belch’d but blasphemy and treason” — V. iii. 32.

“Thou wilt be false” — V. iii. 40.

“Nor true to friend or enemy” — V. iii. 55.

And the concluding couplet of this scene, and of the story of hypocrisy and treachery, reads as though it were specially intended to justify the title selected by the authors for their drama —

“Thou dost deserve a worse end, and may
All such conclude so that their friends betray

Turning now to the dramatic story, we learn at the outset that Cleopatra, sister of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, has been ousted from joint succession with her brother, and placed in “safe custody” under her guardian Apollodorus. Next, Achilles and Achoreus meet to estimate the opposing forces of Pompey and Cæsar, Septimius breaks in upon them, proposing mirth. After leaving the stage, he re-appears with Photinus, who promises employment for his villainy. Now Ptolemy brings in Labienus, who tells the story of Pharlia and Pompey’s flight to Egypt. There follows a council, in which Photinus

folds his designs. Ptolemy is to be replaced by Cleopatra, and Cæsar to be propitiated with the head of Pompey.

In the next scene Cleopatra, taking Apollodorus into her confidence determines to win Cæsar and freedom with the aid of her blandishments.

In the Second Act, Septimius enters, bearing the head of Pompey. Achilles gives him his desert in words, and snatches the head from him. Ptolemy and his creatures now come on the scene, and discuss the propriety of the deed, but their deliberations are interrupted by the entrance of Cæsar and his followers.

Careless of their arguments, Cæsar pronounces his panegyric on Pompey, and leaves the stage—as it seems—in displeasure, but Photinus rightly interprets this as Cæsar's concealed satisfaction at the turn of affairs, and proceeds to purchase Septimius for the performance of some secret crime.

And now a large package is brought in to Cæsar by Strava, who complains sorely of his burden, the package is opened, and Cleopatra is discovered. Cæsar falls a victim to her charms, and promises to make her Queen in Egypt.

Next, Photinus begins to plot against Ptolemy, while Cæsar's captious expressions upon their general's love entanglements. Septimius, enriched, would play the gallant before them, but is snubbed, snubbed also by Cleopatra's waiting woman, Eros, also by three lame soldiers.

Ptolemy hopes to dazzle Cæsar with his wealth, which is ingeniously illustrated by means of a Masque,¹ and to the disgust of Cleopatra, whom he neglected for the moment, Cæsar is more than half won over by this rival.

Again Ptolemy and his ministers take counsel, for Cæsar has appropriated the treasure, and may take the king next.

Meanwhile Cleopatra speaks her mind to Cæsar, and gives him no quarter. Moreover, Antony and the others inform him that Photinus has raised against him a revolt of the Alexandrians. At the news, Cæsar becomes himself again.

Now we have another Septimius episode, the villain apes humility and repentance, but is put to scorn by the lame soldiers and Achiæus. Photinus, however, has further need of him, and speedily he "feels himself returning rascal."

In the Fifth Act, Ptolemy protests innocence of the revolt, and yields him self to Cæsar, but together with Cæsar he is besieged by the rebels. And now the rebel leaders, Photinus, Achilles and Septimius, agree that Ptolemy must be killed as well as Cæsar, and that Cleopatra shall be left to the mercy of Photinus. Cæsar and his friends hold a useless parley with the rebels and Cæsar determines to set fire to the palace, and in the confusion force a passage to his ships.

Septimius chafes at being the mere tool of Photinus, and attempts transfer his services to Cæsar, who has him hanged without delay. And thus, at the very end of the play, Septimius once more claims his title—"The False One."

In the next scene Cleopatra rises to her height, far above all danger, and even the diabolical designs of Photinus. Then enters Achilles with Ptolemy's dead body and the news that Cæsar has reached his ships. And now Cæsar himself returns with reinforcements, and quells the rebels, he is reconciled to Cleopatra and promises to take her to Rome.

SOURCES.—The scene is Alexandria, and the year 48, 47 B.C. Among the historical events dramatized or referred to are the struggle between Pompey and Cæsar, the Battle of Pharsalia, the flight of Pompey to Egypt, his murder as he was landing, Cæsar's subsequent arrival, and the Alexandrian War with its various complications, notably Cæsar's intrigue with Cleopatra.

Therefore the authors of *The False One* had recourse to many authorities, and they were greatly indebted for information and to some extent also for inspiration to the *Pharsalia* of Lucan. "Where the *Pharsalia* is imitated,"

¹ Possibly intended for the opening of the New River, 1613.—*Fleay*

says Dyce, "the nervous poetry (or rather rhetoric) of Lucan is paralleled to the full."

Some of these parallels are given in the notes. Lucan, who died A.D. 65, has left us little except his *Pharsalia*, an unfinished poem of Latin hexameters in ten books, which opens with Cæsar's passage across the Rubicon, and ends abruptly a little earlier than the famous swimming episode of V. iv. 154-167. For a graphic account of the latter part of the story, Niebuhr refers to Hirtius.

Among other authorities mentioned by Langbaine are Suetonius, Plutarch, Dion, Appian, Florus, Eutropius, Orosius. It will perhaps be sufficient to add here a few historical particulars gathered from various sources.

In B.C. 48, the opening year of this Drama, Pompey was 59 and Cæsar six years younger. Cleopatra, it must be remarked, was born in B.C. 69, and would therefore be about 20 years old.

The state of affairs which brought Pompey into Egypt, with Cæsar in pursuit of him, was as follows. — Pompey had allowed his friend Sabinus to restore to the Egyptian throne Ptolemy Auletes, who in return had sent Pompey some ships. But this Ptolemy was now dead, he had two daughters, Cleopatra and Arsinoë, and two sons, one of these sons, Ptolemy Dionysus, was left joint ruler of Egypt with his sister Cleopatra who was his elder; they were under the guardianship of the Roman Senate, who again had commissioned Pompey to represent their authority. Such were some of the reasons that determined his flight into Egypt. But Cleopatra had been expelled by the Alexandrians, and Pothinus and Achillas were guardians of the young Ptolemy. When news came that Pompey intended to land, Ptolemy's ministers were afraid that some of Pompey's veteran soldiers who formed part of the Egyptian army might revolt to him, and L. Septimius who had served under Pompey and had been left by Sabinus as commander in Egypt, joined with them in counselling the murder of his former general.¹

To this account of affairs in Alexandria a few particulars illustrating the Play may now be added.

The Battle of Pharsalia, which ended in Pompey's defeat, was fought on the 6th of June, 48 B.C. Pompey fled, and his murder followed shortly after, and Cæsar reached Alexandria in time to receive, or rather to reject, Pompey's head, but he kept his ring. By August, Cæsar was shut up in Pharos, the maritime port of the city. Next spring, Achillas raised the siege, and a battle followed. The victory was with Cæsar, and many fugitives were drowned as they attempted to cross the Nile, among these was Ptolemy Dionysus himself. Cæsar now made Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, and kept Arsinoë for his Triumph. He left Egypt about the end of May, 47 B.C.

As to the stratagem by which Cleopatra gained access to Cæsar, Plutarch gives the following —

"She only taking Apollodorus Sicilian of all her friends took a little bote and went away with him in it in the night, and came and landed hard by the foot of the castell. Then, having no other meane to come into the court without being knowne, she laid her selfe downe vpon a mattresse or flock bed which Apollodorus her friend tied and bound together like a bundle with a great leather thong and so tooke her vpon his back, and brought her thus hampered in this fardle vnto Cæsar in at the castle gate."

(*Life of Julius Cæsar*, North's translation, Ed. 1612.)

Of another incident in the Play, the murder of Pompey, the following account is also by Plutarch —

"In the meane tyme the fisher boat drew neare, and Septimius arose and saluted Pompey in the Romaine tongue, by the name of Imperator, as much as Soueraine Captaine, and Achillas also spake to him in the Greeke tongue, and

¹ See second extract from Plutarch below.

bade him come into his boate, because that by the shore side there was a great deile of mud and sand banks, so that his gallie should have no water to bring him in. At the very same time they saw a farre off diuers of the king's gallies, which were arming with all speed possible, and all the shore besides full of souldiers. Thus, though Pompey and his company would have altered their minds, they could not haue told how to haue escaped, and furthermore, shewing that they had mistrusted them, then they had giuen the murtherer occasion to haue executed his crueltie. So taking his leaue of his wife Cornelia, who lamented his death before his end, he commanded two Centurions to go downe before him into the Ægyptian's boate, and Philip one of his slaues infranchised, with another slaue called Seynes. When Achilles reached out his hand to receiue him into his boate, he turned him to his wife and sonne, and said these verses of Sophocles vnto them

*The man that into Court comes free,
Must there in state of bondage be*

These were the last words he spake vnto his people, when he had left his own gallie and went into the Ægyptian's boate. The land being a great way off from his gally, when he saw neuer a man in the boate speake friendly vnto him, beholding Septimius, he said vnto him me thinks, my friend, I should know thee, for that thou hast serued with me heretofore. The other nodded with his head that it was true, but gaue him no answer, nor shewed him any courtesie. Pompey, seeing that no man spake to him, tooke a little booke¹ he had in his hand, in the which he had written an oration that he meant to make vnto King Ptolomie, and began to reade it. When they came neare the shore, Cornelia, with her seruants and friends about her, stood vp in her ship in great feare, to see what should become of Pompey. So she hoped well, when she saw many of the king's people on the shore, coming towards Pompey at his landing, as it were to receiue and honour him. But euen as Pompey tooke Philip his hand to arise more easily, Septimius came first behind him and trust [*sic*] him through with his sword. Next vnto him also, Saluans and Achilles drew out their swords in like manner. Pompey then did no more but tooke vp his gowne with his hands, and hid his face, and manly abid the wounds they gaue him, only sighing a little. Thus being nine and fiftie yeares old, he ended his life the next day after the day of his birth. (Plutarch, *Life of Pompey*, North's translation, Ed 1612.)

It is perhaps worth mentioning that, as to the swimming episode of V 154-167, Rowe in his version of the *Pharsalia* attempted to supplement Lucan

THEATRICAL HISTORY.—Weber mentions the *Pompey* of Corneille as a "respectable rival" to *The False One*. Dr Wad¹ notes that "Fletcher's play was adapted by Cibber, and produced in 1724 under the title of *Cæsar in Egypt*, when his 'quavering Tragedy tunes' as Achoreus, and the pasteboard swans pulled along the Nile by the carpenters, furnished much amusement to some of the spectators."

¹ *Eng Dram Lit* II 719

PROLOGUE

NEW titles warrant not a play for new,
 The subject being old, and 'tis as true,
 Fresh and neat matter may with ease be fram'd
 Out of their stories, that have oft been nam'd
 With glory on the stage what borrows he 5
 From him that wrote old Priam's tragedy,
 That writes his love to Hecuba sure, to tell
 Of Cæsar's amorous heats, and how he fell
 In the Capitol, can never be the same
 To the judicious nor will such blame 10
 Those that penn'd this, for barrenness, when they find
 Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind
 Express'd to the height, with us a maid, and free,
 And how he rated her virginity,
 We treat not of what boldness she did die, 15
 Nor of her fatal love to Antony
 What we present and offer to your view,
 Upon their faiths, the stage yet never knew
 Let reason, then, first to your wills give laws,
 And after judge of them and of their cause 20

In Ff, the Prologue and Epilogue are printed on one page at the end
 9, 15] The reference, of course, is to Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, and
Antony and Cleopatra
 11 [that] F1 who F2

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR		SEPTIMIUS, a Roman who has fled from POMPEY to the service of PTOLEMY
ANTONY,	} Roman captains	APOLLODORUS, guardian to CLE- OPATRA
DOLABELLA,		Boy, Soldiers, Guard, Attendants
SCÆVA,		CLEOPATRA, } sisters to PTOLEMY
LABIENUS, a Roman officer, a deserter from CÆSAR to POMPEY		ARSINOË, }
PTOLEMY, king of Egypt, brother to CLEOPATRA		EROS, waiting woman to CLEOPATRA
PHOINUS, an eunuch, his chief minister		ISIS,
ACHOREUS, priest of Isis		NILUS, and his Heads, } in the masque
ACHILLAS, captain of PTOLEMY'S guard		Three Labourers, }

SCENE—*Alexandria*

Divided into Acts and Scenes in the Folios

The principal actors were—

JOHN LOWIN	JOSEPH TAYLOR
JOHN UNDERWOOD	NICHOLAS TOOLIE
ROBERT BENFIELD	JOHN RICE
RICHARD SHARPE	GEORGE BIRCH

Fol 1679

Dramatis Personæ — These are according to Dyce. None are given in F1. *Pho'nus*] The proper spelling of the name is *Pothinus* see the notes of Grotius and Oudendorp on Lucan, viii 483 — Dyce (In F2 is styled a *Politician, minion to Ptolomy*)

Septimius] Pithily described in F2 as a *revolted Roman Villain*

THE FALSE ONE

ACT I

SCENE I

*Alexandria A hall in the Palace**Enter ACHILLAS and ACHOREUS*

Achor I love the king, nor do dispute his power,
 (For that is not confin'd, nor to be censur'd
 By me, that am his subject), yet allow me
 The liberty of a man, that still would be
 A friend to justice, to demand the motives 5
 That did induce young Ptolemy, or Photinus
 (To whose directions he gives up himself,
 And I hope wisely), to commit his sister,
 The princess Cleopatra if I said
 The queen, Achilles, 'twere, I hope, no treason, 10
 She being by her father's testament
 (Whose memory I bow to) left co-heir
 In all he stood possess'd of

Achil 'Tis confess'd,
 My good Achoreus, that in these eastern kingdoms
 Women are not exempted from the sceptre, 15
 But claim a privilege equal to the male,
 But how much such divisions have ta'en from
 The majesty of Egypt, and what factions
 Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruin
 Of the poor subject, doubtful which to follow, 20
 We have too many and too sad examples

27 in this] to the F2

In which the Roman empire is embark'd
 On a rough sea of danger, does exact 45
 Their whole care to preserve themselves, and gives them
 No vacant time to think of what we do,
 Which hardly can concern them

Achor What's your opinion
 Of the success? I have heard, in multitudes
 Of soldiers, and all glorious pomp of war, 50
 Pompey is much superior

Achil I could give you
 A catalogue of all the several nations
 From whence he drew his powers, but that were tedious
 They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,
 Which makes them think the day already won, 55
 And Pompey being master of the sea,
 Such plenty of all delicacies are brought in,
 As if the place, on which they are entrench'd,
 Were not a camp of soldiers, but Rome,
 In which Lucullus and Apicius join'd 60
 To make a public feast They at Dyrrachium
 Fought with success, but knew not to make use of
 Fortune's fair offer so much, I have heard,
 Cæsar himself confess'd

Achor Where are they now?
Achil In Thessaly, near the Pharsalian plains, 65
 Where Cæsar with a handful of his men
 Hems in the greater number His whole troops
 Exceed not twenty thousand, but old soldiers,
 Flesh'd in the spoils of Germany and France,
 Inur'd to his command, and only know 70
 To fight and overcome and though that famine
 Reigns in his camp, compelling them to taste
 Bread made of roots forbid the use of man
 (Which they with scorn threw into Pompey's camp,
 As in derision of his delicacies), 75
 Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a banquet,
 They still besiege him, being ambitious only
 To come to blows, and let their swords determine
 Who hath the better cause

49 *success*] issue Cf "ominous conjecture on the whole success" *Paradise Lost*, II 123

64 *confess'd*] *F1 confesse F2 confess* —The correction was made by Seward

Achor May victory
Attend on't, where it is !
Achil We every hour 80
Expect to hear the issue

Enter SEPTIMIUS

Sept Save my good lords !
By Isis and OSIRIS, whom you worship,
And the four hundred gods and goddesses
Ador'd in Rome, I am your honours' servant
Achor Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths
Achil You are cruel , 85
If you deny him swearing, you take from him
Three full parts of his language

Sept Your honour's bitter
Confound me, where I love I cannot say it,
But I must swear 't yet such is my ill fortune,
Nor vows nor protestations win belief, 90
I think (and I can find no other reason),
Because I am a Roman

Achor No, Septimius ,
To be a Roman were an honour to you,
Did not your manners and your life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from Rome you bring nothing 95
But Roman vices, which you would plant here,
But no seed of her virtues

Sept With your reverence,
I am too old to learn

Achor Any thing honest,
That I believe without an oath

Sept I fear
Your lordship has slept ill to-night, and that 100
Invites this sad discourse 'twill make you old
Before your time [pox] o' these virtuous morals,
And old religious principles, that fool us !
I have brought you a new song will make you laugh,
Though you were at your prayers

Achor What is the subject ? 105

81 Both folios have *Septimius* in Act I , and mark his entrance at the end of
Achil's previous speech

101 *sad*] grave, serious

102 [*pox*] o' these] F1, "— o' these", F2, "— O these", Dyce supplied
"pox]"

Be free, Septimius

Sept 'Tis a catalogue
Of all the gamesters of the court and city,
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
Sports with that merchant's wife, and does relate
Who sells her honour for a diamond, 110
Who for a tissue robe, whose husband's jealous,
And who so kind, that, to share with his wife,
Will make the match himself harmless conceits,
Though fools say they are dangerous I sang it,
The last night, at my lord Photinus' table 115

Achor How! as a fiddler?

Sept No, sir, as a guest,
A welcome guest too, and it was approv'd of
By a dozen of his friends, though they were touch'd in't,
For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,
When we have laid by foolish modesty 120
(As not a man of fashion will wear it),
To talk what we have done, at least to hear it,
If merrily set down, it fires the blood,
And heightens crest-faln appetite

Achor New doctrine!

Achl Was't of your own composing?

Sept No, I bought it 125
Of a skulking scribbler for two Ptolemies,
But the hints were mine own the wretch was fearful,
But I have damn'd myself, should it be question'd,
That I will own it

Achor And be punish'd for it —
Take heed, for you may so long exercise 130
Your scurrilous wit against authority,
The kingdom's counsels, and make profane jests
(Which to you, being an atheist, is nothing)
Against religion, that your great maintainers,
Unless they would be thought copartners with you, 135
Will leave you to the law, and then, Septimius,
Remember there are whips

Sept For whores, I grant you,
When they are out of date, till then, [they] are safe too,

107 *gamesters* s] "dissolute persons of both sexes"—Dyce

113 Two lines in Ff, the first ending at *himself*

138 *When*] So F2 F1, *Till* [they] not in Ff *they're*, other edd

Or all the gallants of the court are eunuchs
 And, for mine own defence, I 'll only add this, 140
 I 'll be admitted, for a wanton tale,
 To some most private cabinets, when your priesthood,
 Though laden with the mysteries of your goddess,
 Shall wait without unnoted So I leave you
 To your pious thoughts " [Exit

Achil 'Tis a strange impudence 145
 This fellow does put on
Achor The wonder great,
 He is accepted of -

Achil Vices, for him,
 Make as free way as virtues do for others
 'Tis the times' fault, yet great ones still have grac'd,
 To make them sport, or rub them o'er with flattery, 150
 Observers of all kinds

Achor No more of him,
 He is not worth our thoughts, a fugitive
 From Pompey's army, and now, in a danger
 When he should use his service

Enter PHOTINUS with SEPTIMIUS

Achil See how he hangs
 On great Photinus' ear !

Sept Hell, and the Furies, 155
 And all the plagues of darkness, light upon me,
 You are my god on earth ! and let me have
 Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter !

Pho Thou art believ'd dost thou want money ?

Sept No, sir

Pho Or hast thou any suit ? these ever follow 160
 Thy vehement protestations

Sept You much wrong me
 How can I want, when your beams shine upon me,
 Unless employment to express my zeal

147 accepted of] "i.e. received or admitted"—Weber

151 Observers] "i.e. obsequious attendants, parasites"—Dyce Cf
 "ducking observants, That stretch their duties nicely," Shakespeare, *King*
Lear, II ii 109-110

153-4 and now service] "Septimius was not only a fugitive from
 Pompey, but had deserted him in the midst of danger, when he was engaged
 in a war with Cæsar"—Seward

154 s d] Ff give the s d at l 151 after *Achillas'* speech

To do your greatness service? Do but think
 A deed, so dark the sun would blush to look on,
 For which mankind would curse me, and arm all
 The powers above, and those below, against me
 Command me, I will on 165

Pho When I have use,
 I'll put you to the test

Sept May it be speedy,
 And something worth my danger! You are cold, 170
 And know not your own powers: this brow was fashion'd
 To wear a kingly wreath, and your grave judgment
 Given to dispose of monarchies, not to govern
 A child's affairs, the people's eye's upon you,
 The soldier courts you, will you wear a garment 175
 Of sordid loyalty, when 'tis out of fashion?

Pho When Pompey was thy general, Septimius,
 Thou saidst as much to him

Sept All my love to him,
 To Cæsar, Rome, and the whole world, is lost
 In the ocean of your bounties: I have no friend, 180
 Project, design, or country, but your favour,
 Which I'll preserve at any rate

Pho No more
 When I call on you, fall not off, perhaps,
 Sooner than you expect, I may employ you
 So, leave me for a while

Sept Ever your creature! [*Exit* 185

Pho Good day, Achoreus — My best friend, Achilles,
 Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour
 Of the great Roman action?

Achil That we are
 To inquire and learn of you, sir, whose grave care
 For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolemy's good, 190
 Hath eyes and ears in all parts

Pho I'll not boast
 What my intelligence costs me, but ere long
 You shall know more — The king, with him a Roman

Enter PTOLEMY, LABIENUS wounded, Guard

Achor The scarlet livery of unfortunate war

175 soldier] i e soldiery (as frequently)

193 s d wounded] not in ff

Dy'd deeply on his face

Achil 'Tis Labienus, 195

Cæsar's lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,

And fortunâte in all his undertakings—

But, since these civil jars, he turn'd to Pompey,

And, though he followed the better cause,

Not with the like success

Pho Such as are wise 200

Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise

But more of that hereafter

Lab In a word, sir,

These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,

Speak Pompey's loss To tell you of the battle,

How many thousand several bloody shapes 205

Death wore that day in triumph, how we bore

The shock of Cæsar's charge, or with what fury

His soldiers came on, as if they had been

So many Cæsars, and, like him, ambitious

To tread upon the liberty of Rome, 210

How fathers kill'd their sons, or sons their fathers,

Or how the Roman piles on either side

Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons,

The sword, succeeded, which, in civil wars,

Appoints the tent on which wing'd Victory 215

Shall make a certain stand, then, how the plains

Flow'd o'er with blood, and what a cloud of vultures

And other birds of prey hung o'er both armies,

Attending when their ready servitors

(The soldiers, from whom the angry gods 220

Had took all sense of reason and of pity),

Would serve in their own carcasses for a feast,

How Cæsar with his javelin forced them on

That made the least stop, when their angry hands

Were lifted up against some known friend's face, 225

212-214. *On how the Roman piles succeeded*—piles, i. e. javelins, darts—Lucan, speaking in contempt of the Parthian archers, when Pompey had thoughts of taking shelter amongst them, says,

Ensis habet vires, et gens quæcumque virorum est,

Bella gerit gladius Lib [viii 385]—"Seward

215-6 *Appoints stand* Decides which army shall be victorious

224-5 *when their angry hands*

Were lifted up against some known friend's face

"*Adversosque jubet ferro confundere vultus*

Lucan [vii 575]

Then coming to the body of the army,
He shews the sacred senate, and forbids them
To waste their force upon the common soldier,
(Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,
He would have spar'd,)——

Ptol The reason, Labienus? 230

Lab Full well he knows, that in their blood he was
To pass to empire, and that through their bowels
He must invade the laws of Rome, and give
A period to the liberty of the world
Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini, 235
The fam'd Torquati, Scipios, and Marcelli,
Names, next to Pompey's, most renown'd on earth
The nobles and the commons lay together,
And Pontic, Punic, and Assyrian blood,
Made up one crimson lake which Pompey seeing, 240
And that his and the fate of Rome had left him,
Standing upon the rampire of his camp,

The famous speech of Cæsar in this battle—*Miles, faciem feri*—is variously interpreted, either to hinder them from knowing each other, as fathers fought against sons and sons against fathers, or else that the gay handsome youths of Pompey's army would be more afraid of their faces than any other part of their bodies. This last is Florus's reason, our authors prefer the former, &c —*Seward*

226] *Then coming to the body of the army,*

He shews the sacred senate, &c.]

"In plebem vetat ire manus, monstratque senatum

Scit, cruor imperii qui sit, que viscera rerum

Unde petat Romam, uentis ultima mundi

Quis steterit ferienda loco permixta secundo

Ordine nobilitas, venerandique corpora ferro

Uguentur cauant Lepidos, ceduntque Metellos,

Corvinosque simul, Torquataque nomina, regum

Sæpe duces, summosque hominum te Magne, remoto

Lucan[vii 578] —*Seward*

In the passage just cited I have followed Oudendorp's text —*Dyce*

239-40 *And crimson lake]*

"sanguis in fluxit Acheus,

Ponticus, Assyrius cunctos hucere cruores

Romanus, campisque vetat consistere torrens

[Lucan, vii 635]

The description of Pompey's despair and flight is likewise a fine abridgement of Lucan, who labours much to excuse Pompey for flying so precipitately that he carried the news of his own defeat. Our poets have judiciously omitted all the circumstances that are disadvantageous to Pompey, and in this they follow nature, for a lieutenant sent by him to Ptolemy would naturally speak so —*Seward*

Though scorning all that could fall on himself,
 He pities them whose fortunes are embark'd
 In his unlucky quarrel, cries aloud too 245
 That they should sound retreat, and save themselves,
 That he desir'd not so much noble blood
 Should be lost in his service, or attend
 On his misfortunes, and then, taking horse
 With some few of his friends he came to Lesbos, 250
 And with Cornelia his wife, and sons,
 He's touch'd upon your shore The king of Parthia
 (Famous in his defeat of the Crassi)
 Offer'd him his protection, but Pompey,
 Relying on his benefits and your faith, 255
 Hath chosen Egypt for his sanctuary,
 Till he may recollect his scatter'd powers,
 And try a second day Now, Ptolemy,
 Though he appear not like that glorious thing
 That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws 260
 To conquer'd nations, and made crowns his gift,
 (As this of yours your noble father took
 From his victorious hand, and you still wear it
 At his devotion,) to do you more honour,
 In his declin'd estate, as the straight'st pine 265
 In a full grove of his yet-flourishing friends,
 He flies to you for succour, and expects
 The entertainment of your father's friend,
 And guardian to yourself
Ptol To say I grieve his fortune,
 As much as if the crown I wear (his gift) 270
 Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth,
 Our gods can witness for me yet, being young,
 And not a free disposer of myself,
 Let not a few hours, borrow'd for advice,
 Beget suspicion of unthankfulness 275
 (Which next to hell I hate) Pray you, retire,
 And take a little rest,—and let his wounds
 Be with that care attended, as they were
 Carv'd on my flesh—Good Labienus, think
 The little respite I desire shall be 280
 Wholly employ'd to find the readiest way

264 *At his devotion*] At his disposal—by his will Cf “At the devotion of her brother,” I ii 26

To do great Pompey service

Lab May the gods,
As you intend, protect you [*Exit with Guard*

Ptol Sit, sit all,
It is my pleasure Your advice, and freely

Achor A short deliberation in this, 285

May serve to give you counsel To be honest,

Religious, and thankful, in themselves

Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish

Or gloss in the persuader, your kept faith,

Though Pompey never rise to the height he's fallen from, 290

Cæsar himself will love, and my opinion

Is, still committing it to grave censure,

You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard

Of all you can call yours

Ptol What's yours, Photinus?

Rho Achoreus, great Ptolemy, hath counsell'd 295

Like a religious and honest man,

Worthy the honour that he justly holds

In being priest to Isis But, alas,

What in a man sequester'd from the world,

Or in a private person, is preferr'd, 300

No policy allows of in a king

To be or just, or thankful, makes kings guilty

283 s d] Ff simply *Exit*

285 *A short deliberation in this, &c*] "We have the purport of this speech of Achoreus in Lucan

"*quos inter Achoreus*

Consilii vox prima fuit, mentumque, fidemque,

Sacraque defuncti jactavit pignora patris

[vii 475] '—Sewall d

285 *in this*] so Ff Is the line complete?

292 *consul*] i e judgment

302 *To be or just, or thankful, &c*] "From hence to the end of Photinus's speech is almost a literal translation out of Lucan

Ius et fas multos faciunt, Ptolemæe, nocentes

Dat pœnas laudata fides, cum sustinet, inquit,

Quos Fortuna premit satis accede, Deusque

Et cole felices, miseris fuge sidera terra

Ut distant, ut flamma mari, sic utile recto

Sceptrorum vis tota perit, si pendere iusta

Incipit, evertiturque acies respectus honesti

Libertas scelerum est, qua regna misera tuetur,

Sublatusque modus gladius facere omnia sæpe

Non impune licet, nisi cum facis exeat aula

Qui vult esse pius virtus et summa potestas

And faith, though prais'd, is punish'd, that supports
 Such as good fate forsakes join with the gods,
 Observe the man they favour, leave the wretched, 305
 The stars are not more distant from the earth
 Than profit is from honesty, all the power,
 Prerogative, and greatness of a prince
 Is lost, if he descend once but to steer
 His course as what's right guides him let him leave 310

*Non cogunt semper metuet, quem sava pudebunt
 Non inopine tuos Magnus contemserit annos,
 Qui, te nec victos arriere a litore nostro
 Posse, putat neu te scriptis peroraverit hospes,
 Pignora sunt priora tibi Nilonque, Pharongue,
 Si regnare piget, damnata redde sorori
 Egypton certe Latius tueamus ab armis
 Quidquid non fuerit Magni, dum bella geruntur,
 Nec victoris erit toto jam pulsus ab orbe,
 Postquam nulla manet rerum fiducia, querit,
 Cum qua genti cadat rapitur civilibus umbris
 Nec socii tantum arma figit iugit ora senatus,
 Cujus Thessalicas saturat pars magna volucres
 Et metuit gentes, quas uno in sanguine mixtas
 Deserunt, regesque timet, quorum omnia mer sit
 Thessaliæque reus, nulla tellure receptus,
 Sollicitat nostrum, quem nondum perdidit, orbem
 Justior in Magnum nobis, Ptolemæ, querela
 Causa data est quid sepositam, semperque quietam
 Crimine bellorum maculas Pharoæ, arvaque nostra
 Victori suspecta facis? cui sola cadenti
 Hæc placuit tellus, in quam Pharsalica fata
 Conferres, panasque tuas? jam crimen habemus
 Purgandum gladio quod nobis scepta senatus,
 Te suadente, dedit, votis tua fovimus arma
 Hoc ferrum, quod fata jubent proferre, paravi
 Non tibi, sed victo feram tua viscera, Magne
 Malueram socii rapimus, quo cuncta feruntur
 Tene mihi dubitas an sit molare neesse,
 Cum liceat? quæ te nostræ fiducia regni
 Huc agit, infelix? populum non ce, nis mei mem,
 Arvaque vix refugio fodientem molliua Nilo?
 Metiri sua regna decet, visque fateri
 Tu Ptolemæ, potes Magni fulcire ruinam,
 Sub qua Roma jacet? bustum, cineresque movere
 Thessalicos audes bellumque in regna vocare?
 Ante aciem Emathiam nullis accessimus armis
 Pompeii nunc castra placent, quæ deserit orbis?
 Nunc victoris opes, et cognita fata lacessis?
 Adversis non deesse decet, sed lata secutos
 Nulla fides umquam miseros elegit amicos*

[viii 484]—Seward

Here again I have given Oudendorp's text—Dyce

The sceptre, that strives only to be good,
 Since kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood

Achor Oh, wicked !

Ptol Peace — Go on

Pho Proud Pompey shews how much he scorns
 your youth,

In thinking that you cannot keep your own 315

From such as are overcome If you are tired

With being a king, let not a stranger take

What nearer pledges challenge, resign rather

The government of Egypt and of Nile

To Cleopatra, that has title to them, 320

At least, defend them from the Roman gripe

What was not Pompey's, while the wars endur'd,

The conqueror will not challenge By all the world

Forsaken and despis'd, your gentle guardian,

His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice of 325

What nation he shall fall with, and, pursu'd

By their pale ghosts slain in this civil war,

He flies not Cæsar only, but the senate,

Of which the greater part have cloy'd the hunger

Of sharp Pharsalian fowl, he flies the nations 330

That he drew to his quarrel, whose estates

Are sunk in his, and, in no place receiv'd,

Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruin'd

And Ptolemy, things considered, justly may

Complain of Pompey wherefore should he stain 335

Our Egypt with the spots of civil war,

Or make the peaceable or quiet Nile

Doubted of Cæsar ? wherefore should he draw

His loss and overthrow upon our heads,

Or choose this place to suffer in ? Already 340

We have offended Cæsar in our wishes,

And no way left us to redeem his favour

But by the head of Pompey

Achor Great Osiris,

Defend thy Egypt from such cruelty

And barbarous ingratitude !

Pho Holy trifles, 345

And not to have place in designs of state

This sword, which fate commands me to unsheathe,

I would not draw on Pompey, if not vanquish'd ,
 I grant, it rather should have pass'd through Cæsar
 But we must follow where his fortune leads us 350
 All provident princes measure their intents
 According to their power, and so dispose them
 And think'st thou, Ptolemy, that thou canst prop
 His ruins, under whom sad Rome now suffers,
 Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis confirm'd ? 355
 Shall we, that in the battle sate as neuters,
 Serve him that's overcome ? no, no, he's lost
 And though 'tis noble to a sinking friend
 To lend a helping hand, while there is hope
 He may recover, thy part not engag'd, 360
 Though one most dear, when all his hopes are dead,
 To drown him set thy foot upon his head
Achor Most execrable counsel !
Achil To be follow'd ,
 'Tis for the kingdom's safety
Ptol We give up
 Our absolute power to thee dispose of it 365
 As reason shall direct thee
Pho Good Achilles,
 Seek out Septimius do you but soothe him ,
 He is already wrought Leave the despatch
 To me of Labienus 'Tis determin'd
 Already how you shall proceed Nor tate 370
 Shall alter it, since now the die is cast,
 But that this hour to Pompey is his last [Exeunt

SCENE II

An apartment in the mansion of CLEOPATRA

Enter ARSINOE, APOLLODORUS, EROS, and a Boy

Apol Is the queen stirring, Eros ?

Eros Yes , for, in truth,
 She touch'd no bed to-night

360-I *thy part* dear] If you are not pledged to support his interests,
 then, though he be one

SCENE II s d] If Enter Apollodorus, Eros, Arsinoe

Apol I am sorry for it,
And wish it were in me, with any hazard
To give her ease

Ars Sir, she accepts your will, ,
And does acknowledge she hath found you noble, 5
So far as, if restraint of liberty
Could give admission to a thought of mirth,
She is your debtor for it

Apol Did you tell her
Of the sports I have prepar'd to entertain her ?
She was us'd to take delight, with her fair hand 10
To angle in the Nile, where the glad fish,
As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive 'em,
Contended to be taken , other times,
To strike the stag, who, wounded by her arrows,
Forgot his tears in death, and kneeling thanks her 15
To his last gasp, then prouder of his fate,
Than if, with garlands crown'd, he had been chosen
To fall a sacrifice before the altar
Of the virgin huntress The king, nor great Photinus,
Forbid her any pleasure , and the circuit 20
In which she is confin'd gladly affords
Variety of pastimes, which I would
Increase with my best service

Eros Oh, but the thought
That she that was born free, and to dispense
Restraint or liberty to others, should be 25
At the devotion of her brother, (whom
She only knows her equal,) makes this place
In which she lives, though stor'd with all delights,
A loathsome dungeon to her

Apol Yet, how'er
She shall interpret it, I'll not be wanting 30
To do my best to serve her I have prepar'd
Choice music near her cabinet, and compos'd
Some few lines, set unto a solemn time,
In the praise of imprisonment —Begin, boy

SONG by the Boy

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air 35
Even in shadows you are fair

Shut up beauty is like fire,
 That breaks out clearer still and higher
 Though your body be confin'd,
 And soft love a prisoner bound,
 Yet the beauty of your mind,
 Neither check nor chain hath found
 Look out nobly, then, and dare
 Even the fetters that you wear

40

Enter CLEOPATRA

Cleo But that we are assu'd this tastes of duty 45
 And love in you, my guardian, and desire
 In you, my sister, and the rest, to please us,
 We should receive this as a saucy rudeness
 Offer'd our private thoughts But your intents
 Are to delight us alas, you wash an Ethiop ! 50
 Can Cleopatra, while she does remember
 Whose daughter she is, and whose sister (oh,
 I suffer in the name !), and that, in justice,
 There is no place in Egypt where I stand,
 But that the tributary earth is proud 55
 To kiss the foot of her that is her queen,
 Can she I say, that is all this, e'er relish
 Of comfort or delight, while base Photinus,
 Bondman Achilles, and all other monsters
 That reign o'er Ptolemy, make that a court 60
 Where they reside, and this, where I, a prison ?
 But there's a Rome, a senate, and a Cæsar,
 Though the great Pompey lean to Ptolemy,
 May think of Cleopatra
Apol Pompey, madam
Cleo What of him ? speak if ill, Apollodorus, 65
 It is my happiness, and, for thy news,
 Receive a favour (kings have kneel'd in vain for,)
 And kiss my hand
Apol He's lost
Cleo Speak it again
Apol His army routed, he fled, and pursu'd
 By the all-conquering Cæsar
Cleo Whither bends he ? 70
Apol To Egypt
Cleo Ha ! in person ?
Apol 'Tis received
 For an undoubted truth

Cleo I live again,
 And, if assurance of my love and beauty
 Deceive me not, I now shall find a judge
 To do me right But how to free myself, 75
 And get access? the guards are strong upon me,
 This door I must pass through [*Aside*]—Apollodorus,
 Thou often hast profess'd, to do me service,
 Thy life was not thine own

Apol I am not alter'd,
 And let your excellency propound a means 80
 In which I may but give the least assistance
 That may restore you to that you were born to,
 Though it call on the anger of the king,
 Or, what's more deadly all his minion
 Photinus can do to me, I, unmov'd, 85
 Offer my throat to serve you, ever provided,
 It bear some probable show to be effected
 To lose myself upon no ground were madness,
 Not loyal duty

Cleo [*To ARSINOE, EROS, and Boy*] Stand off—To
 thee alone [*To APOLLODORUS*]
 I will discover what I dare not trust 90
 My sister with? Cæsar is amorous,
 And taken more with the title of a queen,
 Than feature or proportion, he lov'd Eunoe,
 A Moor, deform'd too, I have heard, that brought
 No other object to inflame his blood, 95
 But that her husband was a king, on both
 He did bestow rich presents shall I, then,
 That, with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,
 That know to prize myself at mine own rate,
 Despair his favour? Art thou mine?

Apol I am 100
Cleo I have found out a way shall bring me to him,
 Spite of Photinus' watches If I prosper,
 As I am confident I shall, expect
 Things greater than thy wishes—Though I purchase
 His grace with loss of my virginity, 105
 It skills not, if it bring home majesty [*Aside*]

[*Exeunt*]

77, 106 *Aside*] Not marked in Ff 89 s ds] Not marked in Ff
 93 *Eunoe*] "Eunoe Maurum Bogudis uxorem"—Suetonius
 106 *skills not*] i e matters not

ACT, II

SCENE I

Before the Palace

Enter SEPTIMIUS, *with a head*, ACHILLAS, Guard

Sept 'Tis here, 'tis done Behold, you fearful viewers,
Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
The pride, and strength ! look, look again ! 'tis finish'd
That that whole armies, nay, whole nations,
Many and mighty kings, have been struck blind at, 5
And fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrors ,
That steel'd War waited on, and Fortune courted,
That high-plum'd Honour built up for her own ,
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,
Behold that child of war, with all his glories, 10
By this poor hand made breathless ! Here, my Achilles ,
Egypt and Cæsar owe me for this service,
And all the conquer'd nations

Achil Peace, Septimius ,
Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy actions
Though sometimes safety seek an instrument 15
Of thy unworthy nature, thou loud boaster,
Think not she is bound to love him too that 's barbarous
Why did not I, if this be meritorious,
And binds the king unto me and his bounties,
Strike this rude stroke ? I'll tell thee, thou poor
Roman , 20
It was a sacred head I durst not heave at,

7 *steel'd War*] "The first folio has 'steels war', the second 'steel war'—Both Theobald and Sympson saw that 'steel'd' was the right reading"—*Dyce*

21 *It was a sacred head I durst not heave at*] "Our authors have falsified history in the character of Achilles, in order to draw our whole indignation upon the wretch Septimius Achilles joined with him in the murder of Pompey, as did Salvius, another Roman centurion, but Septimius stabbed him first in the back, and afterwards the two others in the face"—*Seward*

Not heave a thought

Sept

It was

Achil

I'll tell thee truly,

And, if thou ever yet heardst tell of honour,

I'll make thee blush it was thy general's,

That man's that fed thee once, that man's that bred
thee,

25

The air thou breath'dst was his, the fire that warm'd thee

From his care kindled ever nay, I'll shew thee,

Because I'll make thee sensible of thy baseness,

And why a noble man durst not touch at it,

There was no piece of earth thou put'st thy foot on,

30

But was his conquest, and he gave thee motion

He triumph'd three times who durst touch his person?

The very walls of Rome bow'd to his presence,

Dear to the gods he was, to them that fear'd him

A fair and noble enemy Didst thou hate him,

35

And for thy love to Cæsar sought his ruin?

Amid the red Pharsalian fields, Septimius,

Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,

Where kings were fair competitors for honour,

Thou shouldst have come up to him, there have fought
him,

40

There, sword to sword

Sept

I kill'd him on commandment,

If kings' commands be fair, when you all fainted,

When none of you durst look——

Achil

On deeds so barbarous

What hast thou got?

Sept

The king's love and his bounty,

The honour of the service, which, though you rail at,

45

Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams on me,

Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious,

And I shall live——

Achil

A miserable villain

26 *breath'dst*? So F2 F1 has *breath'st*

28-29 *sensible of thy baseness*] Seward's correction F1 '*sensible of thy business*' F2 '*sensible of the business*' (Dyce remarked that '*durst not touch at it*' means '*durst not touch at the head of Pompey*,' comparing ll 21, 22, and 32)

37 *Amid the red Pharsalian fields*] 'F1 has '*Armed the red*,' &c F2 (its editor not having perceived for what '*Armed*' was misprinted) has '*Armed in the red*,' &c (but the sentence closes with '*sword to sword*'), and so the modern editors"—Dyce

What reputation and reward belongs to it,
 Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make mine 50
 And be not impudent to ask me why, sirrah,
 Nor bold to stay, read in mine eyes the reason
 The shame and obloquy I leave thine own,
 Inherit those rewards, they are fitter for thee
 Your oil's spent, and your snuff stinks go out basely! 55

Sept The king will yet consider *[Exit*

Achil Here he comes, sir

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, PHOTINUS

Achor Yet if it be undone, hear me, great sir,
 If this inhuman stroke be yet unstrooken,
 If that adored head be not yet sever'd
 From the most noble body, weigh the miseries, 60
 The desolations, that this great eclipse works
 You are young, be provident, fix not your empire
 Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt,
 Whose warlike gl'ia will raise ten thousand spirits
 Great as himself, in every hand a thunder, 65
 Destructions darting from their looks, and sorrows
 That easy women's eyes shall never empty

Pho *[To* ACHILLAS] You have done well, and 'tis
 done—See Achillas,

And in his hand the head

Ptol Stay, come no nearer
 Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me 70
 I do remember him, he was my guardian,
 Appointed by the senate to preserve me
 What a full majesty sits in his face yet!

Pho The king is troubled—Be not frightened, sir,
 Be not abus'd with fears his death was necessary, 75
 If you consider, sir, most necessary,
 Not to be miss'd and humbly thank great Isis,
 He came so opportunely to your hands
 Pity must now give place to rules of safety
 Is not victorious Cæsar new arriv'd, 80

56 *Sir* So Ff—Dyce (following Weber) gave *Achil* Here he comes
Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, and PHOTINUS *Sir*—*[To* PHOTINUS

58 *unstrooken*] F2 "unstrucken"

67 That floods of useless tears will never remedy

68 No s d in Ff

And enter'd Alexandria, with his friends,
 His navy riding by to wait his charges ?
 Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursu'd him ?
 Was not this great man his great enemy ?
 This godlike virtuous man, as people held him ?
 But what fool dares be friend to flying virtue ?

85

[*A flourish within*]

I hear their trumpets, 'tis too late to stagger
 Give me the head, and be you confident

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCÆVA

Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world,
 Now this head's off !

Cæsar

Ha ?

Pho

Do not shun me, Cæsar

90

From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
 The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
 The goal and mark of high ambitious honour
 Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
 Thy travail and thy loss of blood, no recompense,
 Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,
 And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers
 Here they take life, here they inherit honour,
 Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs
 Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
 With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,
 That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
 What thou wouldst once have given for it, all Egypt

95

100

Achil Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
 Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
 Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer
 Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
 Though he oppos'd no strength of swords to win this,
 Nor labour'd through no showers of darts and lances,
 Yet here he found a fort, that fac'd him strongly,
 An inward war he was his grandsire's guest,
 Friend to his father, and, when he was expell'd
 And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
 And had none left him to restore his honour,
 No hope to find a friend in such a misery,

115

82 *Charges*] orders 86 No s d in Ff104 *Achil*] Ff *Ach* —Seward compares Lucan, lib. ix., 1026, &c

THE FALSE ONE

[ACT V

When in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthen'd and cherish'd it, and, set it right again
This was a love to Cæsar

Scæ Give me hate, gods!

Pho This Cæsar may account a little wicked,
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror, 120
Had faln upon him, what it had been then,
If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what that way
He was thy son-in-law, there to be tainted
Had been most terrible Let the worst be render'd,
We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands innocent 125

Cæsar Oh, Scæva, Scæva, see that head! See, cap-
tains,
The head of godlike Pompey!

Scæ He was basely ruin'd,
But let the gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,
And be you Cæsar

Cæsar Oh, thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity, 130
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness, 135
Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was?
That never heard thy name sung, but in banquets
And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
N study of thy life to know thy goodness? 140
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him, distrusted, that in tears falls with thee
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee
Thou hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory, 145
My love and mercy

Ant Oh, how brave these tears shew!
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!

Dol Glory appears not greater than this goodness

Cæsar Egyptians, dare you think your high pyra-
mides,

149 *high pyramides*] Seward changed to *highest pyramids* The form
pyramides is common

Built to out-dure the sun, as you suppose, 150
 Where your unworthy kings lie rak'd in ashes,
 Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
 Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heaven,
 No pyramides set off his memories,
 But the eternal substance of his greatness, 155
 To which I leave him Take the head away,
 And, with the body, give it noble burial
 Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,
 Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance
Scæ If thou beest thus loving, I shall honour 160
 thee
 But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
 And be right glad of what they seem to weep for,
 There are such kind of philosophers Now do I
 wonder
 How he would look if Pompey were alive again,
 But how he would set his face [*Aside*
Cæsar You look now, king, 165
 And you that have been agents in this glory,
 For our especial favour?
Ptol We desire it
Cæsar And doubtless you expect rewards?
Scæ Let me give 'em
 I'll give 'em such as nature never dreamt of,
 I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar 170
 Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then
Cæsar Peace—I forgive you all, that's recom-
 pense
 You are young and ignorant, that pleads your pardon,
 And fear, it may be, more than hate provok'd you

150 *out-dure*] Seward's correction of FF's *out-dare*.

154 *pyramides*] modern editors (including Dyce) silently read *pyramids*—
 for the sake of the metre

161 *But great men may dissemble, &c*] "This, which comes very naturally
 from the rough honesty of Scæva, and what Photinus afterwards says more
 fully to the same purpose, is copied from Lucan, who, writing with the zeal of
 party against Cæsar, laughs at his pretended piety upon this occasion

tutumque tutavit
Jani bonus esse socer, lacrimas non sponte cadentes
Effudit, &c [ix. 1037].—Seward

You ministers, I must think, wanted judgment, 175
 And so they err'd I am bountiful to think this,
 Believe me, most bountiful be you most thankful,
 That bounty share amongst ye If I knew
 What to send you for a present, king of Egypt,
 I mean a head of equal reputation, 180
 And that you lov'd, though it were your brightest
 sister's,

(But her you hate,) I would not be behind ye

Ptol Hear me, great Cæsar?

Cæsar

I have heard too much
 And study not with smooth shows to invade
 My noble mind, as you have done my conquest 185
 Ye are poor and open I must tell you roundly,
 That man that could not recompense the benefits,
 The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,
 Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar
 Though I had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin, 190
 I gave you no commission to perform it
 Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty,
 And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,
 My fortune never failing to befriend me,
 My noble strengths, and friends about my person, 195
 I durst not try ye, nor expect a courtesy
 Above the pious love you shew'd to Pompey
 You have found me merciful in arguing with you
 Swords, hungers, fires, destructions of all natures,
 Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins, 200
 Are wont to be my orators Turn to tears,
 You wretched and poor seeds of sun-burnt Egypt,
 And, now you have found the nature of a conqueror,
 That you cannot decline with all your flatteries,
 That, where the day gives light, will be himself still, 205
 Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies
 Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
 Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
 Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phoenix

180 *ye d]* So F1—F2 “*je*”

191 Omitted in F2

198 *with you]* *with ye* F1

199 *hungers]* Dyce's correction F1 *hangers*, F2 *hangmen* (and so editors before Dyce)

204 *decline]* “divert from his course”—Dyce

Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues, 210

And draw another Pompey from his ashes,
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies

Ptol We will do all

Cæsar You have robbed him of those tears

His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
The virgins of their funeral lamentations, 215

And that kind earth that thought to cover him
(His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,

Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye
My grief has stopt the rest When Pompey liv'd, 220

He us'd you nobly, now he is dead, use him so

[*Exit with ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and SCÆVA*

Ptol Now where's your confidence, your aim, Pho-
tinus,

The oracles and fair favours from the conqueror,
You rung into mine ears? How stand I now?
You see the tempest of his stern displeasure, 225

The death of him, you urged a sacrifice

To stop his rage, presaging a full ruin

Where are your counsels now?

Achor

I told you, sir,

(And told the truth,) what danger would fly after,
And, though an enemy, I satisfied you 230

He was a Roman, and the top of honour,

And howsoever this might please great Cæsar,

I told ye, that the foulness of his death,

The impious baseness—

Pho

Peace, ye are a fool

Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to 'em 235

Cæsar I know is pleas'd, and, for all his sorrows,

(Which are put on for forms and mere dissemblings)

I am confident he's glad to have told ye so,

And thank ye outwardly, had been too open,

And taken from the wisdom of a conqueror 240

Be confident, and proud ye have done this service,

Ye have deserv'd, and ye will find it, highly

Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure

You keep your sister, the high-soul'd Cleopatra,

Both close and short enough, she may not see him 245

The rest, if I may counsel, sir

Ptol Do all ,
For in thy faithful service rests my safety. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II

An apartment in the Palace

Enter SEPTIMIUS

Sept Here's a strange alteration in the court ,
Men's faces are of other sets and motions,
Their minds of subtler stuff I pass by now
As though I were a rascal , no man knows me,
No eye looks after , as I were a plague, 5
Then doors shut close against me, and I wonder'd at,
Because I have done a meritorious murder
Because I have pleas'd the time, does the time plague
me?
I have known the day they would have hugg'd me for
it ,
For a less stroke than this, have done me reverence, 10
Open'd their hearts and secret closets to me,
Their pulses, and their pleasures, and bid me wallow
I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,
And the huge leviathans of villany
Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all, 15
That do them service, and spout 'em out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded
As drops of water that are lost i' th' ocean
I was lov'd once for swearing, and for drinking,
And for other principal qualities that became me 20
Now a foolish unthankful murder has undone me,
If my lord Photinus be not merciful,
That set me on and he comes , now, Fortune !

Enter PHOTINUS

Pho Cæsar's unthankfulness a little stuns me,
A little frets my blood take heed, proud Roman, 25
Provoke me not, stir not my anger farther ,

23 *and he comes*] "I suspect the poet wrote '*and here he comes*'"—*Dyce*
26 *my*] *mine* F2

I may find out a way unto thy life too,
 (Though aim'd in all thy victories) and seize it
 A conqueror has a heart, and I may hit it

Sept May it please your lordship

Pho Oh, Septimius! 30

Sept Your lordship knows my wrongs

Pho Wrongs!

Sept Yes, my lord,

How the captain of the guard, Achilles, slighted me

Pho Think better of him; he has much befriended thee,

Shew'd thee much love, in taking the head from thee

The times are alter'd, soldier, Cæsar's angry, 35

And our design to please him lost and perish'd

Be glad thou art unnam'd, 'tis not worth the owning

Yet, that thou mayst be useful

Sept Yes, my lord,

I shall be ready

Pho For I may employ thee

To take a rub or two out of my way, 40

As time shall serve, say that it be a brother,

Or a hard father?

Sept 'Tis most necessary,

A mother, or a sister, or whom you please, sir

Pho Or to betray a noble friend?

Sept 'Tis all one

Pho I know thou wilt stir for gold

Sept 'Tis all my motion 45

Pho There, take that for thy service, and farewell

[Gives him a purse]

I have greater business now

Sept I am still your own, sir

Pho One thing I charge thee! see me no more,
 Septimius,

Unless I send

Sept I shall observe your hour [Exit PHOTINUS

So, this brings something in the mouth, some savour 50

This is the lord I serve, the power I worship,

My friends, allies and here lies my allegiance

Let people talk as they please of my rudeness,

And shun me for my deed, bring but this to 'em,

Let me be damn'd for blood, yet still I am honourable 55
 This god creates new tongues and new affections ,
 And, though I had kill'd my father, give me gold,
 I'll make men swear I have done a pious sacrifice
 Now I will out-brave all, make all y servants,
 And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for virtuous 60
[Exit

SCENE III

CÆSAR'S apartments in the Palace

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCÆVA

Cæsar Keep strong guards, and with wary eyes, my
 friends ,

There is no trusting to these base Egyptians
 They that are false to pious benefits,
 And make compell'd necessities their faiths,
 Are traitors to the gods

Ant We'll call ashore 5

A legion of the best

Cæsar Not a man, Antony ,
 That were to shew our feais, and dim our greatness
 No , 'tis enough my name's ashore

Scæ Too much too ,
 A sleeping Cæsar is enough to shake them
 There are some two or three malicious rascals, 10
 Train'd up in villany, besides that Cerberus,
 That Roman dog, that lick'd the blood of Pompey—

Dol 'Tis strange , a Roman soldier !

Scæ You are cozen'd ,
 There be of us, as be of all other nations,
 Villains and knaves 'tis not the name contains him, 15
 But the obedience , when that's once forgotten
 And duty flung away, then, welcome devil !
 Photinus and Achillas, and this vermin,
 That's now become a natural crocodile,

60 Dyce thought that the word *dunt* had been omitted after *servants* in FF, and inserted it in brackets in his text But this violent change is not needed *Make all my servants* means *make all men my servants*, *have all men at my beck and call* The words, apparently, do little more than repeat, "Now I will out brave all"

15 *contains him*] "restrains him, keeps him within bounds"—*Mason*

Must be with care observ'd

Ant And 'tis well counsell'd, 20
No confidence nor trust

Scæ I'll trust the sea first,
When with her hollow murmurs she invites me,
And clutches in her storms, as politic lions
Conceal their claws, I'll trust the devil first,
The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer 25

Cæsar Go to your rests, and follow your own
wisdoms,
And leave me to my thoughts, pray, no more compli-
ment,

Once more, strong watches

Dol All shall be observ'd, sir
[*Exeunt all except CÆSAR*]

Cæsar I am dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep
How happy was I, in my lawful wars 30
In Germany, and Gaul, and Britany,
When every night with pleasure I set down
What the day minister'd¹ the sleep came sweetly
But since I undertook this home-division,
This civil war, and pass'd the Rubicon, 35
What have I done that speaks an ancient Roman,
A good, great man? I have enter'd Rome by force,
And, on her tender womb that gave me life,
Let my insulting soldiers rudely trample
The dear veins of my country I have open'd, 40
And sail'd upon the torrents that flow'd from her,
The bloody streams, that in their confluence
Carried before 'em thousand desolations
I robb'd the treasury, and at one gripe
Snatch'd all the wealth so many worthy triumphs 45
Plac'd there as sacred to the peace of Rome
I raz'd M¹ silia in my wanton anger,
Petreus and Afranius I defeated,
Pompey I overthrew, what did that get me?
The slubber'd name of an authoriz'd enemy 50

[*Noise within*]

25 Omitted in F2

28 s d] Ff Exit

32 set] So F2 F1 sat

50 *The slubber'd enemy*] "Cæsar's meaning appears to me to be this
Soon after he had passed the Rubicon, Pompey fled from Rome, and

I hear some noises, they are the watches, sure —
 What friends have I tied fast by these ambitions?
 Cato, the lover of his country's freedom,
 Is pass'd now into Afric to affront me,
 Juba, that killed my friend, is up in arms too, 55
 The sons of Pompey are masters of the sea,
 And from the relics of their scatter'd faction
 A new head's sprung say I defeat all these too?
 I come home crown'd an honourable rebel —
 I hear the noise still, and it comes still nearer 60
 Are the guards fast? who waits there?

Enter SCÆVA, with a packet, CLEOPATRA in it

Scæ Are ye awake, sir?

Cæsar I' th' name of wonder——

Scæ Nay, I am a porter,
 A strong one too, or else my sides would crack, sir
 An my sins were as weighty, I should scarce walk
 with 'em

Cæsar What hast thou there?

Scæ Ask them which stay without, 65
 And brought it hither Your presence I denied 'em,
 And put em by, took up the load myself,
 They say 'tis rich, and valu'd at the kingdom,
 I am sure 'tis heavy If you lik to see it,
 You may, if not, I'll give it back

Cæsar Stay, Scæva, 70
 I would fain see it

Scæ I'll begin to work, then

[Undoing the packet]

No doubt, to flatter ye, they have sent ye something
 Of a rich value, jewels or some treasure,

followed by the greater part of the senate When Cæsar arrived there, he was named dictator by such of the senators as remained in the city, and chosen consul for the ensuing year Invested with these offices, which entitled him to the legitimate command of the republic, he subverted the liberties of his country it is to this he alludes, when he says that he had gained

'The slubber'd name of an authoris'd enemy'—*Mason*

(*slubber'd*, soil'd, sullied)

54 *affront me*] "I oppose me, meet me face to face"—*Mason*

55 *my friend*] The young Curio, who gave Cæsar valuable help in the senate

71 No s d in Ff

73 *some treasure*] So F1 F2 "*some rich treasure*"

May he, a rogue within, to do a mischief
 I pray you, stand farther off, if there be villany, 75
 Better my danger first, he shall scape hard too
[The packet having been opened, CLEOPATRA is discovered]

Ha! what art thou?

Cæsar Stand farther off, good Scæva—
 What heavenly vision—do I wake or slumber?—
 Farther off, that hand, friend

Scæ What apparition,
 What spirit, have I rais'd? sure, 'tis a woman, 80
 She looks like one now she begins to move too
 A tempting devil, o' my life!—Go off, Cæsar,
 Bless thyself, off!—A bawd grown in mine old days!
 Bawdry advanc'd upon my back! 'tis noble!—
 Sir, if you be a soldier, come no nearer, 85
 She is sent to dispossess you of your honour,
 A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your victories
 An she would be cool'd, sir, let the soldiers trim her,
 They'll give her that she came for, and despatch her
 Be loyal to yourself—Thou damned woman, 90
 Dost thou come hither with thy flourishes,
 Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuse men's manners?
 And am I made the instrument of bawdry?
 I'll find a lover for ye, one shall hug ye

[Draws his sword]

Cæsar Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate, 95
 Thou beast!

Scæ Thou beast!

Cæsar Couldst thou be so inhuman,
 So far from noble man, to draw thy weapon
 Upon a thing divine?

Scæ Divine, or human,
 They are never better pleas'd, nor more at heart's ease,
 Than when we draw with full intent upon 'em 100

Cæsar Move this way, lady pray you, let me speak
 to you

Scæ And, woman, you had best stand—

Cæsar By the gods,

76, 94 No s d in Ff

88 trim] See Henley & Farmer's *Slang and its Analogues*

94 one shall] So F1 F2 one that shall

97 man] Ff men

But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,
I should imagine some celestial sweetness,
The treasure of soft love !

Scæ Oh, this sounds mangily, 105
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth !
You had best be troubled with the tooth-ache too,
For lovers ever are, and let your nose drop,
That your celestial beauty may befriended ye
At these years, do you learn to be fantastical? 110
After so many bloody fields, a fool ?
She brings her bed along too (she'll lose no time),
Carries her litter to lie soft, do you see that ?
Invites ye like a gamester, note that impudence
For shame, reflect upon yourself, your honour, 115
Look back into your noble parts, and blush
Let not the dear sweat of the hot Phaisalia
Mingle with base embraces Am I he
That have receiv'd so many wounds for Cæsar ?
Upon my target groves of darts still growing ? 120
Have I endur'd all hungers, colds, distresses,
And, as I had been bred that iron that arm'd me,
Stood out all weathers, now to curse my fortune ?
To ban the blood I lost for such a general ?

Cæsar Offend no more, be gone

Scæ I will and leave ye, 125
Leave ye to women's wars, that will proclaim ye
You'll conquer Rome now, and the Capitol,

120 *Upon growing*] "Scæva had been a common soldier, but preferred for his amazing valour and irresistible strength. When Cæsar besieged Pompey at Dyrrachium, he stood in a breach against the whole army. Plutarch tells us that he had a hundred and thirty darts stuck in his target, one had pierced his shoulder, and another his eye, which he drew out and dashed, with his eye ball, on the ground. Pompey's soldiers on this shouted as for victory, and he, pretending faintness, asked them why they would not come and carry him as a prize to Pompey before he died, two soldiers, believing him in earnest, came to him, the first he slew, and wounded the other, and then withdrew amongst his own party. The story is told with great spirit in the sixth book of Lucan, who ascribes to Scæva the preservation of all Cæsar's army

*Quem non mille simul tuus, nec Cæsare toto
Auferret Fortuna locum, victoribus unis
Eripuit, vetuitque capi seque arma tenente,
At nondum strato, Magnum vicisse negavit
Scæva viro nomen, &c* [v 140]

I need not mention the justice with which our poets have drawn Scæva's character, in a familiar, rough, soldier like honesty"—*Seward*

With fans and looking-glasses Farewell, Cæsar

Cleo Now I am private, sir, I dare speak to ye,
But thus low first, for as a God I honour ye [*Kneels* 130

Scæ Lower you'll be anon

Cæsar

Away!

Scæ

And privater,

For that you covet all

Cæsar Tempt me no farther [*Exit SCÆVA*

Cleo Contemn me not, because I kneel thus, Cæsar
I am a queen, and co-heir to this country,
The sister to the mighty Ptolemy, 135

Yet one distress'd, that flies unto thy justice,
One that lays sacred hold on thy protection,
As on a holy altar, to preserve me

Cæsar Speak, queen of beauty, and stand up

Cleo

I dare not,

Till I have found that favour in thine eyes, 140

That godlike great humanity, to help me,

Thus to thy knees must I grow, sacred Cæsar

And if it be not in thy will to right me,

And raise me like a queen from my sad ruins,

If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity, 145

And waken with their murmurs thy compassions

Yet, for thy nobleness, for virtue's sake,

And, if thou be'st a man, for despis'd beauty,

For honourable conquest, which thou dot'st on,

Let not those cankers of this flourishing kingdom, 150

Photinus and Achillas, the one an eunuch,

The other a base bondman, thus reign over me,

Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother

Nothing of what he should be but the title

As thou art wonder of the world

Cæsar

Stand up, then, [*Raises her* 155

And be a queen, this hand shall give it to ye

Or choose a greater name, worthy my bounty,

A common love makes queens, choose to be worshipp'd,

To be divinely great, and I dare promise it

A suitor of your sort, and blessèd sweetness, 160

That hath adventur'd thus to see great Cæsar,

Must never be denied You have found a patron

That dare not, in his private honour suffer
 So great a blemish to the heaven of beauty
 The god of love would clap his angry wings, 165
 And from his singing bow let fly those arrows
 Headed with burning griefs and pining sorrows,
 Should I neglect your cause, would make me monstrous,

To whom, and to your service, I devote me

Re-enter SCÆVA

Cleo He is my conquest now, and so I'll work him, 170
 The conqueror of the world will I lead captive [*Aside*

Scæ Still with this woman! tilting still with babies!
 As you are honest, think the enemy,
 Some valiant foe indeed, now charging on ye,
 Ready to break your ranks, and fling these——

Cæsar Hear me, 175
 But tell me true, if thou hadst such a treasure,
 (And, as thou art a soldier, do not flatter me,)
 Such a bright gem, brought to thee, would'st thou not
 Most greedily accept?

Scæ Not as an emperor,
 A man that first should rule himself, then others 180
 As a poor hungry soldier, I might bite, sir,
 Yet that's a weakness too—Hear me, thou tempter,—
 And hear thou, Cæsar, too, for it concerns thee,
 And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,
 The soul of a commander, give ear to me — 185
 Thou wanton bane of war, thou gilded lethargy,
 In whose embraces, ease (the rust of arms),
 And pleasure (that makes soldiers poor), inhabits—

Cæsar Fie! thou blasphem'st

Scæ I do, when she is a goddess—
 Thou melter of strong minds, dar'st thou presume 190
 To smother all his triumphs with thy vanities?
 And tie him, like a slave, to thy proud beauties,
 To thy imperious looks, that kings have follow'd,
 Proud of their chains, have waited on?—I shame, sir

Cæsar Alas, thou art rather mad! take thy rest, 195

Scæva,

Thy duty makes thee err, but I forgive thee

Go, go, I say ! shew me no disobedience [*Exit SCENE*]
'Tis well , farewell —The day will break, dear lady ,
My soldiers will come, in please you retire,
And think upon your servant ?

Cleo Pray you, sir, know me, 200
And what I am

Cæsar The greater, I more love ye ,
And you must know me too

Cleo So far as modesty,
And majesty gives leave, sir . Ye are too violent

Cæsar You are too cold to my desires

Cleo Swear to me,
And by yourself (for I hold that oath sacred), 205
You will right me as a queen——

Cæsar These lips be witness ! [*Kisses her*]
And, if I break that oath——

Cleo You make me blush, sir ,
And in that blush interpret me

Cæsar I will do
Come, let 's go in, and blush again This one word,
You shall believe

Cleo I must, you are a conqueror [*Exeunt* 210

ACT III

SCENE I

*An apartment in the Palace**Enter* PTOLEMÝ and PHOTINUS*Pho* Good sir, but hear*Ptol* No more, you have undone me
That that I hourly fear'd is faln upon me,
And heavily, and deadly*Pho* Hear a remedy*Ptol* A remedy, now the disease is ulcerous,
And has infected all! Your secure negligence 5
Has broke through all the hopes I have, and ruin'd me
My sister is with Cæsar, in his chamber,
All night she has been with him, and, no doubt,
Much to her honour*Pho* Would that were the worst, sir! 6
That will repair itself but I fear mainly, 10
She has made her peace with Cæsar*Ptol* 'Tis most likely;
And what am I, then?*Pho* Plague upon that rascal
Apollodorus, under whose command,
Under whose eye——*Enter* ACHILLAS*Ptol* Curse on you all! ye are wretches*Pho* 'Twas providently done, Achillas*Achl* Pardon me 15*Pho* Your guards were rarely wise, and wondrous
watchful*Achl* I could not help it, if my life had lain for 't
Alas, who would suspect a pack of bedding,
Or a small truss of household furniture,
And, as they said, for Cæsar's use? or who durst, 20

Being for his private chamber, seek to stop it?
I was abus'd

Enter ACHOR US

Achor 'Tis no hour now for anger,
No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler,
Let us consider timely what we must do
Since she is flown to his protection, 25
From whom we have no power to sever her,
Nor force conditions

Ptol Speak, good Achoreus

Achor Let indirect and crooked counsels vanish,
And straight and fair directions

Pho Speak your mind, sir

Achor Let us choose Cæsar (and endear him to us) 30
An arbitrator in all differences
Betwixt you and your sister, this is safe now,
And will show off most honourable

Pho Base,

Most base and poor, a servile, cold submission
Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like stout coun-
sellors, 35

Since we are sensible this Cæsar loathes us,
And have begun our fortune with great Pompey,
Be of my mind

Achor 'Tis most uncomely spoken,

And, if I say most bloodily, I lie not
The law of hospitality it poisons, 40
And calls the gods in question that dwell in us —
Be wise, oh, king!

Ptol I will be Go, my counsellor,
To Cæsar go, and do my humble service,
To my fair sister my commends negotiate,
And here I ratify whate'er thou treat'st on 45

Achor Crown'd with fair peace, I go

Ptol My love go with thee — [*Exit* ACHOREUS
And from my love go you, you cruel vipers!

You shall know now I am no ward, Photinus [*Exit*

Pho This for our service! Princes do their pleasures,
And they that serve obey in all disgraces 50
The lowest we can fall to is our graves,

Scæ I would you had her
With all her oracles and miracles ! 20
She were fitter for your turn

Ant Would I had, *Scæ*va,
With all her faults too ! let me alone to mend 'em ,
O' that condition I made thee mine heir

Scæ I had rather have your black horse than your
harlots

Dol Cæsar writes sonnets now , the sound of war 25
Is grown too boistrous for his mouth , he sighs too

Scæ And learns to fiddle most melodiously,
And sings—'twould make your ears prick up to hear
him, gentlemen

Shortly she'll make him spin , and 'tis thought he will
prove

An admirable maker of bonelace , 30
And what a rare gift will that be in a general !

Ant I would he could abstain !

Scæ She is a witch, sure,
And works upon him with some damn'd enchantment

Dol How cunning she will carry her behaviours,
And set her countenance in a thousand postures, 35
To catch her ends !

Scæ She will be sick, well, sullen,
Merry, coy, over-joy'd, and seem to die,
All in one half-an-hour, to make an ass of him
I make no doubt she will be drunk, too, damnably,
And in her drink will fight , then she fits him 40

Ant That thou shouldst bring her in !

Scæ 'Twas my blind fortune
My shoulders told me by the weight 'twas wicked
Would I had carried Milo's bull a furlong,
When I brought in this cow-calf ! he has advanc'd me 45
From an old soldier to a bawd of memory
Oh, that the sons of Pompey were behind him,
The honour'd Cato and fierce Juba with 'em,
That they might whip him from his whore, and rouse
him ,

28 gentlemen] Ff Gent 29 thought] ends the line in Ff

38 half an hour] So F1 half hour, F2

42 shoulders] Dyce's correction of Ff's Soldiers

45 of memory] memorable—notorious

That their fierce trumpets from his wanton trances
Might shake him, like an earthquake !

Enter SEPTIMIUS, richly dressed

Ant What's this fellow ? 50

Dol Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by their
clothes

Ant By my faith, he is brave indeed He's no com-
mander ?

Scæ Yes, he has a Roman face, he has been at fair
wars,

And plementous too, and rich, his trappings shew it

Sept An they will not know me now, they'll never
know me 55

Who dare blush now at my acquaintance ? ha !

Am I not totally a span-new gallant,

Fit for the choicest eyes ? have I not gold

The friendship of the world ? If they shun me now,
(Though I were the arrantest rogue, as I am well for- 60
ward,)

Mine own curse and the devil's are light on me

Ant Is't not Septimius ? [*Aside*

Scæ Yes

Dol He that kill'd Pompey ?

Scæ The same dog-scab, that gilded botch, that
rascal

Dol How glorious villany appears in Egypt !

Sept Gallants, and soldiers—sure, they do admire 65
me [*Aside*

Scæ Stand further off, thou stink'st

Sept A likely matter !

These clothes smell mustily, do they not, gallants ?

They stink, they stink, alas, poor things, contemptible !

By all the gods in Egypt, the perfumes

That went to trimming these clothes, cost me— 70

Scæ Thou stink'st still

Sept The powdering of this head too—

Scæ If thou hast it,

I'll tell thee, all the gums in sweet Arabia

50 *richly dressed*] not in Ff

61 *are light on me*] So F1—F2 “too light on me”

61, 65 No s d in Ff

Are not sufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the scent of a rank rascal from thee

75

Ant I smell him now, fie, how the knave perfumes
him,

How strong he scents of traitor!

Dol You had an ill milliner,
He laid too much of the gum of ingratitude
Upon your coat, you should have wash'd off that, sir,
Fie how it chokes! too little of your loyalty, 80
Your honesty, your faith, that are pure ambers.
I smell the rotten smell of a hir'd coward,
A dead dog is sweeter

Sept Ye are merry, gentlemen,
And, by my troth, such harmless mirth takes me too,
You speak like good blunt soldiers, and 'tis well
enough 85

But did you live at court, as I do, gallants,
You would refine, and learn an apter language
I have done ye simple service on your Pompey
You might have look'd him yet this brace of twelve-
months,
And hunted after him, like founder'd beagles, 90
Had not this fortunate hand

Ant He brags on 't too,
By the good gods, rejoices in 't!—Thou wretch,
Thou most contemptible slave!

Scæ Dog, mangy mongrel,
Thou murd'ring mischief, in the shape of soldier,
To make all soldiers hateful! thou disease, 95
That nothing but the gallows can give ease to!

Dol Thou art so impudent, that I admire thee,
And know not what to say

Sept I know your anger,
And why you prate thus, I have found your melan-
choly

Ye all want money, and you are liberal captains, 100
And in this want will talk a little desperately
Here's gold, come, share, I love a brave commander
And be not peevish, do as Cæsar does,
He's merry with his wench now, be you jovial,

78-9 *gum* coat] Cf 1 *Henry IV*, II ii, "he frets like a *gummed*
velvet" 89 *look'd*] sought for

And let's all laugh and drink would ye have partner? 105
 I do consider all your wants, and weigh 'em,
 He has the mistiess, you shall have the maids,
 I'll bring 'em to ye, to your arms

Ant I blush,
 All over me I blush, and syeat to heai him,
 Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now, 110
 Through them I should blush too, przy ye, let's be
 walking

Sca Yes, ves but, ere we go, I'll leave this lesson,
 And let him study it — First, rogue! then, pandar!
 Next, devil that will be! get thee from men's presence,
 And, where the name of soldier has been heard of, 115
 Be sure thou live not! To some hungry desert,
 Where thou canst meet with nothing out thy con-
 science,

And that in all the shapes of all thy villanies
 Attend thee still! where brute beasts will abhoi thee,
 And even the sun will shame to give thee light, 120
 Go, hide thy head! or, if thou think'st it fitter,
 Go hang thyself!

Dol Hark to that clause

Sca And that speedily,
 That Nature may be eas'd of such a monster!

[*Ereunt all except* SEPTIMIUS]

Sept Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on me,
 I keep my gold still, and my confidence 125
 Their want of breeding makes these fellows murmur,
 Rude valours, so I let 'em pass, rude honours
 There is a wench yet, that I know affects me,
 And company for a king, a young plump villain,
 That, when she sees this gold, she'll leap upon me, 130
 And here she comes I am sure of her at midnight

Enter EROS

My pretty Eros, welcome

Eros I have business

Sept Above my love, thou canst not

Eros Yes, indeed, sir,

Far, far above

Sept Why, why so coy? 'pray ye, tell me
We are alone

Eros I am much ashamed we are so 135

Sept You want a new gown now, and a handsome
petticoat,

A scarf, and some odd toys I have gold here ready,
Thou shalt have any thing

Eros I want your absence
Keep on your way, I care not for your company

Sept How! how! you are very short, do you 140
know me, *Eros*?

And what I have been to ye?

Eros Yes, I know ye,
And I hope I shall forget ye whilst you were honest,
I lov'd ye too

Sept Honest! Come, prithee, kiss me

Eros I kiss no knaves, no murderers, no beasts,
No base betrayers of those men that fed 'em, 145
I hate their looks, and, though I may be wanton,
I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase,
Purchase so foully got I pray ye, unhand me,
I had rather touch the plague than one unworthy
Go, seek some mistress that a horse may marry, 150
And keep her company, she is too good for ye

[*Exit*

Sept Marry, this goes near now I perceive I am
hateful
When this light stuff can distinguish, it grows dan-
gerous,

For money seldom they refuse a leper,
But, sure, I am more odious, more diseased too 155
It sits cold here

Enter three lame Soldiers

What are these? three poor soldiers?
Both poor and lame their misery may make 'e
A little look upon me, and adore me
If these will keep me company, I am made yet

[*Aside*

147 *bloody*] So F2 F1 *blood*

147 *purchase*] plunder

153 *stuff*] So F2 F1 *stufes*

First Sold The pleasure Cæsar sleeps in makes v's
miserable 160

We are forgot, our maims and dangers laugh'd at,
He banquets, and we beg

Sec Sold He was not wont
To let poor soldiers, that have spent their fortunes,
Their bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like
vagabonds

Sept Save ye, good soldiers! good poor men,
Heaven help ye! 165

You have borne the brunt of war, and shew the story

First Sold Some new commander, sure

Sept You look, my good friends,

By your thin faces, as you would be suitors

Sec Sold To Cæsar, for our means, sir

Sept And 'tis fit, sir

Third Sold We are poor men, and long forgot

Sept I grieve for it 170

Good soldiers should have good rewards, and favours

I'll give up your petitions, for I pity ye,

And freely speak to Cæsar

All Three Oh, we honour ye!

First Sold A good man, sure, ye are, the gods
preserve ye!

Sept And to relieve your wants the while, hold,
soldiers [Gives money 175

Nay, 'tis no dream, 'tis good gold, take it freely,

'Twill keep ye in good heart

Sec Sold Now goodness quit ye!

Sept I'll be a friend to your afflictions,

And eat, and drink with ye too, and we'll be merry,

And every day I'll see ye

First Sold You are a soldier,
And one sent from the gods, I think 180

Sept I'll clothe ye,
Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging for ye,
And at my table, where no want shall meet ye—

Enter SCÆVA

All Three Was never such a man!

First Sold Dear honour'd sir,
Let us but know your name, that we may worship ye 185

Sec Sold That we may ever thank

Sept Why, call me any thing,
No matter for my name—that may betray me

[*Aside*
Scæ A cunning thief!—Call him Septimius, soldiers,
The villain that kill'd Pompey!

All Three How!

Scæ Call him the shame of men! [*Exit*

First Sold Oh, that this money 190
Were weight enough to break thy brains out!—Fling
all, [*They fling the money at him*

And fling our curses next, let them be mortal!—

Out, bloody wolf! dost thou come gilded over,

And painted with thy charities, to poison us?

Sec Sold I know him now—May never father own
thee, 195

But, as a monstrous birth, shun thy base emory!

And, if thou hadst a mother, (as I cannot

Believe thou wert a natural burden,) let her womb

Be curs'd of women for a bed of vipers!

Third Sold Methinks the ground shakes to devour
this rascal, 200

And the kind air turns into fogs and vapours,

Infectious mists, to crown his villanies—

Thou mayst go wander like a thing Heaven hated!

First Sold And valiant minds hold poisonous to
remember!

The hangman will not keep thee company, 205

He has an honourable house to thine,

No, not a thief, though thou couldst save his life for't,

Will eat thy bread, nor one, for thirst starv'd, drink
with thee!

Sec Sold Thou art no company for an honest dog,
And so we'll leave thee to a ditch, thy destiny 210

[*Exeunt Soldiers*
Sept Contemn'd of all! and kick'd too! Now I
find it

187, 191 No s d in Ff

194 *thy charities*] So Seward F1 "*the charities*", F2 "*thy charitie*"

202 *Infectious*] So F2 F1 *The infectious*

My valour's fled, too, with mine honesty ,
 For since I would be knave, I must be coward
 This 'tis to be a traitor and betrayer
 What a deformity dwells round about me ! 215
 How monstrous shews that man that is ungrateful !
 I am afraid the very beasts will tear me,
 Inspir'd with what I have done , the winds will blast
 me
 Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,
 The wages of my fact, my scul's oppress'd 220
 Honest and noble minds, you find most rest [Exit

SCENE III

An apartment in the Palace

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS

Ptol I have commanded, and it shall be so ,
 A preparation I have set o' foot,
 Worthy the friendship and the fame of Cæsar
 My sister's favours shall seem poor and wither'd ,
 Nay, she herself, trimm'd up in all her beauties, 5
 Compar'd to what I 'll take his eyes withal,
 Shall be a dream

Pho Do you mean to shew the glory
 And wealth of Egypt ?

Ptol Yes , and in that lustre,
 Rome shall appear, in all her famous conquests,
 And all her riches, of no note unto it 10

Achor Now you are reconcil'd to your fair sister,
 Take heed, sir, how you step into a danger,
 A danger of this precipice but note, sir,
 For what Rome ever rais'd her mighty armies,
 First for ambition, then for wealth 'Tis madness, 15
 Nay, more, a secure impotence, to tempt
 An armèd guest feed not an eye that conquers,
 Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be covetous

Ptol Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to alter me
 Let all be ready, as I gave direction , 20
 The secret way of all our wealth appearing
 Newly and handsomely , and all about it

16 *secure*] See III 1 5

20 *Let*] Ff *Yet*

No more dissuading 'tis my will

Achor I grieve for 't

Ptol I will dazzle Cæsar with excess of glory

Pho I fear you 'll curse your will we must obey ye 25
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV

Another apartment in the same, with a gallery

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, SCÆVA, above

Cæsar I wonder at the glory of this kingdom,
And the most bounteous preparation,
Still as I pass, they court me with

Scæ I 'll tell ye,
In Gaul and Germany we saw such visions,
And stood not to admire 'em, but possess 'em 5
When they are ours, they are worth our admiration

Ant The young queen comes give room

Enter CLEOPATRA [above]

Cæsar Welcome, my dearest
Come, bless my side

Scæ Ay, marry, here 's a wonder
As she appears now, I am no true soldier,
If I be not readiest to recant

Cleo Be merry, sir, 10
My brother will be proud to do you honour,
That now appears himself

*Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, ACHILLAS, PHOTINUS,
APOLLODORUS [above]*

Ptol Hail to great Cæsar!
My royal guest, first I will feast thine eyes
With wealthy Egypt's store, and then thy palate,
And wait myself upon thee

Treasure brought in [below]
Cæsar What rich service! 15
What mines of treasure! richer still!

Cleo My Cæsar,

What do you admire? pray ye, turn, and let me talk
to ye

Have ye forgot me, sir? how, a new object!
Am I grown old o' th' sudden? Cæsar!

Cæsar

Tell me

From whence comes all this wealth?

Cleo

Is your eye that way, 20

And all my beauties banish'd?

Ptol

I'll tell thee, Cæsar,

We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus

We need no dropping rain to cheer the husbandman,

Nor merchant that ploughs up the sea to seek us,

Within the wealthy womb of reverend Nilus 25

All this is nourish'd, who, to do thee honour,

Comes to discover his seven deities

(His conceal'd heads) unto thee see with pleasure

Cæsar The matchless wealth of this land!

Cleo

Come, ye shall hear me

Cæsar Away! let me imagine

Cleo

How! frown on me! 30

The eyes of Cæsar wrapt in storms!

Cæsar

I am sorry

But, let me think

Music Enter below in a masque, ISIS, and three Labourers

ISIS' SONG

ISIS, the goddess of this land,

Bids thee, great Cæsar understand

And mark our customs and first know, 35

With greedy eyes these watch the flow

Of plenteous Nilus, when he comes,

With songs, with dances, timbrels, drums,

They entertain him, cut his way,

And give his proud heads leave to play 40

Nilus himself shall rise, and shew

His matchless wealth in overflow

Labourers' SONG

Come, let us help the reverend Nile,

He's very old, alas the while!

Let us dig him easy ways, 45

And prepare a thousand plays

29 me] So F2 Omitted in F1

32 s d] Ff Musick, Song Enter ISIS, &c

32 Isis' Song] No s d in Ff

To delight his streams, let 's sing
 A loud welcome to our spring
 This way let his culing heads
 Fall into our new made beds , 50
 This way let his wanton sprawns
 Frisk, and glide it o'er the lawns
 This way profit comes, and gain
 How he tumbles here amun '
 How his waters haste to fall 55
 Into our channels ' Labour, all,
 And let him in let Nilus flow,
 And perpetual plenty shew
 With incense let us bless the bim,
 And, as the wanton fishes swim, 60
 Let us gums and garlands fling,
 And loud our timbrels ring
 Come, old father, come away '
 Our labour is our holiday

ISIS

Here comes the aged river now, 65

Enter NILUS

With garlands of great pearl his brow
 Begirt and rounded In his flow
 All things take life, and all things grow
 A thousand wealthy treasures still,
 To do him service at his will, 70
 Follow his rising flood, and pour
 Perpetual blessings in our store
 Hear him , and next there will advance
 His sacred heads to tread a dance,
 In honour of my royal guest 75
 Mark them too , and you have a feast

Cleo A little dross betray me ' [*Aside*

Cæsar I am asham'd I warr'd at home, my friends,
 When such wealth may be got abroad what honour,
 Nay, everlasting glory, had Rome purchas'd, 80
 Had she a just cause but to visit Egypt '

NILUS' SONG

Make room for my rich waters' fall,
 And bless my flood ,
 Nilus comes flowing, to you all
 Increase and good 85
 Now the plants and flowers shall spring,
 And the merry ploughman sing

64 s d *Isis*] Dyce has " Song by Isis "

65 Nilus' entrance not marked in Ff

72 in our store] Seward altered to *On our shore*

77 No s d in Ff

81 s d] Ff add *and Dance*

107 The *Asid.* not marked in Ff

ACT IV

SCENE I

An apartment in the Palace

Enter PTOLEMY, PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS *and* ACHOREUS

Achor I told ye carefully what this would prove to,
 What this inestimable wealth and glory
 Would draw upon ye I advis'd your majesty
 Never to tempt a conquering guest, nor add
 A bait to catch a mind bent by his trade 5
 To make the whole world his

Pho I was not heard, sir,
 Or what I said, lost and condemn'd I dare say
 (And freshly now) 't was a poor weakness in ye,
 A glorious childishness I watch'd his eye,
 And saw how falcon-like it tower'd, and flew 10
 Upon the wealthy quarry, how round it mark'd it
 I observ'd his words, and to what it tended,
 How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,
 And what commerce we held for such abundance,
 The show of Nilus how he labour'd at, 15
 To find the secret ways the song deliver'd

Achor He never smil'd, I noted, at the pleasures,
 But fix'd his constant eyes upon the treasure
 I do not think his ears had so much leisure,
 After the wealth appear'd, to hear the music 20
 Most sure he has not slept since, for minds, troubled
 With objects they would make their own, still labour

Pho Your sister he ne'er gaz'd on, that's a main
 note

The prime beauty of the world had no power over him

Achor Where was his mind the whilst?

21-2 for *labour*] Dyce's reading F1

"his minds troubled

With objects they would make their own still labour"

F2 "his mind's troubled

With objects that would make their own still labour"

Pho Where was your carefulness? 25
 To show an armed thief the way to rob ye?
 Nay, would you give him this, 't will excite him
 To seek the rest ambition feels no gift,
 Nor knows no bounds indeed, ye have done most
 weakly

Ptol Can I be too kind to my noble friend? 30

Pho To be unkind unto your noble self, but savours
 Of indiscretion, and your friend has found it
 Had ye been, tian'd up in the wants and miseries
 A soldier marches through, and known his temperance
 In offer'd courtesies, you would have made 35
 A wiser master of your own, and stronger

Ptol Why, should I give him all, he would return it
 'Tis more to him to make kings

Pho Pray thee, be wiser,
 And trust not, with your lost wealth, your lov'd liberty
 To be a king still at your own discretion, 40
 Is like a king, to be at his a vassal
 Now take good counsel, or no more take to ye
 The freedom of a prince

Achl 'Twill be too late else,
 For, since the masque, he sent three of his captains,
 Ambitious as himself, to view again 45
 The glory of your wealth

Pho The next himself comes,
 Not staying for your courtesy, and takes it

Ptol What counsel, my Achoreus?

Achor I'll go pray, sir,
 (For that is best counsel now,) the gods may help ye

[*Exit*
Pho I found ye out a way, but 't was not credited, 50
 A most secure way whither will ye fly now?

Achl For when your wealth is gone, your power
 must follow

Pho And that diminish'd also, what's your life
 worth?

Who would regard it?

Ptol You say true

Achil What eye
Will look upon king Ptolemy? If they do look,
It must be in scorn, for a poor king is a monster 55
What ear remember ye? 'twill be then a courtesy
(A noble one) to take your life too from ye
But if reserv'd, you stand to fill a victory,
As who knows conquerors' minds, though outwardly 60
They bear fair streams? Oh, sir, does this not shake ye?
If to be honey'd on to these afflictions——

Ptol I never will I was a fool.

Pho For then, sir,
Your country's cause falls with ye too, and fetter'd
All Egypt shall be plough'd up with dishonour 65

Ptol No more, I am sensible and now my spirit
Burns hot within me

Achil Keep it warm and fiery

Pho And last, be counsell'd

Ptol I will, though I perish

Pho Go in we'll tell you all, and then we'll
execute [Exeunt 69

SCENE II

The apartments of CLEOPATRA in the Palace

Enter CLEOPATRA, ARSINOE, EROS

Ars You are so impatient!

Cleo Have I not cause?
Women of common beauties and low births,
When they are slighted, are allow'd their angers
Why should not I, a princess, make him know
The baseness of his usage?

Ars Yes, 'tis fit 5
But then again you know what man——

Cleo He is no man
The shadow of a greatness hangs upon him,
And not the virtue he is no conqueror,
H'as suffer'd under the base dross of nature,
Poorly deliver'd up his power to wealth, 10

59 *But if victory*] or your life may be spared to grace a conquest

62 *honey'd*] allured by sweet speeches

67 Two lines in Ff, the first ending at *streams*

(The god of bed-and men) taught his eyes treason,
Against the truth of love he has rais'd rebellion,
Defied his holy flames

Eros He will fall back again,
And satisfy your grace

Cleo Had I been old,
Or blasted in my bud, he might have shew'd 15
Some shadow of dislike but to prefer
The lustie of a little earth, Arsinoe,
And the poor glow-worm light of some faint jewels,
Before the life of love and soul of beauty,
Oh, how it vexes me! He is no soldier, 20
All honourable soldiers are Love's servants
He is a merchant, a meie wandering merchant,
Servile to gain, he trades for poor commodities,
And make his conquests thefts Some fortunate
captains

That quarter with him, and are truly valiant, 25
Have flung the name of Happy Cæsar on him,
Himself ne'er won it he is so base and covetous,
He'll sell his sword for gold

Ars This is too bitter
Cleo Oh I could curse myself, that was so foolish, •
So fondly childish, to believe his tongue, 30
His promising tongue, ere I could catch his temper!
I had trash enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,
(His covetous eyes,) such as I scorn to tread on,
Richer than e'er he saw yet, and more tempting,
Had I known he had stoop'd at that, I had sav'd mine
honour, 35

I had been happy still but let him take it,
And let him biag how poorly I am rewarded,
Let him go conquer still weak wretched ladies
Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,
And, when he finds scorn, armed at the strongest 40
I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,
An old blind fool too, I lose my health I will not,
I will not cry, I will not honour him

17 *a little earth*] "Both the folios have a '*little art*' In this line Cleopatra is not alluding to the *jewels*, but to the *gold* which had been dis- played (*in the next line* she mentions the *jewels*) compare her words at III iv 77, '*A little dross betray me*' and line 9 above"—*Dyce* Sympson con- jectured *a little dirt*

With tears diviner than the gods he worships ,
I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing 45

Eros Do not, you shall not need

Cleo Would I were prisoner
To one I hate, that I might anger him !

I will love any man, to break the heart of him
Any that has the heart and will to kill him

Ars Take some fair truce

Cleo I will go study mischief, 50

And put a look on, arm'd with all my cunning's,

Shall meet him like a basilisk, and strike him

Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,

Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture him,

That I may make him love to death, and laugh at
him ! 55

Enter APOLLODORUS

Apol Cæsar commends his service to your grace

Cleo His service ! what 's his service ?

Eros Pray you, be patient ,
The noble Cæsar loves still

Cleo What 's his will ?

Apol He craves access unto your highness

Cleo No ,
Say, no , I will have none to trouble me 60

Ars Good sister—

Cleo None, I say , I will be private
Would thou hadst flung me into Nilus, keeper,
When first thou gav'st consent to bring my body
To this unthankful Cæsar !

Apol 'Twas your will, madam,
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honour'd you 65
You know what danger I endur'd

Cleo Take this, [*Giving a jewel*
And carry't to that lordly Cæsar sent thee ,
There 's a new love, a handsome one, a rich one,
One that will hug his mind bid him make love to it .
Tell the ambitious broker, this will suffer 70

Apol He enters

Enter CÆSAR

Cleo

How !

Cæsar I do not use to wait, lady,
Where I am, all the doors are free and open

Cleo I guess so by your rudeness

Cæsar Ye are not angry?
Things of your tender mould should be most gentle
Why do you frown? good gods, what a set anger 75
Have you forc'd into your face! come, I must temper
ye

What a coy smile was there, and a disdainful!
How like an ominous flash it broke out from ye!
Defend me, Love! sweet, who has anger'd ye?

Cleo Shew him a glass that false face has betray'd
me, 80
That base heart wrong'd me

Cæsar Be more sweetly angry
I wrong'd ye, fair!

Cleo Away with your foul flatteries!
They are too gross But that I dare be angry,
And with as good a god as Cæsar is,
To shew how poorly I respect his memory, 85
I would not speak to ye

Cæsar Pray ye, undo this riddle,
And tell me how I have vex'd ye?

Cleo Let me think first,
Whether I may put on a patience
That will with honour suffer me know, I hate ye,
Let that begin the story now, I'll tell ye 90

Cæsar But do it milder in a noble lady,
Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,
That moves like summer winds, cool, and blows
sweetness,

Shews blessed, like herself

Cleo And that great blessedness
You first reap'd of me till you taught my nature, 95
Like a rude storm, to talk aloud and thunder,
Sleep was not gentler than my soul, and stiller
You had the spring of my affections,
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste of,
You must expect the winter of mine anger 100
You flung me off, before the court disgrac'd me,

When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,
 Appear'd your mistress, took into your eyes
 The common strumpet love of hated lucre,
 Courted with covetous heart the slave of nature, 105
 Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory,
 And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at
 Soldiers of royal mark scorn such base purchase,
 Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot at
 I spake to ye then, I courted ye, and woo'd ye, 110
 Call'd ye "dear Cæsar," hung about ye tenderly,
 Was proud to appear your friend——

Cæsar You have mistaken me

Cleo But neither eye, nor favour, not a smile,
 Was I bless'd back with, but shook off rudely,
 And, as ye had been sold to sordid infamy, 115
 You fell before the images of treasure,
 And in your soul you worshipp'd I stood slighted,
 Forgotten and contemn'd, my soft embraces,
 And those sweet kisses you call'd Elysium,
 As letters writ in sand, no more remember'd, 120
 The name and glory of you! Cleopatra
 Laugh'd at, and made a story to your captains
 Shall I endure?

Cæsar You are deceiv'd in all this,
 Upon my life, you are, 'tis your much tenderness

Cleo No, no, I love not that way, you are cozen'd 125
 I love with as much ambition as a conqueror,
 And where I love will triumph

Cæsar So you shall,
 My heart shall be the chariot that shall bear ye,
 All I have won shall wait upon ye — By the gods,
 The bravery of this woman's mind has fir'd me! — 130
[Aside]

Dear mistress, shall I but this night

Cleo How, Cæsar!

Have I let slip a second vanity
 That gives thee hope?

Cæsar You shall be absolute,
 And reign alone as queen, you shall be any thing

114 *with*] So F2 Omitted in F1 Seward printed "thal", so the
 Editors of 1778, and so perhaps the author wrote — *Dyce*

130 No s d in Ff

Cleo Make me a maid again, and then I'll hear thee, 135
 Examine all thy art of war to do that,
 And, if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee
 Till when, farewell, unthankful !

Cæsar Stay

Cleo I will not

Cæsar I command

Cleo Command, and go without, sir
 I do command thee be my slave for ever, 140
 And vex while I laugh at thee

Cæsar Thus low, beauty
 [Kneels]

Cleo It is too late when I have found thee
 absolute,
 The man that fame reports thee, and to me,
 May be I shall think better Farewell, conqueror !
 [Exit with ARSINOË, EROS, and APOLLODORUS]
Cæsar She knocks me too I will enjoy her
 beauty, 145
 I will not be denied, I'll force my longing
 Love is best pleas'd, when roundly we compel him,
 And, as he is imperious, so will I be —
 Stay, fool, and be advis'd, that dulls the appetite,
 Takes off the strength and sweetness of delight 150
 By Heaven, she is a miracle ! I must use
 A handsome way to win——

Enter SCÆVA, ANTONY, DOLABELLA

How now ! what fear
 Dwells in your faces ? you look all distracted
Scæ If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,
 Not of ourselves, fear of your poor declining, 155
 Our lives and deaths are equal benefits,
 And we make louder prayers to die nobly,
 Than to live high and wantonly Whilst you are secure
 here,
 And offer hecatombs of lazy kisses
 To the lewd god of love and cowardice, 160
 And most lasciviously die in delights,

You are begut with the fierce Alexandrians

Dol The spawn of Egypt flow about your palace,
Arm'd all, and ready to assault

Ant

Led on

By the false and base Photinus and his ministers 165

No stirring out, no peeping through a loop-hole,

But straight saluted with an armed dart

Scæ No parley, they are deaf to all but danger.
They swear they will flea us, and then dry our
quarters,

A rasher of a salt love is such a shoeing-horn! 170

Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us free?

Or will the giant god of love fight for ye?

Will his fierce warlike bow kill a cock-sparrow?

Bring out the lady she can quell this mutiny,

And with her powerful looks strike awe into them, 175

She can destroy and build again the city,

Your goddesses have mighty gifts shew 'em her fair
breasts,

The impregnable bulwarks of proud love, and let 'em

Begin their battery there, she will laugh at 'em,

They are not above a hundred thousand, sir, 180

A mist, a mist! that, when her eyes break out,

Her powerful radiant eyes, and shake their flashes,

Will fly before her heats

Cæsar

Begirt with villains!

Scæ They come to play you and your love a hunt's-
up

You were told what this same whoreson wenching
long ago would come to, 185

You are taken napping now has not a soldier

A time to kiss his friend, and a time to consider,

But he must lie still digging like a plover,

Making of mines, and burying of his honour there?

'Twere good you would think——

Dol

And time too, or you will find else 190

A harder task than courting a coy beauty

Ant Look out, and then believe

Scæ

No, no, hang danger!

169 *flea*] Old form of *flay*

184 *a hunt's-up*] Blast of the horn announcing the hunt

188 *plover*] So F1—one who digs trenches or pits F2 giv the one
modern form *pl* *er*

Take me provoking broth, and then go to her,
 Go to your love, and let her feel your valour,
 Charge her whole body when the sword's in your
 throat, sir, 195
 You may cry, "Cæsar!" and see if that will help ye
Cæsar I'll be myself again, and meet their furies,
 Meet, and consume their mischiefs Make some shift,
 Scæva,
 To recover the fleet, and bring me up two legions,
 And you shall see me, how I'll break like thunder 200
 Amongst these beds of slimy eels, and scatter 'em
Scæ Now ye speak sense, I'll put my life to the
 hazard
 Before I go, no more of this warm lady!
 She will spoil your sword-hand
Cæsar Go [*Exit SCÆVA*] Come, let's to counsel,
 How to prevent, and then to execute [*Exeunt* 205

SCENE III

*A street**Enter three lame Soldiers*

First Sold Did ye see this penitence?
Sec Sold Yes, I saw, and heard it
Third Sold And I, too, look'd upon him, and ob-
 serv'd it,
 He's the strangest Septimius now!
First Sold I heard he was alter'd,
 And had given away his gold to honest uses,
 Cried monstrously
Sec Sold He cries abundantly, 5
 He is blind almost with weeping
Third Sold 'Tis most wonderful,
 That a hard-hearted man, and an old soldier,
 Should have so much kind moisture When his
 mother died,
 He laugh'd aloud, and made the wicked'st ballads!
First Sold 'Tis like enough, he never lov'd his
 parents, 10
 Nor can I blame him, for they ne'er lov'd him

201 Cf. *Pericles*, iv 3, "Thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels"
 202 No s d in Ff

His mother dream'd, before she was deliver'd,
That she was brought a-bed with a buzzard, and ever
after
She whistled him up to th' world His brave clothes
too

He has flung away, and goes like one of us now , 15
Walks with his hands in 's pockets, poor and sorrowful
And gives the best instructions !

Sec Sold And tells stories
Of honest and good people that were honour'd,
And how they were remember'd , and runs mad,
If he but hear of any ungrateful person, 20
A bloody or betraying man

Thurd Sold If it be possible
That an arch-villain may ever be recover'd,
This penitent rascal will put hard 'Twere worth our
labour

To see him once again

First Sold He spares us that labour,
For here he comes

Enter SEPTIMIUS dressed in black, with a book in his hand

Sept Bless ye, my honest friends, 25
Bless ye from base unworthy men ! Come not near me,
For I am yet too taking for your company

First Sold Did I not tell ye ?

Sec Sold What book 's that ?

First Sold No doubt

Some excellent salve for a sore heart — Are you
Septimius, that base knave that betray'd Pompey ? 30

Sept I was, and am , unless your honest thoughts
Will look upon my penitence, and save me,
I must be ever villain Oh, good soldiers,
You that have Roman hearts, take heed of falsehood ,
Take heed of blood , take heed of foul ingratitude ! 35
The gods have scarce a mercy for those mischiefs

23 *This penitent*, etc.] This line is harsh, but not obscure *Put hard*
= try hard

25 s d.] Ff *Enter* Septimius

25 *Bless*] So Ff Dyce [*Heaven*] *bless*

27 *taking*] infecting

29 *salve for a sore heart*] Such titles to books were not uncommon — *Dyce*

Take heed of pride, 'twas that that brought me to it

Sec Sold This fellow would make a rare speech at
the gallows

Thurd Sold 'Tis very fit he wêre hang'd, to edify us

Sept Let all your thoughts be humble and obedient, 40

Love your commanders, honour them that feed ye,

Pray that ye may be strong in honesty,

As in the use of arms, labour, and diligently,

To keep your hearts from ease, and her base issues,

Pride and ambitious wantonness, those spoil'd me 45

Rather lose all your limbs than the least honesty,

You are never lame indeed, till loss of credit

Benumb ye through, scars, and those maims of honour,

Are memorable crutches, that shall bear,

When you are dead, your noble names to eternity 50

First Sold I cry

Sec Sold

And so do I

Thurd Sold

An excellent villain!

First Sold A more sweet pious knave I never heard
yet

Sec Sold He was happy he was rascal, to come to
this

Enter ACHOREUS

Who's this? a priest?

Sept

Oh, stay, most holy sir!

And, by the gods of Egypt I conjure ye, 55

Isis and great Osiris, pity me,

Pity a loaden man! and tell me truly

With what most humble sacrifice I may

Wash off my sin, and appease the powers that hate
me,

Take from my heart those thousand thousand Furies, 60

That restless gnaw upon my life, and save me!

Orestes' bloody hands fell on his mother,

Yet at the holy altar he was pardon'd

Achor Orestes out of madness did his murder,

And therefore he found grace thou, worst of all men, 65

Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base lucre,

Slew'st thine own feeder Come not near the altar,

Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the sacrifice,

Thou art mark'd for shame eternal!

[Exit

Sept Look all on me,
 And let me be a story left to time
 Of blood and infamy ! How base and ugly
 Ingratitude appears, with all her profits !
 How monstrous my hop'd grace at court ' Good
 soldiers,
 Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound
 Of high and soft piercement, touch your goodness •
 To be valiant, old, and honest, oh, what blessedness !
First Sold Dost thou want any thing ?
Sept Nothing but your prayers
Sec Sold Be thus, and let the blind priest do his
 worst
 We have gods as well as they, and they will hear us
Third Sold Come, cry no more thou hast wept
 out twenty Pompeys

80

Enter PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS

Pho So penitent !
Achil It seems so
Pho Yet, for all this,
 We must employ him
First Sold These are the arm'd soldier-leaders
 Away, and let 's to th' fort, we shall be snapt else
 [*Exeunt* Soldiers
Pho How now ! why thus ? what cause of this
 dejection ?
Achil Why dost thou weep ?
Sept Pray, leave me, you have ruin'd me,
 You have made me a famous villain
Pho Does that touch thee ?
Achil He will be hard to win, he feels his lewdness
Pho He must be won, or we shall want our right
 hand
 This fellow dares, and knows, and must be hearken'd —
 Art thou so poor to blench at what thou hast done ?
 Is conscience a comrade for an old soldier ?
Achil It is not that, it may be some disgrace
 That he takes heavily, and would be cherish'd
 Septimius ever scorn'd to shew such weakness

85

90

Sept Let me alone, I am not for your purpose, 95
I am now a new man

Pho We have new affairs for thee,
Those that would raise thy head.

Sept I would 'twere off,
And in your bellies, for the love you bear me!
I'll be no more knave, I have stings enough
Already in my breast

Pho Thou shalt be noble, 100
And who dares think then that thou art not honest?

Achil Thou shalt command in chief all our strong
forces,
And, if thou serv'st an use, must not all justify it?

Sept I am rogue enough

Pho Thou wilt be more and baser, 105
A poor rogue is all rogues, open to all shames,
Nothing to shadow him Dost thou think crying
Can keep thee from the censure of the multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the altar, save thee?

'Tis poor and servile wert thou thine own sacrifice,
'Twould seem so low, people would spit the fire out 110
Achil Keep thyself glorious still, though ne'er so
stain'd,

And that will lessen it, if not work it out
To go complaining thus, and thus repenting,
Like a poor girl that had betray'd her maidenhead—

Sept I'll stop mine ears

Achil Will shew so in a soldier, 115
So simply and so ridiculously, so tamely—

Pho If people would believe thee, 'twere some
honesty,

And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee,
(As sure they will), and beat thee for thy poverty,
If they would allow thy foolery, there were some hope 120

Sept. My foolery!

Pho Nay, more than that, thy misery,
Thy monstrous misery

Achil He begins to hearken—
Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee

Sept That this were true!

Pho Why does this conquering Cæsar

Labour through the world's deep seas of toils and
troubles, 125

Dangers, and desperate hopes ? to repent afterwards ?
Why does he slaughter thousands in a battle,
And whip his country with the sword ? to cry for 't ?
Thou kill'dst great Pompey he'll kill all his kindred,
And justify it, nay, raise up trophies to it 130
When thou hear'st him repent, (he's held most holy
too,)

And cry for doing daily bloody murders,
Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness,
Call up the thing thou nam'st thy conscience,
And let it work, then 'twill seem well, Septimius 135

Sept He does all this

Achul Yes, and is honour'd for it,
Nay, call'd the honour'd Cæsar so mayst thou be,
Thou wert born as near a crown as he

Sept He was poor

Pho And desperate bloody tricks got him this
credit

Sept I am afraid you will once more——

Pho Help to raise thee 140

Off with thy pining black !—it dulls a soldier—

And put on resolution like a man

A noble fate waits on thee

Sept I now feel

Myself returning rascal speedily

Oh, that I had the power——

Achul Thou shalt have all, 145

And do all through thy power men shall admire thee,

And the vices of Septimius shall turn virtues

Sept Off, off, thou must off, off, my cowardice !
Puling repentance, off !

Pho Now thou speak'st nobly

Sept Off, my dejected looks ! and welcome impu-
dence ! 150

My daring shall be deity, to save me

Give me instructions, and put action on me,

A glorious cause upon my sword's point, gentlemen,

And let my wit and valour work You will raise me,
And make me out-dare all my miseries ? 155

Pho All this, and all thy wishes

Sept Use me, then —
 Womanish fear, farewell ! I'll never melt more —
 Lead on to some great thing, to wake my spirit
 I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell
 This huge oak Cæsar too

Pho Now thou sing'st sweetly, 160
 And Ptolemy shall crown thee for thy service

Achil He's well wrought, put him on apace for
 cooling [Exeunt

158 *wake*] “So F2 and the Editors of 1778 and Weber. F1 has ‘weale’, which Seward gave, informing us in a note that it means—render well or healthy. Though the reading of the second folio affords very good sense, I strongly suspect that it is not the genuine lection, and that the poet wrote ‘steel’ in the second scene of the next act, Septimius says, ‘Now I am ‘steel’d’”—*Dyce*

159 *I cut the cedar Pompey*, etc.] “This passage, observes Gifford, is copied from the following one in Jonson’s *Sejanus*, act v, sc 4,—*Works*, iii 126

‘I, that did help
 To fell the lofty cedar of the world
 Germanicus, that at one stroke cut down
 Drusus, that upright elm, wither’d his vine,
 Laid Silus and Sabinus, two strong oaks,
 Flat on the earth, etc.”—*Dyce*

162 *for cooling*] Ff 1 e for fear he should cool

ACT V

SCENE I

*CÆSAR'S apartments, in the Palace**Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, DOLABELLA**Ant* The tumult still increases*Cæsar* Oh, my fortune !

My lustful folly rather ! but tis well,
 And worthily I am made a bondman's prey,
 That (after all my glorious victories,
 In which I pass'd so many seas of dangers, 5
 When all the elements conspir'd against me)
 Would yield up the dominion of this head
 To any mortal power, so blind and stupid
 To trust these base Egyptians, that proclaim'd
 Their perjuries in noble Pompey's death, 10
 And yet that could not warn me

Dol Be still Cæsar,
 Who ever lov'd to exercise his fate
 Where danger look'd most dreadful

Ant If you fall,
 Fall not alone, let the king and his sister
 Be buried in your ruins, on my life, 15
 They both are guilty reason may assure you,
 Photinus nor Achilles durst attempt you,
 Or shake one dart or sword, aim'd at your safety,
 Without their warrant

Cæsar For the young king, I know not
 How he may be misled, but for his sister, 20
 Unequall'd Cleopatra, 'twere a kind
 Of blasphemy to doubt her ugly treason
 Durst never dwell in such a glorious building,
 Nor can so clear and great a spirit as hers is

12 exercise his fate] apply his genius, and dare destiny
 22-3 ugly building] "There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple"
 Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, I ii 457

Admit of falsehood

Ant Let us seize on him, then, 25
And leave her to her fortune

Dol If he have power,
Use it to your security, and let

His honesty acquit him, if he be false,

It is too great an honour he should die

By your victorious hand

Cæsar He comes, and I 30
Shall do as I find cause

Enter PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, APOLLODORUS

Ptol Let not great Cæsar
Impute the breach of hospitality
To you, my guest, to me I am condemn'd,
And my rebellious subjects lift their hands
Against my head, and would they aim'd no farther, 35
Provided that I fell a sacrifice

To gain you safety ! That this is not feign'd,
The boldness of my innocence may confirm you
Had I been privy to their bloody plot,
I now had led them on, and given fair gloss 40
To their bad cause by being present with them,

But I, that yet taste of the punishment
In being false to Pompey, will not make
A second fault to Cæsar uncompell'd
With such as have not yet shook off obedience, 45
I yield myself to you, and will take part
In all your dangers

Cæsar This pleads your excuse,
And I receive it

Achor If they have any touch
Of justice or religion, I will use
The authority of our gods to call them back 50
From their bad purpose

Apol This part of the palace
Is yet defensible, we may make it good
Till your powers rescue us

Cæsar Cæsar besieg'd !
Oh, stain to my great actions ! 'Twas my custom,
An army routed, as my feet had wings, 55
To be first in the chase, nor walls nor bulwarks

Could guard those that escap'd the battle's fury
 From this strong arm, and I to be enclos'd!
 My heart! my heart! but 'tis necessity,
 To which the gods must yield, and I obey, 60
 Till I redeem it by some glorious way [Exeunt

SCENE II

An inner court of the Palace.

Enter PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS, Soldiers

Pho There's no retreating now we are broke in,
 The deed past hope of pardon if we prosper,
 'Twill be styl'd lawful, and we shall give laws
 To those that now command us Stop not at
 Or loyalty or duty, bold ambition 5
 To date, and power to do, gave the first difference
 Between the king and subject, Cæsar's motto,
Aut Cæsar aut nihil, each of us must claim,
 And use it as our own

Achil The deed is bloody,
 If we conclude in Ptolemy's death
Pho The better, 10
 The glebe of empire must be so manur'd

Sept Rome, that from Romulus first took her name,
 Had her walls water'd with a crimson shower
 Dram'd from a brother's heart, nor was she rais'd
 To this prodigious height, that overlooks 15
 Three full parts of the earth that pay her tribute,
 But by enlarging of her narrow bounds
 By the sack of neighbour cities, ne'er made hers
 Till they were cemented with the blood of those
 That did possess 'em Cæsar, Ptolemy, 20
 Now I am steel'd, to me are empty names,
 Esteem'd as Pompey's was

Pho Well said, Septimius,
 Thou now art right again

11 *glebe*] Dyce's emendation Ff and the other modern editors have
glebe *Manur'd*] F1 *manur*

18 *ne'er*] Dyce's emendation F1 has *were*, F2 and the other modern editors
not

Achl But what course take we
For the princess Cleopatra?

Pho Let her live
A while, to make us sport, she shall authorize 25
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,
As if what we do were by her command
But, our triumvirate government once confirm'd,
She bears her brother company that's my province,
Leave me to work her

Achl I will undertake 30
For Ptolemy

Sept Cæsar shall be my task,
And, as in Pompey I began a name,
I'll perfect it in Cæsar

*Enter (above) CÆSAR, PTOLEMY, ACHOREUS, APOLLO-
DORUS, ANTONY, DOLABELLA*

Pho 'Tis resolv'd, then,
We'll force our passage

Achl See, they do appear,
As they desir'd a parley

Pho I am proud yet 35
I have brought them to capitulate

Ptol Now, Photinus?

Pho Now, Ptolemy?

Ptol No addition?

Pho We are equal,
Though Cæsar's name were put into the scale
In which our worth is weigh'd

Cæsar Presumptuous villain,
Upon what grounds hast thou presum'd to raise 40
Thy servile hand against the king, or me
That have a greater name?

Pho On those by which
Thou didst presume to pass the Rubicon,
Against the laws of Rome, and at the name
Of traitor smile, as thou didst when Marcellus, 45
The consul, with the senate's full consent,
Pronounc'd thee for an enemy to thy country,

36 *them*] FI, 'em F2

37 *No addition*] Have you forgotten to address me by my royal title?

Yet thou went'st on, and thy rebellious cause
Was crown'd with fair success why should we fear,
then?

Think on that, Cæsar

Cæsar Oh, the gods! be brav'd thus! 50
And be compell'd to bear this from a slave,
That would not brook great Pompey his superior!

Achil Thy glories now have touch'd the highest
point,
And must descend

Pho Despair, and think we stand
The champions of Rome, to wreak her wrongs, 55
Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot

Sept And that the ghosts of all those noble Romans,
That by thy sword fell in this civil war,
Expect revenge

Ant Dar'st thou speak, and remember
There was a Pompey?

Pho There is no hope to scape us 60
If that, against the odds we have upon you,
You dare come forth and fight, receive the honour
To die like Romans, if ye faint, resolve
To starve like wretches I disdain to change
Another syllable with you

[*Exeunt* PHOTINUS, ACHILLAS, SEPTIMIUS,
and Soldiers

Ant Let us die nobly, 65
And rather fall upon each other's sword,
Than come into these villains' hands

Cæsar That Fortune,
Which to this hour hath been a friend to Cæsar,
Though for a while she clothe her brow with frowns,
Will smile again upon me who will pay her 70
Or sacrifice or vows, if she forsake
Her best of works in me? or suffer him,
Who with a strong hand she hath led triumphant
Through the whole western world, and Rome acknow-
ledg'd

Her sovereign lord, to end ingloriously 75
A life admir'd by all? The threaten'd danger
Must by a way more horrid be avoided,

That kill'd my general and a Roman, one
 To whom I ow'd all nourishments of life, 15
 Be true to an Egyptian? To save Cæsar,
 And turn Photinus' plots on his own head,
 (As it is in my power,) redeem my credit,
 And live, to lie and swear again in fashion,
 Oh, twere a master-piece! Ha!—me! Cæsar! 20
 How's he got off?

Enter CÆSAR, PTOLEMY, ANTONY, DOLABELLA,
 ACHIOREUS, APOLLONQURUS Soldiers

Cæsar The fire has took,
 And shews the city like a second Troy,
 The navy too is scorched the people greedy
 To save their wealth and houses, while their soldiers
 Make spoil of all only Achilles troops 25
 Make good their guard, break through them, we are
 safe

I'll lead you like a thunder-bolt

Sept Stay, Cæsar!

Cæsar Who's this? the dog Septimius!

Ant Cut his throat

Dol You bark'd but now fawn you so soon?

Sept Oh, hear me!

What I'll deliver is for Cæsar's safety, 30
 For all your good

Ant Good from a mouth like thine,
 That never belch'd but blasphemy and treason,
 On festival days!

Sept I am an alter'd man,
 Alter'd indeed, and I will give you cause
 To say I am a Roman

Dol Rogue, I grant thee 35

Sept Trust me, I'll make the passage smooth and easy
 For your escape

Ant I'll trust the devil sooner,
 And make a safer bargain

Sept I am trusted
 With all Photinus' secrets

Ant There's no doubt, then,

20 —me] The Editors of 1778 and Weber inserted *course*, Dyce *blast*.

32-3 *That days*] One line in Ff

33-5 *I am Roman*] Two lines in Ff, the first ending *at in la. d*

Thou wilt be false

Sept Still to be true to you 40

Dol And very likely !

Cæsar Be brief, the means ?

Sept Thus, Cæsar

To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths

Not to discover it, he hath reveal'd

A dismal vault, whose dreadful mouth does open

A mile beyond the city, in this cave 45

Lie but two hours concealed

Ant If you believe him,

He'll bury us alive

Dol I'll fly in the air first

Sept Then in the dead of night I'll bring you back

Into a private room, where you shall find

Photinus, and Achilles, and the rest 50

Of their commanders, close at counsel

Cæsar Good

What follow ?

Sept Fall me fairly on their throats

Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude

Will easily disperse

Cæsar Oh, devil !—Away with him !

Nor true to friend nor enemy ? Cæsar scorns 55

To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs,

So base a way, or owe the means of life

To such a leprous traitor I have tower'd

For victory like a falcon in the clouds,

Not digg'd for't like a mole Our swords and cause 60

Make way for us and that it may appear

We took a noble course, and hate base treason,

Some soldiers, that would merit Cæsar's favour,

Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow

The lane this sword makes for you

[*Exeunt all, except SEPTIMIUS, and two Soldiers
who seize him*]

First Sold Here's a belt, 65

Though I die for it, I'll use it

Sec Sold 'Tis too good

To truss a cur in

Sept Save me ! here's gold

First Sold If Rome
 Were offer'd for thy ransom, it could not help thee
Sec Sold Hang not an arse
First Sold Goad him on with thy sword —
 Thou dost deserve a worser end, and may 70
 All such conclude so, that their friends betray ! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV

Another part of the city.

Enter, successively, ARSINOË; EROS, CLEOPATRA

Ars We are lost ! *

Eros Undone !

Ars Confusion, fire and swords,
 And fury in the soldier's face, more horrid,
 Circle us round !

Eros The king's command they laugh at,
 And jeer at Cæsar's threats

Ars My brother seiz'd on
 By the Roman, as thought guilty of the tumult, 5
 And forc'd to bear him company, as mark'd out
 For his protection or revenge

Eros They have broke
 Into my cabinet, my trunks are ransack'd

Ars I have lost my jewels too but that's the least,
 The barbarous rascals, against all humanity 10
 Of sense of pity, have kill'd my little dog,
 And broke my monkey's chain

Eros They ruffled me
 But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,
 Would they proceed no further

Ars Oh, my sister !

Eros My queen, my mistress !

Ars Can you stand unmov'd, 15
 When an earthquake of rebellion shakes the city,
 And the court trembles ?

Cleo Yes, Arsinoë,
 And with a masculine constancy deride
 Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to
 My virtues, not a mistress then we forsake 20

12 *ruffled*] F1 *ruffled*—handled saucily F2 *rified*

13 *and tire 'em too*] Omitted in F2

The strong fort of ourselves, when we once yield
 Or shrink at her assaults I am still myself,
 And though disrob'd of sovereignty, and ravish'd
 Of ceremonious duty that attends it
 Nay, giant they had slav'd my body, my free mind, 25
 Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile,
 Snall grow up straighter, and enlarge itself,
 Spite of the envious weight that loads it with
 Think of thy birth, Arsinoe common burdens
 Fit common shoulders teach the multitude, 30
 By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
 The greatness of thy mind does soaⁿ a pitch
 Their dim eyes, darken'd by their narrow souls,
 Cannot arrive at

Ars I am new created,
 And owe this second being to you, best sister, 35
 For now I feel you have infus'd into me
 Part of your fortitude

Eros I still am fearful,
 I dare not tell a lie you, that were born
 Daughters and sisters unto kings, may nourish
 Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble hand-
 maid, 40
 Must not presume to rival

Cleo Yet, my Eros,
 Though thou hast profited nothing by observing
 The whole course of my life, learn in my death,
 Though not to equal, yet to imitate,
 Thy fearless mistress
Eros Oh, a man in arms! 45
 His weapon diawn too!

Enter PHOTINUS

Cleo Though upon the point
 Death sate, I'll meet it, and out-dare the danger
Pho [To those without] Keep the watch strong, and
 guard the passage sure
 That leads unto the sea

Cleo What sea of rudeness
 Breaks in upon us? or what subject's breath 50

23 *And though disrob'd*] i e "and remain so though disrob'd" Ed 1778
 28 *that*] "the calamity in question"—*Dyce*, (esp 'my enslaved body' Ed)
 48 No s d in Ff

Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm ?
 Are duty and obedience fled to heaven,
 And, in their room, ambition and pride
 Sent into Egypt ? That face speaks thee Photinus,
 A thing thy mother brought into the world 55
 My brother's and my slave, but thy behaviour,
 Oppos'd to that, an insolent intruder
 Upon that sovereignty thou shouldst bow to
 If in the gulph of base ingratitude
 All loyalty to Ptolemy the king 60
 Be swallow'd up, remember who I am,
 Whose daughter, and whose sister, or, suppose
 That is forgot too, let the name of Cæsar
 (Which nations quake at) stop thy desperate madness
 From running headlong on to thy confusion 65
 Throw from thee quickly those rebellious arms,
 And let me read submission in thine eyes,
 Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,
 But be a ready advocate to plead for thee
 To Cæsar and my brother

Pho Plead my pardon ! 70
 To you I bow, but scorn as much to stoop thus
 To Ptolemy, to Cæsar, nay, the gods,
 As to put off the figure of a man,
 And change my essence with a sensual beast
 All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends, 75
 Were aim'd to purchase you

Cleo How durst thou, being
 The scorn of baseness, nourish such a thought ?

Pho They that have power are royal, and those base
 That live at the devotion of another
 What birth gave Ptolemy, or fortune Cæsar, 80
 By engines fashion'd in this Protean anvil
 I have made mine, and only stoop at you
 Whom I would still preserve free, to command me
 For Cæsar's frowns, they are below my thoughts,
 And, but in these fair eyes I still have read 85
 The story of a supreme monarchy,
 To which all hearts, with mine, gladly pay tribute,
 Photinus' name had long since been as great

64 *thy*] *Ff the*72 *to Cæsar*] *F1 F2 or C ar*76 *purchase*] *acquire* 79 *at the devotion of*] *cf I i 264*

As Ptolemy's e'er was, or Cæsar's is
 This made me, as a weaker tie, to unloose 90
 The knot of loyalty that chain'd my freedom,
 And slight the fear that Cæsar's threats might cause
 That I and they might see no sun appear,
 But Cleopatra, in th' Egyptian speië

Cleo Oh, giant-like ambition, married-to 95
 Cimmerian darkness! Inconsiderate fool,
 Though flatter'd with self-love, couldst thou believe,
 Were all crowns on the earth made into one,
 And that by kings set on thy head, all sceptres
 Within thy grasp, and laid down at my feet, 100
 I would vouchsafe a kiss to a no-man,
 A gelded eunuch?

Pho Fairest, that makes for me,
 And shews it is no sensual appetite,
 But true love to the greatness of thy spirit,
 That, when that you are mine, shall yield me pleasures 105
 Hymen though blessing a new-married pair,
 Shall blush to think on, and our certain issue,
 The glorious splendour of dread majesty,
 Whose beams shall dazzle Rome, and awe the world
 My wants in that kind others shall supply, 110
 And I give way to it

Cleo Baser than thy birth!
 Can there be gods, and hear this, and no thunder
 Ram thee into the earth?

Pho They are asleep,
 And cannot hear thee, or, with open eyes
 Did Jove look on us, I would laugh, and swear 115
 That his artillery is cloy'd by me,
 Or, if that they have power to hurt, his bolts
 Are in my hand

Cleo Most impious!

Pho They are dreams
 Religious fools shake at Yet to assure thee,
 If Nemesis, that scourges pride and scorn, 120
 Be any thing but a name, she lives in me,
 For, by myself (an oath to me more dreadful
 Than Styx is to your gods), weak Ptolemy dead,

114] Two lines in Ff, the first ending at *thee*

--- "clouer" is a word derived from the French verb *clouer* "

And Cæsar, both being in my toil, remov'd,
 The poorest rascals that are in my camp 125
 Shall, in my presence, quench their lustful heat
 In thee and young Arsinoe, while I laugh
 To hear you howl in vain I deride those gods
 That you think can protect you.

Cleo To prevent thee,
 In that I am the mistress of my fate
 So hope I of my sister to confirm it, 130
 I spit at thee, and scorn thee

Pho I will tame
 That haughty courage, and make it stoop too
Cleo Never
 I was born to command, and I will die so

Enter ACHILLAS and Soldiers, with the body of
 PTOLEMY

Pho The king dead ! this is a fair entrance to 135
 Our future happiness

Ars Oh, my dear brother !

Cleo Weep not, Arsinoe, (common women do so,)
 Nor lose a tear for him, it cannot help him
 But study to die nobly

Pho Cæsar fled !
 'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart, 140
 It chokes my vital spirits where was your care ?
 Did the guards sleep ?

Achil He rous'd them with his sword,
 (We talk of Mars, but I am sure his courage
 Admits of no comparison but itself,)
 And, as inspir'd by him, his following friends, 145
 With such a confidence as young eaglets prey
 Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,
 Brake thro'gh our troops, and scatter'd 'em He went on
 But still pursu'd by us when on the sudden
 He turn'd his head, and from his eyes flew terror, 150
 Which strook in us no less fear and amazement
 Than if we had encounter'd with the lightning
 Hurl'd from Jove's cloudy brow

124 *toil*] *snare, net*

128 Printed as two lines in Ff, the first ending at *vain*

133 *it*] So F1 *these* F2

146 *eaglets*] F2 *eagles*

134 *I will*] So F1 F2 omits I

148 *'em*] So F1 F2 *them*

Cleo 'Twas like my Cæsar

Achil We faln back, he made on, and, as our fear
Had parted from us with his dreadful looks, 155

Again we follow'd but, got near the sea,
On which his navy anchor'd, in one hand
Holding a scroll he had above the waves,
And in the other grasping fast his sword,
As it had been a trident foig'd by Vulcain 160

To calm the raging ocean, he made a way,
As if he had been Neptune, his friends, like
So many Tritons, follow'd, their bold shouts
Yielding a cheerful music We shower'd darts
Upon them, but in vain, they reach'd their ships 165
And in their safety we are sunk, for Cæsar
Prepares for war

Pho How fell the king?

Achil Unable
To follow Cæsar, he was trod to death
By the pursuers, and with him the priest
Of Isis, good Achoræus

Ars May the earth 170
Lie gently on their ashes' [*Exit ACHILLAS with Soldiers*

Pho I fee] now
That there are powers above us, and that 'tis not
Within the searching policies of man
To alter their decrees

Cleo I laugh at thee
Where are thy threats now, fool? thy scoffs and scorns 175
Against the gods? I see calamity
Is the best mistress of religion,
And can convert an atheist [*Shout within*

Pho Oh, they come!
Mountains fall on me! Oh, for him to die
That plac'd his Heaven on earth, is an assurancē 180
Of his descent to hell! Where shall I hide me?
The greatest daring to a man dishonest,
Is but a bastard courage, ever fainting [*Exit*

Enter CÆSAR, SCÆVA, ANTONY, DOLABELLA

Cæsar Look on your Cæsar, banish fear, my fairest,
You now are safe

Scæ By Venus, not a kiss 185
Till our work be done ' the traitors once despatch'd,
To it, and we'll cry aim '!

Cæsar I will be speedy
Exeunt CÆSAR, SCÆVA, ANT, and DOL
Cleo Farewell again '—Arsino '—How now, Eros '
Ever faint-hearted ?

Eros But that I am assur'd
Your excellency can command the general, 190
I fear the soldiers, for they look as if
They would be nibbling too

Cleo He is all honour,
Nor do I now repent me of my favours,
Nor can I think Nature e'er made a woman,
That in her prime deserv'd him

Ars He's come back 195

*Re-enter CÆSAR, SCÆVA, ANTONY, DOLABELLA, and
Soldiers, with the heads of PHOTINUS and ACHILLAS*

Cæsar Pursue no farther, curb the soldiers' fury—
See, beauteous mistress, their accursed heads,
That did conspire against us

Scæ Furies plague 'em!
They had too fair an end, to die like soldiers
Pompey fell by the sword, the cross or halter 200
Should have despatch'd them

Cæsar All is but death, good Scæva,
Be therefore satisfied—And now, my dearest,
Look upon Cæsar, as he still appear'd,
A conqueror and, this unfortunate king
Entomb'd with honour, we'll to Rome, where Cæsar 205
Will shew he can give kingdoms, for the senate,
Thy brother dead, shall willingly decree
The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee [*Exeunt*

187 cry aim] "I encourage you" "It ill beseems this presence to cry aim"—*King John*, II The phrase is from archery the bysanders being accustomed to encourage the archers by crying 'Aim!' See Gifford's note on Massinger's *Worship*, II 28 ed 1813—"Dye"

187 s d] Simply *Exeunt* in Ff
196 s d] *Re enter* etc F1 have Enter CÆSAR, SCÆVA, ANTONY, DOLABELLA Souldiers with the heads

196 Cæsar] Omitted altogether in F1, and prefixed to next line in F2
205 to] So F2, F1 for

EPILOGUE

I NOW should wish another had my place
But that I hope to come off, and with grace
And, but express some sign that you are pleas'd,
We of our doubts, they of their fears, are eas'd
I would beg further, gentlemen, and much say
In the favour of ourselves, them, and the play,
Did I not rest assur'd the most I see
Hate impudence, and cherish modesty

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER

EDITED BY CYRIL BRETT

The Little French Lawyer is the third play in the folio of 1647, occupying pp 5-75, it is the sixteenth play in the folio of 1679, occupying pp 336-358 of the first system of pagination. It appears in Tonson's ed (1711), vol iv pp 1224-1307, in Theobald's ed (1756), vol iv (*curavit* Seward) pp 175-268 in Colman's (1778), in Weber's (1812), in Darley's (1840), Dices (1843), Waller and Glover's Cambridge ed (1906)

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER

TEXT —The basis of the Text is F1. All changes of importance introduced either in F2 or in later editions, have been recorded, so far as known. I have not been able to see the edition of 1778, or that of Weber. Burley, however, exactly follows Weber, and I have therefore recorded his variants (especially when Dyce happens to mention Weber), as W.D. The 1778 readings have been taken from Dyce's notes. I have noted Johnson's 1714 edition as T, and it follows F2, except in one place, Seward's 1750 as S, and Simpson's suggestions therein as S. and Dyce as D. Dyce has been followed, as a rule, in spelling and punctuation. I have, however, restored *vi, vi, etc.* for Dyce's *viii*, occasionally altered the stops, and kept the original forms of some interesting words. The stage directions are usually those of F1. The necessary corrections or additions are noted.

ARGUMENT —Dinant, apparently the favoured suitor of Lamira, is suddenly rejected by her, in favour of old Champernel, whom she marries. Dinant and his friend Cleremont stop the wedding party on their way from church, and insult bride and bridegroom. They are challenged by Beaupre and Verdore, relations of Champernel and Lamira. Lamira sends for Dinant and prove to him fighting, tells him that he must protect her honour else will ruin the time fixed for the duel. Cleremont, Beaupre, and Verdore arrive at the rendezvous, and Cleremont is forced to get a passer by to fight in Dinant's place. This a little lawyer named La Witt, finally consents to do. He disarms Beaupre first, and afterwards Verdore, who was pursuing Cleremont. La Witt then meets with Dinant, who believes him to be the impugnor of Lamira's honour: they are about to fight when Cleremont appears, parts them, and upbraids Dinant for his failure to appear to keep the appointment. While Dinant is exploring matters, Lamira's Nurse brings a second message desiring Dinant and Cleremont to visit Champernel's house. As they go, Lamira pretends to be ready to meet Dinant's wishes, if Cleremont will take her place beside her lord, finally Cleremont consents. La Witt, however, betrays Dinant the whole night, and finally calls up her husband, kinsmen, and servants, who disarm the two gallants, Cleremont is even more abused than Dinant on finding that his bedfellow was Lamira's sister Annabell. Cleremont and Annabell fall in love at first sight. With taunts and insults Cleremont and Dinant are dismissed, vowing revenge. Meanwhile La Witt is turned swashbuckler and duellist, and his causes therefore fail in court. He vows vengeance against the judge Vertaigne. Cleremont contrives that Vertaigne's foolish kinsman Sampson shall meet La Witt in combat: he and a friend, under pretence of observing the strict rules of the duello, take away their principals' upper garments, and the morning being windy, La Witt and Sampson are presently reduced to so miserable a state, that old Champernel knocks all the night out of both. Dinant and Cleremont then carry out a plan of revenge against their enemies, taking advantage of Lamira's household's presence in the woods, their friends, disguised as robbers, make the ladies and the young men prisoners, and hurry the away from Champernel and Vertaigne. Dinant and Cleremont next appear in the guise of rescuers, and Cleremont is married to Annabell, while Dinant first bullies and then soothes Lamira. Finally, captives and captors rejoin the distracted Champernel and Vertaigne, and the general relief brings about a general reconciliation.

DATE AND AUTHORSHIP — Critics have generally agreed that the date of the play is between 1619 and May 1622, that it followed the *Custom of the Country*, and preceded *Women Pleased*. These three plays were acted by the King's men, Taylor, Lowin, Underwood, Benfield, Tooley, Shurpe, Egglestone, and Holcombe. In 1619–20, Fletcher and Massinger were together writing for the King's company, 1620–1, Massinger was altering Dekker plays for the levels men at the *Bull*, and Fletcher was writing alone.¹

The Prologue mentions "the writers," the Epilogue "your Poets." Dyce therefore supposes that the play is by Beaumont and Fletcher, and mentions that Seward and Weber give *La Witt* to Beaumont. Later critics agree that not Beaumont, but Massinger was Fletcher's collaborator. We know from Sir Aston Cokayne² that these two did work together.

The next question is, can it be shewn that they wrote this play "together"?

Boyle Bullen Fleay Macaulay, Oliphant, Swinburne, and Thompson call it Fletcher and Massinger's. Dyce had already pointed out that two passages in the *Little French Lawyer*, nearly resembled two in Massinger's *Parliament of Love*, and Boyle insists on Massinger's constant repetition of himself in those plays known to be his, and notices many parallels here.⁴ He also says that all Massinger's undoubted plays, and this, shew a specific type of sensual woman, and impotently passionate, now jealous, now unduly submissive, man. But the test which has been most used, apparently with the clearest results is that of versification. Boyle,⁵ Fleay,⁶ and Oliphant,⁷ have applied this, and E. N. S. Thompson⁸ has summarised their results. Fleay assigns *La Witt* and *Annabell* stories to Fletcher, who, he thinks, inserted *Annabell's* speeches even in such Massinger scenes as iv 5, 6, and v 1. *Lamira's* part he gives to Massinger. He points out that Massinger accents *Dinant*, Fletcher *Dinant*, and that the *Old Lady* appears in the F scenes, *Nurse* in those by M (except in ii 3 the only F scene where she speaks).

Boyle says that there is no test between F and M since neither uses it much. F uses more double endings than M, M many more run-on lines than F. F has few light or weak endings. The total percentages are (F) 52.3 double endings, 6.3 run-on lines, light and weak endings, negligible. (M) 43.0 double endings, 32.5 run-on lines, 3.5 light endings, 1.6 weak endings.

The following is Oliphant's allotment of scenes —

F	M
Act ii iii 2, 4, 5	Act i iii 1, 3 iv 5, 6a
iv 1–4, 6b (from <i>enter</i> <i>La Witt</i>) 7b	7a (to <i>enter</i> <i>Dinant</i>)
v 1a (to <i>enter</i> <i>Charl</i>) 2	v 1b, 3, prol and epil

Fleay only differs from this in giving V 3a to F.

Boyle only differs from this in giving iii 3, iv 5, 6 to F.

Bullen gives i and parts of iii and iv to M.

Thompson summarises "In the second act, after M had started in

¹ Fleay, *Biog Chron*, i 211

² *Small Poems* (1858)

³ *LFL*, i 1 + *PL*, i 5 ii 1 + iv 2

⁴ Cf *D of Man* i 1 86 iii 3 125 v 1 40 *Peneg*, v 8 *Un Comb*, iii 2 56 *Parl* L ii 2 14 (Ovid) *GD of F* iii 1 (locking up secrets) *Picture*, i 1 (yielding fort of honour), 6 iii 1 & 6 (ref to Hercules) *Guard*, iii 2 36 (Hymen) iii 6 13

⁵ *Eng Studien*, v 75, vii 66 sqq, viii 39 sqq, ix 209 sqq

⁶ *Eng Stud* pp 12 sqq *N Sh Soc Tr* i (1874) pp 51 sqq *Biogr Chron*, i, *Shakesp Manual*, p 151 sqq etc

⁷ *Eng Stud*, xiv pp 53 sqq, xv pp 321 sqq, xvi pp 180 sqq

⁸ *Eng Stud*, xxvi pp 39 sqq

Cf *Anglia* xxvii 2 (Apr 1910) "Fletcher's Habits of Dramatic Collaboration," by O. T. Hatener (As far as *LFL* is concerned, only supports Thompson's conclusions)

the first or main business of the comedy, introduced the humorous motive of the *L.F.L.*

This force he handled throughout. Beyond this, Fleay assigns him nothing of importance, but Boyle, using metrical tests more rigorously, gives him the climax of the main plot, where *Lammas*' suitor is teased and flouted, and the impudent scenes in *act iv*, where the men play a return trick on the ladies.¹

SOURCE OF THE PLOT.—The earliest known literary form of the story is the *No. 1110* of Massuccio Salernitano (1420—c. 1474), Nov. 4, of which the following is Weber's summary: "Duke Regnier, of Anjou having been driven by King Alfonso from Naples, retired to Florence. Two French noblemen, Filippo de Licurio and Carlo d'Amboin frequently accompanied him when he rode through the city, and on one of these occasions the former fell in love with the beautiful wife of a citizen and soon found means of paying his addresses which the lady did not reject, but the jealousy of the husband prevented the accomplishment of their desires. In the mean time Carlo happened to fall in love with the sister of the lady, who dwelt in the same house. The husband at last was about to proceed to Pisa, when Duke Regnier was forced to return to France, and the two lovers to accompany him. Filippo gradually forgot his *innamorata*, but the lady's attentions remained unaltered, and in order to make him sensible of his faithlessness, she caused a false diamond to be set in a ring of fine gold, with the inscription *LAMMAS BATANI*, which she sent by a trusty messenger to Paris. Filippo having, by applying to other friends, solved the mysterious meaning of the ring immediately set out for Florence, and persuaded his friend to accompany him. They were received with transport by the lady, who promised to fulfil Filippo's wishes that night, if his companion would consent to occupy her place in bed by the side of the old husband. Carlo long refused to take such a perilous situation, but the tears of his friend at last prevailed, on the promise of his being soon released. Having undressed himself, and taken a sword in his hand, he was silently led to a chamber, and left by the amorous lady who rejoined Filippo. When Carlo had lain in the greatest fear for two hours, he began to curse his fate, when four hours were past, he became distracted, but when the morning sun illumined the windows, and the servants were lighting the fires and scouring the passages he grasped his sword and endeavoured to force the door, which suddenly opened from within and his friend with the lady, entered. The lady began to mock Carlo on his want of instinct, and opening the bed curtains showed him that he had all night lain with her sister, whom he so ardently loved. She then left the room laughing, with Filippo, and left the happy Carlo to excuse himself for his want of discernment."²

The story occurs again in Guzman d'Alfarache, as Langbaine noticed, here the old man is a Conde there is no duel the woman is entirely complaisant—the husband really away there is a substitution of the Countess' sister for the Count. All the characters are Spaniards.

Other versions are Scarron's *Indiscret Prudent*³ (Don Rodriguez and Virginia (!) are caught together. Annabell Violante is not married by Don Pedro. We only hear of the Count), and the *Complaisant Companion*.⁴ Koeppl points out⁵ Fletcher and Massinger's alteration they make Lammas retain her physical honour, he compares the Nurse to Juliet's, and the comic duel scene to that between Sir Hugh Evans and Dr Caius.

¹ Eng. ed., tr W. G. Waters (1805), ii 262 sqq. Italian ed., p 280.

² or *Spanish Rogue*, tr. Mabbes (1822), ii pp 37-43, (ch. iv.)

³ tr by Jo. Davies of Kidwelly (1865) pp 21-36.

⁴ 8vo, p. 26, (Dy.)

⁵ *München Beitr.*, xi (1895), pp 60-61. "Quellen Studien zu den Dr. en, etc.

HISTORY—This play seems to have always attracted particular attention. The commendatory verses prefixed to *FI* (1647) mention it specially three times¹. Butler says² "It is a Dangerous thing to flesh men, as you may see in the little French lawyer in the third act about the 4th or 5th scene, who being by Accident flesh'd beat all those who had beaten him before in all his lifetime."

Richard Cumberland in his 'Memoirs' (4to, p. 192) says that he took a hint for *Sir Benjamin Dove* in the *Brothers from La Writ*.

On July 30, 1717, it was acted at Drury Lane, twice running, not having been acted for twenty years before. Norris took *La Writ*.

October 25, 1717, Drury Lane, again, Dinant by Mills, Cleremont by Ryan &c. In this representation, the characters Charlotte, Nurse, Annabell, and Lamira were omitted.

30 June, 1720 Drury Lane Norris took *La-Writ*, Miller, Sampson, and Miss Thumond, Lamira.

7 October, 1749 "Never performed, a Farce in one act, called the *Little French Lawyer*" (Woodward, Palmer, Blakes, Winstone, Taswell, King, Shuter, Costollo, and Mrs Bennett).

The *General Advertiser* (October 9) says it was played 'to a crowded house, every scene save the last gaining universal applause, but that meeting with disapproval, is now altered, and will be performed again to-morrow night' (It accordingly was put on again).

27 April, 1778, Covent Garden Quick's benefit *Tancréd and Sigis munda*, after which the *Little French Lawyer* printed 1778 with following cast.

La Writ—Quick (well adapted to his style, *Mellifont* (=Cleremont)=Death, *Dupré* (=Dinant)=Whitfield *Sampson*=Wilson, *Champernel*=Fearon, *Ventaign*=L'Estrange, *Beaupré*=Booth, *Vidone*=Thompson, *Lamira*=Mrs Lessingham, *Villetta* (=Annabell)=Mrs Willems, *Agnes* (=Charlotte)=Mrs Poussin. The five acts were reduced to two, blank verse became prose. Dinant's trick on Lamira was changed and mutilated. There were additions, all however, were immaterial or absurd, e.g.,

"No judge or jury shall soften any indignation."

The play has been translated into French, by Ernest Lafond, 1865.⁴

¹ In verses by Rd Lovelace, Robt Gardiner and G Hill.

² Wks (Cumber ed.), p. 424. (I owe this reference to the kindness of Professor Littledale.)

³ Genest *Some Acts of the Eng Stage* vol. II pp. 6-3, 613, III 12, IV 290, VI 25-20.

⁴ 'Contemporains de Shakespeare Beaumont et Fletcher traduits par Ernest Lafond, avec une notice sur la vie de ces deux poëtes Paris J Hetzel 1865, p. XII + 575 [1] 8vo [Conten's Notice Les deux nobles cousins tragedie de Valentinien, Rollo duc de Normandie, le petit avocat Français.]

PROLOGUE

To promise much, before a play begin,
 And when 'tis done, ask pardon, were a sin
 We'll not be guilty of, and to excuse
 Before we know a fault, were to abuse
 The writers and ourselves, for I dare say 5
 We all are fool'd if this be not a play
 And such a play as shall (so should plays do)
 Imp time's dull wings, and make you merry too
 'Twas to that purpose writ, so we intend it,
 And we have our wisht-ends, if you commend it 10

PROLOGUE Printed with Epilogue, at end of Play, in 1 f

5 *The writers*] Cf Introduction

8 *Imp*] here = "to strengthen, improve the flight of" In III 5 42, it =
 'to improve by (metaph) engrafting" Cf *Ru/and II*, II 1 'Imp out
 our drooping country's broken wing"

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY

DINANT, a gentleman that formerly loved, and still pretended to love	Provost
LAMIRA	Gentlemen- Clients [^]
CLEREMONT, a merry gentleman, his friend	Servants
CHAMPERNEL, a lame old gentleman, husband to LAMIRA	LAMIRA, wife to CHAMPERNEL, and daughter to VERTAIGNE
VERTAIGNE a Nobleman and a Judge	ANNABELL, niece to CHAMPER- NELL
BEAUPRE, son to VERTAIGNE	OLD LADY, nurse to LAMIRA
VERDONE, nephew to CHAMPERNEL	CHARLOITE, Waiting Gentlewoman to LAMIRA
MONSIEUR LA WRIT, a wrangling Advocate, or the little Lawyer	
SAMPSON, a foolish Advocate kins- man to VERTAIGNE	

The Scene, France

The principal actors were,

Joseph Taylor	Nicholas Toole
John Lowin	William Egleston
John Underwood	Richard Sharpe
Robert Benheld	Thomas Holcomb

DRAM PERS] List, etc as in F2 FI has no list, statement of scene, or
names of actors

I inserts *Men* and F2 *Women* before those groups of characters

DIN] *inserts to S D*

CIER] Dyce om *a merry gentleman*

CH] Dyce om *lame old gentleman* and inserts *veteran naval warrior*

VER] Dyce om *A nobleman and*

BE] Dyce *has his son*

LA W] Dyce om *Monsieur a wrangling on the little Lawyer*

S] Dyce *an advocate, nephew to*

SERVANTS] Dyce adds *MUSICIANS*

OLD LADY] Dyce om

CHAR] *waiting woman* Dyce

Scene, PARIS and the adjacent country Dyce

The names *Lamira* and *Charlotte* occur in *Honest Man's Fortune*, *Cleremont* in *Phaëtas* and in the *Noble Gentleman*, *Verdone* in the *Bloody Brother*, *Cleremont*, *Dinant*, *Lamira* and *Beaupre* in *Massinger's Parliament of Love*

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER

A COMEDY

ACT I

SCENE I

*Paris. A street**Enter DINANT and CHERMONT**Din* Dissuade me not*Cler* It will breed a brawl*Din* I care not, I wear a sword*Cler* And wear discretion with it,

Or cast it off, let that direct your arm,

'Tis madness else, not valour, and more base 5

Than to receive a wrong

Din Why, would you have me
Sit down with a disgrace, and thank the doer?

We are not stoics, and that passive courage

Is only now commendable in lackeys,

Peasants, and tradesmen, not in men of rank, 10

And quality, as I am

Cler Do not cherish
That daring vice, for which the whole age suffers

The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore

Was spent in honourable action,

A COMEDY] added in F2

ACT I *street*] In Ff, this play is divided into Acts, and the first scene of each Act is marked. Weber completed the numbering of the scenes, and first marked their localities, Dyce added a few stage directions, and made some changes, which will be noticed hereafter1-3] I much prefer to make two lines of 1-3, ending the first at *I care not* —A H B6 *Than*] Ff always reads *Then* for this word, F2 usually has the more modern form

Or to defend or to enlarge the kingdom, 15
 For the honour of our country and our prince,
 Pours itself out with prodigal expense
 Upon our mother's lap, the earth that bred us,
 For every trifle, and these private duels,
 Which had their first original from the French, 20
 (And for which, to this day, we are justly censur'd,)
 Are banisht from all civil governments,
 Scarce three in Venice, in as many years,
 In Florence they are rarer, and in all
 The fair dominions of the Spanish king 25
 They are never heard of, nay, those neighbour coun-
 tries,
 Which gladly imitate our other follies,
 And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
 Begin now to detest them

Dim

Will you end yet?

Cler And I have heard, that some of our late 30
 kings,

For the lie, wearing of a mistress' favour,
 A cheat at cards or dice, and such like causes,
 Have lost as many gallant gentlemen
 As might have met the Great Turk in the field
 With confidence of a glorious victory 35
 And shall we, then—

20 *French*] *French* misprint F2 These proper names the Ff usually print in italics

22 *Are*] F2 And F1

22 *banisht*] Ff *banish'd* Dyce The 'd forms have in such verbs been uniformly changed for the Ff spelling in t

25 *the Spanish king*] James Howell, writing from Madrid to Viscount Colchester in February, 1623, remarks "You shall seldom hear of Spaniards employ'd in night service, nor shall one hear of a duel here in an age" (*Epistole Ho eliana*) (A H B)

26] A glance at England

29 *Will yet?*] F2 *Will you? and yet?*—F1

30] cf Massinger, *Parl of Love* (1624?), 1 5 (ed 1813, II 249) (Gifford, qd by Dyce)

"Nay, I dare go further,
 And justify your majesty hath lost
 More resolute and brave courageous spirits
 In this same dull and languishing fight of love
 Than e'er your wars lost from you"

(ed Cunningham 1897, p 168)

31 *mistress' favour*] Dyce *Mistress, feathers*, F1 *Mistress favour* F2

36 *us, then*] Dyce *we then* Ff, with less emphasis, perhaps, on *we*

Din No more, for shame, no more!
 Are you become a patron too? 'Tis a new one,
 No more on't, burn't, give it to some orator,
 To help him to enlarge his exercise,
 With such a one it might do well, and profit 40
 The curate of the parish, but for Cleremont,
 The bold and undertaking Cleremont,
 To talk thus to his friend, his friend that knows him,
 Dinant, that knows his Cleremont, is absurd,
 And mere apocrypha

Cler Why, what know you of me? 45

Din Why, if thou hast forgot thyself, I'll tell thee,
 And not look back, to speak of what thou wert
 At fifteen, for at those years, I have heard
 Thou wast flesh'd, and enter'd bravely

Cler Well sir, well

Din But yesterday, thou wast the common second 50
 Of all that only knew thee, thou hadst bills
 Set up on every post, to give thee notice
 Where any difference was, and who were parties,
 And as, to save the charges of the law,
 Poor men seek arbitrators, thou wert chosen 55
 By such as knew thee not, to compound quarrels,
 But thou wert so delighted with the sport,
 That, if there were no just cause, thou wouldst make one,
 Or be engag'd thyself This goodly calling

37 *patron*] here = "pleader, advocate, [esp. of a theory or practice 1573-1796, *AED*] etc. But the word *Speech*, Declaration, Harangue might be understood to make the following line sense, and it is highly probable that a whole line is lost, something like *How long have you been coming this speech? 'Tis a new one*."—S

C c] *pattern* [of which *petron* is an old spelling]

M c] *parson*

Coleridge (*Remarks* ii 307, ed 18—) "If conjectural emendation, like this, [S's] be allowed, we might venture to read — 'Are you become a patron to a new tune?' or, 'A y b a p? 'Tis a new tune,'"

Dyce agrees with S that there is perhaps an ellipse of *Speech* on the line. This is borne out by the *burn't, give it*, etc. of l 38

45 *apocrypha*] perh "nonsense" though as adj. or quasi adj., it usually = "false" (1587-1690)

50] Dyce om. comma of Ff at *yesterday, and second*, thus spoiling the cumulative emphasis of Dinant's sentences

51-52 *Bills on every post*] Advertisements of himself, that he was ready to act as second, if he should be informed of duellists needing help. Cf. Jo on *E Man* i, iii 1 *admit* (*Not bills of himself as challenger*, as Weber)

59 *goodly*] So F2 and subseq. edd. F1 *godly*

Thou hast follow'd five-and-twenty years, and studied 60
 The criticisms of contentions, and art thou
 In so few hours transform'd? Certain, this night
 Thou hast had strange dreams, or rather visions

Cler Yes, sir,

I have seen fools and fighters chain'd together,
 And the fighters had the upper hand, and whipt first, 65
 The poor sots laughing at 'em What I have been
 It skills not, what I will be, is resolv'd on

Din Why then you 'll fight no more?

Cler Such is my purpose

Din On no occasion?

Cler There you stagger me
 Some kind of wrongs there are, which flesh and blood 70
 Cannot endure

Din Thou wouldst not willingly
 Live a protested coward, or be call'd one?

Cler Words, are but words

Din Nor wouldst thou take a blow?

Cler Not from my friend, though drunk, and from
 an enemy,

I think, much less

Din There's some hope of thee left, then 75
 Wouldst thou hear me behind my back disgrac'd?

Cler Do you think I am a rogue? they that should
 do it

Had better been born dumb

Din Or in thy presence
 See me o'ercharg'd with odds?

Cler I'd fall myself first

Din Wouldst thou endure thy mistress be taken
 from thee 80

60 *follow'd*] So Dyce Ff, T *followed*, one of several instances where the
 Ff print an *e* which is not, apparently, pronounced

66 *been*] F2 and sqq *bin*] F1 (always)

67 *It skills not*] 1 *e* "It matters not," W

73 *Words*] F1, perhaps making a pause, or change of speech S, seeing
 that *Din* apparently takes *Cler* to mean that he would *not* put up with being
 called or thought a coward, cjd a lost line, *but coward is a name I could not*
brook Perhaps a gesture made his meaning evident on the stage Mason says
 no *cj* or *ch* *ge* is necessary

78 *presence*] F2 sqq *presence*? F1

80 *mistress be*] Ff *mistress t' be ta'en* S *mis'tress to be ta'en* T [one
 of the very few places in which T differs from F2]

And thou sit quiet ?

Cler There you touch my honour ,
No Frenchman can endure that

Din Plague upon thee !
Why dost thou talk of peace, then, that darst
suffer

Nothing, or in thyself, or in thy friend,
That is unmanly

Cler That, I grant, I cannot, 85
But I'll not quarrel with this gentleman
For wearing stammel breeches, or this gamester
For playing a thousand pounds, that owes me
nothing,

For this man's taking up a common wench
In rags, and lousy, then maintaining her 90
Caroch'd in cloth of tissue, nor five hundred
Of such-like toys, that at no part concern me
Marry, where my honour, or my friend's is question'd
I have a sword, and I think I may use it
To the cutting of a rascal's throat, or so, 95
Like a good Christian

Din. Thou art of a fine religion ,
And rather than we'll make a schism in friendship
I will be of it But, to be serious,
Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-suit
To fair Lamira ?

Cler Too well, sir, and remember 100
Your presents, courtship—that's too good a name—
Your slave-like services, your morning music,
Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight
To see her at her window, sometimes laugh'd at,
Sometimes admitted, and vouchsaf'd to kiss 105
Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her slippers

82 *Plague*] *Pl*—*Ff*, and so always, cf 119, etc

87 *stammel*] A coarse red stuff, inferior to scarlet Cf Nares who quotes this passage, and also *Red hood, the first 'hat co'h appear | In Stammel A Scarlet is too dear* (Jonson, *Underwoods*, vol vi. 54), and Randolph, *Hy for Ho sty*, "When I translated my *stammel* petticoat into the masculine gender, to make you worship a paire of scarlet breeches"

91 *Caroch'd in*] So *Ff* and all edd till Dyce *Caroch'd a, in* Dyce
Caroch = a large and stately carriage (cf Nares)

93 *friend s*] So *S*, *D*, Dyce *friend Ff T*

How then you triumph'd! Here was love, forsooth!

Din These follies I deny not,—
Such a contemptible thing my dotage made me,
But my reward for this——

Cler As you deserv'd, 110
For he that makes a goddess of a puppet
Merits no other recompense

Din This day, friend,
For thou art so—

Cler I am no flatterer

Din This proud, ingrateful she, is married to
Lame Champernel

Cler I know him, he has been 115
As tall a seaman, and has thriv'd as well by't,
The loss of a leg and an arm deducted, as any
That ever put from Marseilles You are tame,
Plague on 't, it mads me, if it were my case,
I should kill all the family

Din Yet but now 120
You did preach patience

Cler I then came from confession,
And 't was enjoind me three hours for a penance,
To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one,
But now, all else being pardon'd, I begin
On a new tally, Foot, do anyth'g, 125
I'll second you

Din I would not willingly
Make red my yet white conscience, yet I purpose,
In the open street, as they come from the temple,
(For this way they must pass,) to speak my wrongs,
And do it boldly [Music plays]

Cler Were thy tongue a cannon, 130
I would stand by thee, boy They come, upon 'em!

Din Observe a little, first

Cler This is fine fiddling

107] Two lines in Ff, dividing at *triumph'd*

119 *Plague*] So D and Dyce Pl — Ff, T, S

125 *tally, Foot, do*] *Tally, Foot do* Ff *Tally, 'foot do* T, S *tally, 'Foot do* W D, Dyce Ff shew that *Foot* is an exclamation [*God's foot*] and *Cleremont* is prepared to *do anything* Dyce's punctuation is perhaps preferable *tall'y*

1 e "begin a new account or reckoning," "turn over a new leaf"

132 *fine*] a *fine* W and D

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, Nuise,
BEAUPRÉ, VERDONE

An Epithalamium Song at the Wedding

Come away, bring on the bride,
And place her by her lover's side
You fair troop of maids attend her, 135
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her
Blush, and wish, you virgins all,
Many such fair nights may fall

CHORUS

Hymen, fill the house with joy,
All thy sacred fires employ 140
Bless the bed with holy love
Now, fair orb of beauty, move

Din Stand by, for I'll be heard

Vert This is strange rudeness

Din 'Tis courtship, balanced with injuries

You all look pale with guilt, but I will dye 145

Your cheeks with blushes, if in your sear'd veins

There yet remain so much of honest blood

To make the colour First, to ye, my lord,

The father of this bride, whom you have sent

Alive into her grave

Cham How ? to her grave ? 150

Din Be patient, sir, I'll speak of you anon —

You that allow'd me liberal access,

To make my way with service, and approv'd of

My birth, my person, years, and no base fortune, 155

You that are rich, and but in this, held wise too,

That as a father should have look'd upon

Your daughter in a husband, and aim'd more

At what her youth, and heat of blood requir'd

In lawful pleasures, than the parting from

Your crown's to pay her dower, you that already 160

Have one foot in the grave, yet study profit,

s d Epithalamium Song] *Epithalamium Song* F2

143 *Fill*] *I le* F2, *I wi'll* D W *'twill* F1

144 *courtship*] "courtesy" Dyce

144 *balanced*, etc.] So Ff, T, S. Mason proposed to insert *my*, before *injuries*, and Dyce considered it "absolutely necessary for the sense." It is certainly better sense, but perhaps not absolutely necessary. Dyce read *balanced with [my] injuries*

As if you were assur'd to live here ever,
 What poor end had you in this choice? In what
 Deserv'd I your contempt? my house and honours
 At all parts equal yours, my fame as fair, 165
 And, not to praise myself, the city ranks me
 In the first file of her most hopeful gentry
 But Champernel is rich, and needs a nurse,
 And not your gold, and, add to that, he's old too,
 His whole estate in likelihood to descend 170
 Upon your family here was providence,
 I grant, but, in a nobleman, base thrift
 No merchants, nay, no pirates, sell for bondmen
 Their countrymen, but you, a gentleman,
 To save a little gold, have sold your daughter 175
 To worse than slavery

Cler This was spoke home, indeed

Beau Sir, I shall take some other time to tell you,
 That this harsh language was deliver'd to
 An old man, but my father

Din At your pleasure

Cler Proceed in your design, let me alone 180
 To answer him, or any man

Verd You presume
 Too much upon your name, but may be cozen'd

Din But for you, most unmindful of my service,
 For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,
 Since all is lost and yet I am a gainer, 185
 In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
 For such you must have been, you to whom nature
 Gave, with a liberal hand, most excellent form,
 Your education, language, and discourse,
 And judgment to distinguish, when you shall 190
 With feeling sorrow understand, how wretched

171 *Upon your*] So F2 sqq *Upon a* F1

182 *cozen'd*] So F2 sqq *cousin'd* F1

184 sqq] Punctuation various and difficult Dyce brackets (*For now*
must have been,) and further read, *for me*, *distinguish*,

Ff, T, S have no brackets, comma at *for me*

F1 has no stop *distinguish when*

F2 has comma *distinguish, when* (so T, S)

The jerky movement is due to *Din*'s excitement, and the rapid evocation of
 one thought by another perhaps we might read *service,—For now*
lost,—and yet torment in you—(For such you distinguish)—,
when you shall, etc (resumption of original intention)

And miserable you have made yourself,
 And, but yourself, have nothing to accuse,
 Can you with hope from any beg compassion?
 But you will say you serv'd your father's pleasure 195
 Forgetting that unjust commands of parents
 Are not to be obey'd, or, that you are rich,
 And that to wealth all pleasures else are servants,
 Yet but consider how this wealth was purchas'd,
 'Twill trouble the possession

Cham You sir, know 200
 I got it, and with honour

Din But from whom?
 Remember that, and how — You'll come indeed
 To houses bravely furnish'd, but demanding
 Where it was bought, this soldier will not lie
 But answer truly, "This rich cloth of Arras 205
 I made my prize in such a ship, this plate
 Was my share in another, these fair jewels,
 Coming ashore, I got in such a village,
 The maid or matron kill'd, from whom they were
 ravish'd,

The wines you drink are guilty too, for this, 210
 This Candy wine, three merchants were undone,
 These suckets brake as many more" In brief,
 All you shall wear, or touch, or see is purchas'd
 By lawless force, and you but revel in
 The tears and groans of such as were the owners 215

Cham 'Tis false, most basely false'

Verta Let losers talk

Din Lastly, those joys, those best of joys, which
 Hymen

Freely bestows on such that come to tie

198 *pleasures else*] So S, W D Dyce *pleasure else* Ff T

199 *purchas'd*] In frequent sense of "ginn'd," perhaps with sub sense of
 toil and difficulty

202 *You'll come*] Here he turns again to Lamira

205 sqq.] A far fetched terror, though probably true, it would not appeal
 much to that age, especially to so "cruel" a lady as Lamira

211 *Candy wine*] = 'Cretan wine' *Candia* = "Crete"

212 *suckets*] = "Dried sweetmeats, or sugarplums" — Nares "Any kind of
 sweetmeats" — Mason

215] In this speech, Ff, T, S have no inverted commas, — a relief, as it is
 always difficult to know when *Din* speaks in his own person and when as
Cham

216 *losers*] so F2 sqq. F1 *losers*

The sacred knot he blesses, won unto it
 By equal love and mutual affection, 220
 Not blindly led with the desire of riches,
 Most miserable you shall never taste of,
 This marriage-night you 'll meet a widow's bed,
 Or, failing of those pleasures all brides look for,
 Sin in your wish it were so

Cham Thou art a villain, 225
 A base, malicious, slanderer !

Cler Strike him
Din No,
 He is not worth a blow

Cham O that I had thee
 In some close vault that only would yield room
 To me to use my sword, to thee no hope
 To run away, I would make thee on thy knees 230
 Bite out the tongue that wrong'd me

Verta Pray you have patience
Lam This day I am to be your sovereign,
 Let me command you

Cham I am lost with rage,
 And know not what I am myself, nor you
 Away, dare such as you, that love the smoke 235
 Of peace more than the fire of glorious war,
 And, like unprofitable drones, feed on
 Your grandsires' labours, (that, as I am now,
 Were gathering-bees, and fill'd their hive, this
 country,

With brave triumphant spoils,) censure our actions ? 240
 You object my prizes to me, had you seen
 The horror of a sea-fight, with what danger
 I made them mine, the fire I fearless fought in,
 And quench'd it in mine enemies' blood which
 straight,

Like oil pour'd out on 't, made it burn anew, 245
 My deck blown up, with noise enough to mock
 The loudest thunder, and the desperate fools

225 *it were so*] i.e. that you were a widow

226-7 *No blow*] One line in Ff

238 *that as I am*] No brackets in Ff, T S first inserts them

244-5] S cjs *oil pour'd on it*, though he admits the text can mean the same
 He also notes that *quench'd* = "made abate for a while"

That boarded me, sent, to defy the tempests
 That were against me, to the angry sea,
 Frighted with men thrown o'er, no victory, 250
 But in despite of the four elements,
 The fire, the air, the sea, and sands hid in it,
 To be achiev'd, you would confess, poor men,
 (Though hopeless such an honourable way
 To get or wealth or honour in yourselves,) 255
 He that through all these dreadful passages
 Pursued and overtook them, unaffrighted,
 Deserves reward, and not to have it styl'd
 By the base name of theft

Din This is the courtship
 That you must look for, madam
Cler 'Twill do well, 260
 When nothing can be done, to spend the night with
 Your tongue is sound, good lord, and I could wish,
 For this young lady's sake, this leg, this arm
 And there is something else I will not name,
 (Though 'tis the only thing that must content her,) 265
 Had the same vigour

Cham You shall buy these scoffs
 With your best blood Help me once, noble anger!
[Draws his sword]
 Nay stir not, I alone must-right myself,
 And with one leg transport me to coirect
 These scandalous praters [Falls] Oh, that noble
 wounds 270

Should hinder just revenge! D'ye jeer me too?
 I got these, not as you do your diseases,
 In brothels, or with riotous abuse
 Of wine in taverns, I have one leg shot,
 One arm disabled, and am honour'd more 275
 By losing th m, as I did, in the face
 Of a brave enemy, than if they were
 As when I put to sea You are Frenchmen only
 In that you have been laid and cur'd Go to!

248 *tempests*] So F2, T, S sqq. *tempest* F1

250 *thr n*] Dyce *thrown* F1

265] Brackets in Ff and Dyce, though not in S, T

267 s d] *Dra his sword* Dyce. *Draws* W D No s d in Ff, T, S

268] i e "must avenge myself," it does not mean that he has stumbled

270 *Falls*] Ff, T, S *Falls, they laugh* D, W

You mock my leg, but every bone about you 280
 Makes you good almanack-makers, to foretell
 What weather we shall have

Din Put up your sword

Cler Or tuin it to a crutch, there't may be useful,
 And live on the relation to your wife
 Of what a brave man you were once

Din And tell her 285
 What a fine virtue 'tis in a young lady
 To give an old man pap

Cler Or hire a surgeon
 To teach her to roll up your broken limbs

Din To make a poultice, and endure the scent
 Of oils and nasty plaisters [CHAMPERNEL *weeps*

Verta Fie, sir, fie! 290
 You that have stood all dangers of all kinds,
 To yield to a rival's scoff?

Lam Shed tears upon
 Your wedding-day?—This is unmanly, gentlemen

Cham They are tears of anger Oh, that I should
 live

To play the woman thus! All-powerful Heaven, 295
 Restore me, but one hour, that strength again,
 That I had once, to chastise in these men
 Their follies and ill manners, and that done,
 When you please I'll yield up the fort of life,
 And do it gladly

Cler We ha' the better of him, 300
 We ha' made him cry

Verdo You shall have satisfaction,
 And I will do it nobly, or disclaim me

Beau I say no more, you have a brother, sister
 This is your wedding-day, we are in the street,
 And howsoever they forget their honour, 305
 'Tis fit I lose not mine by their example

Verta If there be laws in Paris, look to answer

289] Ff, T, S *pultess(e)* in general use till c. 1750, and still dialectal (NED)

290 s d] inserted by W

293 *gentlemen*] It is just possible that we should read *gentleman*, and take the remark as spoken to Champernel (Very probable A H b)

301-2] *Verdone* is speaking to *Champernel*

SCENE I] THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER 111

This insolent affront

Cler You that live by them,
Study 'em, for Heaven's sake For my part, I know not
Nor care not what they are—Is there aught else 310
That you would say?

Din Nothing, I have my ends
Lamira weeps,—I have said too much, I fear
So dearly once I lov'd her, that I cannot
Endure to see her tears

[*Exeunt DINANT and CLEREMONT*

Cham See you perform it,
And do it like my nephew
Verdo If I fail in 't, 315
Ne'er know me more—Cousin Beaupre!

[*They talk apart*

Cham Repent not
What thou hast done, my life thou shalt not find
I am decrepit, in my love and service
I will be young and constant, and believe me
(For thou shalt find it true, in scorn of all 320
The scandals these rude men have thrown upon me,)
I'll meet thy pleasures with a young man's ardour,
And in all circumstances of a husband
Perform my part

Lam Good sir, I am your servant,
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent, 325
(Which, as I am a virgin yet, I do not,)
To undo the knot that by the church is tied,
Only I would beseech ye, as you have
A good opinion of me and my virtues,
(For so you have pleas'd to style my innocent weak-
ness,) 330

That what hath pass'd between Dinant and me,
Or what now in your hearing he hath spoken,
Beget not doubts or fears

314 s d] So Ff sqq, except that Ff has DINANT and *Exeunt*
316 more } more, Cousin Ff, T, as if the whole speech were to
B more, Cousin S
316 s d] om Ff, T, S *They speak apart* W D
324 my part] So F2, S, D'ice parts Ff, C, W D
330 you have] you've S

Cham I apprehend you ,
 You think I will be jealous , as I live,
 Thou art mistaken, sweet , and, to confirm it, 335
 Discourse with whom thou wilt, ride where thou wilt,
 Feast whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt ,
 For I will have no other guards upon thee
 Than thine own thoughts

Lam I 'll use this liberty
 With moderation, sir

Beau [*To Verdo*] I am resolv'd 340
 Steal off, I 'll follow you

Cham Come sir, you droop ,
 Till you find cause, (which I shall never give,)
 Dislike not of your son-in-law

Verdo Sir, you teach me
 The language I should use , I am most happy
 In being so near you [*Exeunt VERDONE and BEAUPRE*

Lam Oh my fears !—Good nurse, 345
 Follow my brother unobserv'd, and learn
 Which way he takes

Nurse I will be careful, madam
 [*Exit Nurse*

Cham Between us compliments are superfluous
 On, gentlemen ! Th' affront we have met here
 We 'll think upon hereafter , 'twere unfit 350
 To cherish any thought to breed unrest
 Or to ourselves or to our nuptial feast [*Exeunt*

SCENE II

The apartments of DINANT

Enter DINANT and CLEREMONT

Cler We shall have sport, ne'er fear't

Din What sport, I prithee ?

340 s d] om Ff, T, S, inserted by W

345 *Oh my fears, etc*] *O my fears good nurse Follow, etc* Ff

347 s d] So Ff, S, T *Exit W D*, Dyce

349 *On*] *One* Ff *On F2, sqq*

No division of scenes marked here or elsewhere in Ff, T S

Scene, etc W inserted the place of scene

SCENE II] THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER 113

Cler Why, we must fight, I know it, and I long
for 't,

It was apparent in the fiery eye
Of young Verdone, Beaupré look'd pale and shook
too,

Familiar signs of anger They are both brave fellows, 5
Tried and approv'd, and I am proud to encounter
With men from whom no honour can be lost
They will play up to a man, and set him off
Whene'er I go to the field, Heaven keep me from
The meeting of an unflinch'd youth or coward ! 10
The first, to get a name, comes on too hot,
The coward is so swift in giving ground,
There is no overtaking him, without
A hunting nag, well breath'd too

Din All this while

You ne'er think on the danger

Cler Why 'tis no more 15

Than meeting of a dozen friends at supper,
And drinking hard mischief comes there unlook'd for,
I am sure, as sudden, and strikes home as often,
For this we are prepar'd

Din Lamira loves

Her brother Beaupré dearly

Cler What of that ? 20

Din And should he call me to account for what
But now I spake, (nor can I with mine honour
Recant my words,) that little hope is left me
E'er to enjoy what (next to Heaven) I long for,
Is taken from me

Cler Why what can you hope for, 25
She being now married

Din Oh my Cleremont,

To you all secrets of my heart lie open,
And I rest most secure that whatsoever
I lock up there, is as a private thought,
And will no farther wrong me I am a Frenchman, 30

6 proud] *prou d* FI

21 'to account] So Ff, WD, to an account T l'an S

22 spake] *speal'e* FI (and so break FI in I 1 212, where other texts have
orake)

22-3] No brackets in FI

24] Brackets as in F2 sqq FI brackets (*next for*) 26 Oñ] On FI

And, for the greater part, we are born courtiers,
 She is a woman, and however yet
 No heat of service had the power to melt
 Her frozen chastity, time and opportunity
 May work her to my ends,—I confess, ill ones, 35
 And yet I must pursue 'em Now her marriage,
 In probability, will no way hurt,
 But rather help me

Cler Sits the wind there? pray you tell me,
 How far off dwells your love from lust?

Din Too near,
 But prithee chide me not

Cler Not I, go on, boy, 40
 I have faults myself, and will not reprehend
 A crime I am not free from For her marriage,
 I do esteem it (and most bachelors are
 Of my opinion,) as a fair protection

To play the wanton without loss of honour 45
Din Would she make use of't so, I were most
 happy

Cler No more of this Judge now, whether I have
 The gift of prophecy

Enter BEAUPRE and VERDONE

Beau Monsieur Dinant,
 I am glad to find you, sir

Din I am at your service
Verdo Good monsieur Cleremont, I have long wish'd 50
 To be known better to you

Cler My desires
 Embrace your wishes, sir

Beau Sir, I have ever
 Esteem'd you truly noble, and profess,
 I should have been most proud to have had the honour
 To call you brother, but my father's pleasure 55
 Denied that happiness I know no man lives
 That can command his passions, and therefore
 Dare not condemn the late intemperate language
 You were pleas'd to use to my father and my sister
 He's old, and she a woman, I most sorry 60

My honour does compel me to entreat you
To do me the favour, with your sword to meet me,
A mile without the city

Din You much honour me
In the demand, I'll gladly wait upon you

Beau Oh sir, you teach me what to say The time? 65

Din With the next sun, if you think fit

Beau The place?

Din Near to the vineyard eastward from the city

Beau I like it well This gentleman, if you please
Will keep me company

Cler That is agreed on,
And in my friend's behalf I will attend him 70

Verdo You shall not miss my service

Beau Good day, gentle men

[*Exeunt* BEAUPRE and VERDONE]

Din At your commandment

Cler Proud to be your servants
I think there is no nation under heaven

That cut their enemies' throats with compliment

And such fine tricks, as we do If you have 75

Any few prayers to say, this night you may

Call 'era to mind, and use 'em for myself,

As I have little to lose, my care is less,

So till to-morrow morning I bequeath you

To your devotions, and, those paid, but use 80

That noble courage I have seen, and we

Shall fight as in a castle

Din Thou art all honour,

Thy resolution would steel a coward,

And I most fortunate in such a friend

All tenderness and nice respect of woman 85

62 sword to meet] punctuation of Ff, T, S swora, to meet D, Dyce

71 s d] inserted here by Ff, T, S, at 72 by D, W, Dyce The places of the original stage directions are important as illustrating stage conditions of the time

72 commandment] *commandement* F1 proud] *prou d* F1

78 lose] *loose* F1 (usual form in vb and sb)

82 as in a castle] A proverbial expression that occurs again in IV vi ii "And we may do't, as safe as in a castle" Compare 1 *Henry IV*, II 1, "We steal as in a castle, cocksure," where Steevens quoted from the play — A H B

83 resolution] *resoulion* F1

85 nice] Does he mean 'wish respect' or tenderne , or is he thinking that he is to fight Lamira's brother?

Be now far from me Reputation, take
 A full possession of my heart, and prove
 Honour the first place holds, the second love
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III

A room in the house of CHAMPERNEL

Enter LAMIRA and CHARLOTTE

Lam Sleeps my lord still, Charlotte?

Charl Not to be wak'd
 By your ladyship's cheerful looks, I well perceive
 That this night the good lord hath been
 At an unusual service, and no wonder
 If he rest after it

Lam You are very bold 5

Charl Your creature, madam, and when you are
 pleas'd,
 Sadness to me's a stranger Your good pardon,
 If I speak like a fool, I could have wisht
 To have ta'en your place to-night, had bold Dinant,
 Your first and most obsequious servant, tasted 10
 Those delicacies, which, by his lethargy,
 As it appears, have cloy'd my lord

La No more!

Charl I am silenc'd, madam

Lam Saw you my nurse this morning?

Charl No, madam

Lam I am full of fears Who's that?

[*Knock within*]

SCENE] S thought this the beginning of the second act, "for a whole night is past since the last scene" W kept the Ff division of the acts So D and Dyce W added the locality

3] "One of the many lines in these plays which seem to have been mutilated either by the transcriber or the printer"—Dyce It is just possible that *perceive* should come in from line 2

5 *rest*] So Ff, T Dyce *rests* S, W 1)

10 *obsequious*] prompt to serve or please, obedient, dutiful Cf *M Wives*, IV a 2, and *P Lost*, vi 10

11 *delicacies*] F2 *dedicates* F1

Ff *first and second years*

SCENE III] THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER 117

Charl [*going to the door*] She you enquir'd for
Lam Bring her in, and leave me 15
 [*Exit CHARLOTTE*]

Now, Nuisse, what news?

Enter NURSE

Nurse Oh lady, dreadful ones!
 They are to fight this morning, there's no remedy
 I saw my lord your brother and Verdone
 Take horse as I came by

Lam Where's Cleremont?

Nurse I met him too, and mounted

Lam Where's Dinant? 20

Nurse There's all the hope. I have staid him with
 a trick,—

If I have done well so

Lam What trick?

Nurse I told him

Your ladyship laid your command upon him
 To attend you presently, and to confirm it,
 Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear, 25
 That you bestow'd on me. He waits without
 Disguis'd, and if you have that power in him
 As I presume you have, it's in you
 To stay or alter him

Lam Have you learnt the place
 Where they are to encounter?

Nurse Yes, 'tis where 30
 The Duke of Burgundy met Lewis th' Eleventh

Lam Enough, I will reward thee liberally
 Go bring him in [*Exit NURSE*]

Full dear I loved Dinant,
 While it was lawful, but those fires are quench'd,
 I being now another's Truth forgive me, 35

15 s d *going to the door*] Not in Ff, T, S
 16 s d] After news? Ff Before *Now nurse* Dyce and W D
 22 *well so*] F2, T, S *well so*, F1 *will, so* Dyce
 30-31 *'tis where The Duke of Burgundy met L is th' Eleventh*] In 1465
 the Comte de Charolois (Charles the Bold) with his allies was invading Paris
 and held several conferences with Louis XI The particular reference is
 doubtless to the Bois de Vincennes See Philippe de Commines, *Mémoires*,
 Bk I, ch xiv —A H B *Lewis th'*] F2, T, S *om th'* F1, W

And let dissimulation be no crime,
Though most unwillingly I put it on,
To guard a brother's safety!

Enter DINANT

Din Now, your pleasure?
Though ill you have deserv'd it, you perceive
I am still your fool, and cannot but obey 40
Whatever you command

Lam You speak as if
You did repent it, and 'tis not worth my thanks then
But there has been a time in which you would
Receive this as a favour

Din Hope was left then
Of recompence

Lam Why, I am still Lamira, 45
And you Dinant, and 'tis yet in my power,
(I dare not say I'll put it into act,)
To reward your love and service

Din There's some comfort

Lam But think not that so low I prize my fame,
To give it up to any man that refuses 50
To buy it or with danger, or performance
Of what I shall enjoin him

Din Name that danger,
Be it of what horrid shape soever, lady,
Which I will shrink at, only, at this instant,
Be speedy in't

Lam I'll put you to the trial 55
You shall not fight to-day,—do you start at that?—
Not with my brother, I have heard your difference,
Mine is no Helen's beauty, to be purchas'd
With blood, and so defended, if you look for
Favours from me, deserve them with obedience, 60
There's no way else to gain 'em

38 s d] So Ff, T, S *Enter D disguised Dyce*

39 perceive] F2 sqq persever'd F1

47] Brackets in Dyce, none in Ff, T, S

49 prize] prize F1

51 danger, or] danger or F1 danger of F2, T, S, with break at end of
speech in S sqq, as if incomplete Dyce returned to F1, except that he
1 inserted comma after danger

59] F1 has no stop after defended

Din You command
 What with mine honour I cannot obey,
 Which lies at pawn against it, and a friend,
 Equally dear as that, or life, engag'd,
 Not for himself, but me

Lam Why, foolish man, 65
 Dare you solicit me to seive your lust,—
 In which not only I abuse my lord,
 My father, and my family, but write whore,
 Though not upon my forehead, in my conscience,
 To be read hourly,—and yet name your honour ? 70
 Yours suffers but in circumstance, mine in substance
 If you obey me, you part with some credit,—
 From whom ? the giddy multitude, but mankind
 Will censure me, and justly

Din I will lose
 What most I do desire, rather than hazard 75
 So dear a friend, or write myself a coward
 'Tis better be no man

Lam This will not do [*Aside*
 Why, I desire not you should be a coward,
 Nor do I weigh my brother's life with yours,
 Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly 80
 Let me not suffer for you, I am careless

Din Suffer for me ?

Lam For you, my kindness to you
 Already brands me with a strumpet's name

Din Oh that I knew the wretch !

Lam I will not name him, 85
 Nor give you any character to know him
 But if you dare, and instantly, ride forth
 At the west port of the city, and defend there
 My reputation against all you meet,
 For two hours only, I'll not swear, Dinant,
 To satisfy, (though sure I think I shall,) 90
 Whatever you desire If you deny this,

70 *honour*] So F2, T, S, Dyce *honours* F1, W D

71 *suffers*] So F2, T, S, W D, Dyce

77 s d] Inserted by W

82 *me* ?] Here, as often in similar cases, where exclamation and interrogation are combined, I have kept the ? of the Ff, in preference to the ! of modern editors

86 *instantly*,] no comma in Ff, T, S, but inserted by W

120 THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER [ACT I

Be desperate, for willingly, by this light,
I'll never see thee more

Din Two hours, do you say?

Lam Only two hours

Din I were no gentleman,
Should I make scruple of it This favour arms me, 95
And boldly I'll perform it [Exit

Lam I am glad on't
This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep
My brother safe, which was the mark I shot at [Exit

98 s d] So F2 sqq. *Exeunt* FI.

ACT II

SCENE I

A field near the east port of the city

Enter CLEREMONT

Cler I am first i th' field, that honour's gain'd of
our side,
Pray Heaven, I may get off as honourably
The hour is past, I wonder Dínant comes not,
This is the place, I cannot see him yet,
It is his quarrel too that brought me hither, 5
And I ne'er knew him yet but to his honour
A firm and worthy friend, yet I see nothing,
Nor horse, nor man, 'twould vex me to be left here,
To th' mercy of two swords, and two approv'd ones
I never knew him last

Enter BEAUPRE and VERDONE

Beau You are well met, Cleremont 10
Verdo You are a fair gentleman and love your
friend, sir
What, are you ready? the time has overta'en us
Beau And this, you know, the place
Cler No Dínant yet? [*Aside*
Beau We come not now to argue, but to do

ACT II, SCENE I] *Actus Secundus, Scena Prima, Ff*
SCENE] Loc given by W, who reads *before the east* not near the
as Dyce

Enter C, as in the field Ff T, S
1-2] Cf Massinger, *Parth of Love*, IV 11 (11 289 ed 1813)
"The honour to have enter'd first the field,
However we come off, is ours"—W and Dyce

6 to 125] to this F1 to his F2 sqq
12 1 e "Well, are you ready?" not surprise at his being ready soon
13 s d] inserted by W, and so with the other similar directions throughout
the scene

We wait you, sir

Cler There's no time past yet, gentlemen, 15
We have day enough — Is't possible he comes not ?

[*Aside*

You see I am ready here, and do but stay
Till my friend come walk but a turn or two,
'Twill not be long

Verdo We came to fight

Cler Ye shall fight, gentlemen,

And fight enough, but a short turn or two 20

I think I see him, set up your watch, we'll fight by it

Beau That is not he, we will not be deluded

Cler Am I bobb'd thus ? [*Aside*] Pray take a pipe
of tobacco,

Or sing but some new air, by that time, gentlemen—

Verdo Come, draw your sword, you know the
custom here, sir, 25

First come, first serv'd

Cler Though it be held a custom,

And practis'd so, I do not hold it honest

What honour can you both win on me single ?

Beau Yield up your sword then

Cler Yield my sword ? that's Hebrew,

I'll be first cut a-pieces Hold but a while, 30

I'll take the next that comes

Enter an old GENTLEMAN

You are an old gentleman ?

Gent Yes, indeed am I, sir

Cler And wear no sword ?

Gent I need none, sir

Cler I would you did, and had one

I want now such a foolish courtesy

You see these gentlemen ?

Gent You want a second ? 35

23 *bobb'd*] = cheated, fooled, mocked

20-7 W notes that seconds were frequently engaged as well as principals
and cfs Brantôme ed 1787, viii 79

29 *your*] So F2 sqq *you* F1

30 *a pieces*] *a pieces* F1 *a pecies* F2, T

31 *gentleman* ?] So F2 T, S *gentleman* F1

35 *gentlemen* ?] So Dyce *gentlemen* F1

25 *second* ?] Dyce *second* Ff sqq

In good faith, sir, I was never handsome at it ,
 I would you had my son, but he 's in Italy ,
 A proper gentleman You may do well, gallants,
 If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy ,
 The gentleman may do his country
Cler Now I beseech you sir, 40
 If you dare not fight, do not stay to beg my pardon
 There lies your way,
Gent Good morrow, gentlemen [*Exit*
Verdo You see your fortune , you had better yield
 your sword .
Cler Pray ye, stay a little ,

Enter two GENTLEMEN

Upon mine honesty, you shall be fought with — 45
 Well Dinant, well!—These wear swords, and seem
 brave fellows [*Aside*
 As you are gentlemen, one of you supply me
 I want a second now, to meet these gallants
 You know what honour is
I Gent Sir, you must pardon us ,
 We go about the same work you are ready for, 50
 And must fight presently , else we were your servants

37 *Italy*] So Dyce, W D *Italy*, Ff, T, S, so that the next words apply to the son

38 *gentleman*] Dyce *gentleman*, Ff, T, S *gentleman* — W D Acc to Dyce, D W, a remark about Clermont, but there is perhaps not enough reason to alter the Ff readings

39 *your*] F2 *you* F1

40 *i e* may serve his country well

43] Two lines in Ff the first ending at *fortune*

44 *s d*] Ff, T, S have *s d* here , W D , Dyce insert it after 45

44-6] Perhaps, at the first entry of the Gentlemen, some distance off, he thinks one of them is Dinant Then he is disappointed *Well, D well!* and then thinks that in any case the newcomers may help him

48 *I want a second now*] Captain Hutton (*The Sword and the Centuries*, p 157) remarks that in the early years of the xvth century it had become the fashion for a party who were on their way to keep their appointment, and found themselves shorthanded, to stop the first gentleman in they met in the street and invite him to join them whether they knew him or not, and the etiquette of the day precluded him from refusing, but compelled him to take up a quarrel with which he had nothing to do, on account of people he was utterly unacquainted with, and to fight to the death with a man he had not heard of before " From the authentic memoirs of M D'Artagnan (not from Dum) he gives a curious account of a duel of this kind —A 11 B

2 *Gent* God speed you, and good day

[*Exeunt GENTLEMEN*]

Cler Am I thus colted? [*Aside*]

Beau Come, either yield—

Cler As you are honest gentlemen,
Stay but the next, and then I'll take my fortune,
And if I fight not like a man—Fie, Dénant, 55
Cold now and treacherous! [*Aside*]

Enter MONSIEUR LA-WRIT within

La-Writ I understand your causes,
Yours about corn, yours about pins and glasses,—
Will you make me mad? have I not all the parcels?
And his petition too, about bell-founding?
Send in your witnesses—What will you have me do? 60
Will you have me break my heart? my brains are
—melted—

And tell your master, as I am a gentleman,
His cause shall be the first—Commend me to your
mistress,
And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her—I shall despatch you too, 65
I know your cause, for transporting of farthingales
Trouble me no more, I say again to you,
No more vexation!—Bid my wife send me some
puddings,

I have a cause to run through requires puddings,
Puddings enough—Farewell

Cler God speed you, sir 70

Beau Would he would take this fellow!

Verdo A rare youth!

Cler If you be not hasty, sir—

52 s d] So S, W D, Dyce *Exit Gent* Ff, T

52 s d *Aside*] om by all save Dyce, as also *Aside*, l 46 But in 56,
Aside inserted by W

52 colted? = "befooled, tricked" W D Cf 1 *Hy IV*, ii 239, and
Loyal Subject, iii 1

56 s d *Enter*] So Ff, T, S *La Writ* [*within*] W D, Dyce

58 parcels = "part of a deed, in which lands, etc., to be conveyed, is
described" (Reed ap Dyce) (*NED* only gives examples of this sense
from 1766)

Farewell!] Here Dyce inserts s d *Enter La Writ with a bag* and W D

La-Wr Yes, I am hasty,
 Exceeding hasty, sir, I am going to the parliament,
 You understand this bag, if you have any business
 Depending there, be short, and let me hear it, 75
 And pay your fees

Cler Faith, sir, I have a business,
 But it depends upon no parliament

Lo-Wr I have no skill in't then

Cler I must desire you,
 'Tis a sword matter, sir

La-Wr I am no cutler,
 I am an advocate, sir

Beau How the thing looks! 80

Verdo When he brings him to fight

Cler Be not so hasty,
 You wear a good sword

Lo-Wr I know not that,
 I never drew it yet, or whether it be a sword

Cler I must entreat you try, sir, and bear a part
 Against these gentlemen, I want a second 85
 Ye seem a man, and 'tis a noble office

La-Wr I am a lawyer, sir, I am no fighter

Cler You that breed quarrels, sir, know best to
 satisfy

Beau This is some sport yet

Verdo If this fellow should fight!

La-Wr And for anything I know, I am an arrant
 coward, 90

Do not trust me, I think I am a coward

Cler Try, try, you are mistaken—Walk on, gentle-
 men,

The man shall follow presently

La-Wr Are ye mad, gentleman?
 My business is within this half-hour

Cler That's all one,
 We'll despatch within this quarter—There in that
 bottom 95

'Tis most convenient, gentlemen

74 *bag*] i e the buckram bag of papers (cf our *blue bag*)

78 *desire you*] Does he sign to, or touch *La Wr*, or the sword, here?

86 *Ye*] *You* W D, Dyce

93 *ye mad*] So Ff *you* Dyce

95 *quarter*—*There*] So W D, Dyce *quarter, there* Ff, T, S

Beau Well, we'll wait, sir
Verdo Why this will be a comic fight You'll follow?

La-Wr As I am a true man, I cannot fight
 [Exeunt BEAUPRE and VERDONE]

Cler Away, away!
 I know you can, I like your modesty,
 I know you will fight, and so fight, with such metal, 100
 And with such judgment meet your enemy's fury,—
 I see it in your eye, sir

La-Wr I'll be hang'd, then
 And I charge you in the King's name, name no more fighting

Cler I charge you in the King's name, play the man,
 Which if you do not quickly, I begin with you, 105
 I'll make you dance, do you see your fiddlestick?
 Sweet advocate, thou shalt fight

La-Wr Stand farther, gentleman,
 Or I'll give you such a dust o' th' chaps

Cler Spoke bravely
 And like thyself, a noble advocate!
 Come, to thy tools

La-Wr I do not say I'll fight 110

Cler I say thou shalt, and bravely
La-Wr If I do fight,—
 I say, if I do, but do not depend upon't,—
 And yet I have a foolish itch upon me—
 What shall become of my writings?

Cler Let 'em lie by,
 They will not run away, man

La-Wr I may be kill'd, too, 115
 And where are all my causes then? my business?
 I will not fight, I cannot fight, my causes——

Cler Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand causes,
 Thou art a man to fight for any cause,

98 true] "I e honest," Dyce

98 Away, away!] with —— after, as addressed to *B* and *V*, Dyce *Awai*
Away, Ff, as addressed to *La Wr*, scoffing at his hesitation

100 metal] so Ff, T, S mettle W D, Dyce

101 enemy's] so T, S, W D, Dyce enemies Ff

SCENE II] THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER 127

And carry it with honour

La-Wr Hum! say you so? If I should 120
Be such a coxcomb to prove valiant now!

Cler I know thou art most valiant

La-Wr Do you think so?

I am undone for ever, if it prove so,

I tell you that my honest friend, for ever,

For I shall ne'er leave quarrelling 125

How long must we fight? for I cannot stay,

Nor will not stay, I have business

Cler We'll do't in a minute, in a moment

La-Wr Here will I hang my bag then, it may
save my belly,

I never lov'd cold iron there

Cler You do wisely 130

La-Wr Help me to pluck my sword out then,
quickly, quickly!

'T has not seen sun these ten years

Cler How it grumbles!

This sword is vengeance angry

La-Wr Now I'll put my hat up,

And say my prayers as I go Away, boy!

If I be kill'd, remember the little lawyer [*Exit* 135

SCENE II

Another part of the same

Enter BEAUPRL

Beau They are both come on, that may be a
stubborn rascal

Take you that ground, I'll stay here Fight bravely!

128 *We'll do it*] So Ff, S do it W D Dvce

129] W D, Dvce add s d *Hangs his bag before him*

133] i e in front of his face

134 *say*] saw T *Away boy*] to *Cler*

135] Probably spoken to the audience

SCENE II etc] inserted by W D

2] Two lines in Ff, the first ending *ground*

Enter LA-WRIT

La-Wr To't cheerfully, my boys! You'll let's have
fair play,
None of your foining tricks
Beau Come forward, monsieur [*Fight*
What hast thou there, a prdding in thy belly? 5
I shall see what it holds

La-Wr Put your spoon home, then
Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit,
sir!

God-a-mercy, bag!

Beau Nothing but bombast in ye?
The rogue winks and fights

La-Wr Now your fine fencing, sir
[*BEAUPRE loses his sword*
Stand off, thou diest on point else!
[*LA-WRIT treads on it*
I have it, I have it! 10

Yet further off!—I have his sword!

Cler [*within*] Then keep it,
Be sure you keep it

La-Wr I'll put it in my mouth else
Stand further off yet, and stand quietly,
And look another way, or I'll be with you!
Is this all? I'll undertake withn these two days 15
To furnish any cutler in this kingdom

Beau Pox, what a fortune's this, disarm'd by a
puppy,
A snail, a dog!

2 s d] inserted by Ff, T, S, between *ground* and *I'll* After *bravely* Dyce inserts s d *To Verdone within*

4 s d *Fight*] so Ff, T, S W transfers it to l 6, and so D Dyce has s d after 7 *They fight*, *Beaupre hits him on the oag*

S] *bombast* = "stuffing" (Dyce), orig = "cotton wool," and came to this sense from being used to stuff clothes (N E D)

9 *winks*] shuts his eyes

9-10 s d] Ff print it in two parts as here W D, Dyce, in one line, after 9

10] W D insert s d after *I have it*!, "Calls to Cleremont", Dyce "To Cleremont within" First half of line is one of the many Pistolian refrains in *La Writ's* part

10, 11, 12] F1 divides the lines at *else, off Swora you keep it* F2 the me, except that *I have you keep it* forms one line

11 *C'er*] F2 *Beau* F1 Dyce, W, D, inserted [*within*] after *Cler*

17 *what a*] So F1 Dyce *what fortune's* F2, T, S

La-Wr No more o' these words, gentleman,
Sweet gentleman, no more, do not provoke e,
Go walk i' th' horse-fair, whistle, gentleman — 20
What must I do now?

Enter CLEREMONT pursued by VERDONE

Cler Help me, I am almost breathless
La-Wr With all my heart, there's a cold pie for
you sir!
Cler Thou strik'st e, fool!
La-Wr Thou fool, stand further off, then —
Deliver, deliver!
[*He strikes up the other's heels, and takes his sword too*
Cler Hold fast
La-Wr I never fail in't
There's twelvenpence, go buy you two leaden daggers. — 25
Have I done well?
Cler Most like a gentleman
Beau And we two basely lost!
Verdo 'Tis but a fortune,
We shall yet find an hour
[*Exeunt BEAUPRE and VERDONE, sad*
Cler • I shall be glad on't
La-Wr Where's my cloak, and my trinkets? Or
will you fight any longer,
For a crash or two?

21] W D insert s d after *as now* "To Cleremont, entering Dyce
"To Cleremont within"

21 *I am*] *I'm S*

22 *La-Wr* pretends to misunderstand *help*, and helps him to "cold pie"
or he disregards the words, and 'strikes Cleremont' [s d W D, Dyce] in his
fighting humour, or really by mistake for Verdone

24 s d] So Ft., T, S "Strikes up Verdone's heels, and takes his sword
too" W D "Strikes up Verdone's sword" (om *too*) Dyce

29] Ff divide *trinkets* / Or will or two?
30] *Crash*, "a bout of revelry, amusement, fighting, etc., a short spell,
spurt" Obs (1549 1767) *NED* gives these quotations

a 1652 Brome *New Acad*, III 1 "Come, Gentlemen, shall we have a
crash at cards?"

c 1575 Fulke *Confut Purg* (1577) 40 "But first he must rayle a
crash at the forsaken Protestants")

Wright's *Dialect Dict* gives s v "crash" "4 so a noisy feast or entertain-
ment," with quotation from Byrom's *Remains* (Cheth Soc xi 152 (1737))
"The doctor and his lady were writing shorthand, and we had a crash at it,"
where it surely = a bout, trial, spell"

Cler I am your noble friend, sir 30
La-Wr It may be so
Cler What honour shall I do you,
 For this great courtesy?
La-Wr All I desire of ye, is to take
 The quarrel to yourself, and let me hear no more on't,
 I have no liking to 't, 'tis a foolish matter,
 And help me to put up my sword
Cler Most willingly, 35
 But I am bound to gratify you, and I must not leave
 you
La-Wr I tell you, I will not be gratified,
 Nor I will hear no more on't Take the swords too,
 And do not anger me, but leave me quietly
 For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own disposal 40
 And so, and so—— [Exit LA-WRIT
Cler This is a most rare lawyer,
~~I am sure,~~ most valiant Well, Dinant, as you satisfy
 me,
 I say no more I am loaden like an armourer
 [Exit CLEREMONT

SCENE III

Before the west port of the city

Enter DINANT

Din To be despatcht upon a sleeveless errand,
 To leave my friend engag'd, mine honour tainted,
 These are thin things! I am set here, like a perdu,

32 33] If make one line of *is to take* *no more on't*.

40 *disposure*] = "power or right to dispose of" "disposal" Cf Mas
 singer *Puture*, I ii "Surrendering up my will and faculties to your dis
 posure", and Ford *Honour Triumpht*, 13

41 s d] Om Ff *Exit Dyce*

43 s d] So Ff, T, S "Exit with the swords" W D, Dyce

Scene] Inserted by W

3 *perdu*] *perdue* Ff T, S = "one who acts as a watcher, scout, or spy"
 (1639-1734) Cf *Loye's Subj*, I i 70, where it is used in the sense of "forlorn
 hope," "lost" *A and no K*, I i "I had as heve set thee Perdue for a pudding
 in the dark", and Massinger, *Bondman*, II i "a sport named lying
 perdue" Cf *Woman's Price*, I iii and *Mad Lover*, I i 101 A favourite
 word of Fuller's

To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress,
 A scurvy fellow that must pass this way , 5
 But what this scurvy fellow is, or whence,
 Or whether his name be William or John,
 Or Anthony or Dick, or any thing, I know not ,
 A scurvy rascally fellow I must aim at ,
 And there's the office of an ass flung on me 10
 Sure, Cleremont has fought , but how come off,
 And what the world shall think of me herefter!—
 Well, woman, woman, I must look your rascals,
 And lose my reputation ye have a fine power over
 us,

These two long hours I have trotted here, and curi-
 ously 15
 Survey'd all goers-by, yet find no rascal,
 Nor any face to quarrel with What 's that ?

[LA-WRIT *sings within, then enters*
 This is a rascally voice , sure, it comes this way—

La-Wr He strook so hard, the bason broke
 And Tarquin heard the sound 20

Di What mister thing is this ? let me survey it

La-Wr And then he strook his neck in two—

Di This may be a rascal; but 'tis a mad rascal ,

4 *with a*] i e “watch for ” Cf 13 *look you, rascals* = “look after [W] or
 for, your rascals ”

17 s d] so Ff, T, S, W D “ then enters ” om Dyce, who inserts “ Enter
 La Writ ” after l 18, and [singing] after La Writ's name at side

19 From the Ballad “ The Noble Acts of King Arthur, and the Knights
 of the Round Table with the valiant Achievements of Sir Lancelot du Lake ”
 (Evans' *Old Ballads*, vol II ed 1810 p 7)

‘ He struck soe hard the bason broke
 When Tarquin heard the sound
 He drove a horse before him straight,
 Whereon a Knight lay bound ’

or, with the text given by Percy *Rel of I E P* vol 1 ed 1794 p 216 l 45

‘ He struck soe hard, the basor broke ,
 And Tarquin soon he spied ,
 Who drove a horse before him fast,
 Whereon a Knight lay tyed

Tarquin is otherwise known as Sir Turquine The ballad is that which be-
 gins “ When Arthur first in Court began, And was approved King ”. quoted
 by Falstaff, 2 *Hen IV*, II

21 *mister thing*] F2, S, D W , Dyce *master* F1, T (most un usual for T to
 agree with F1), which S (note 9) interprets “ what m terpiece of oddity ”
 Both forms realiv mean “ what kind of thing ” (O F *mestier*)

21 W, Dyce insert s d ‘ Aside ’ and also after l 26

What an alphabet of faces he puts on !
 Hey, how it fences ! If this should be the rogue, 25
 As 'tis the likeliest rogue I see this day—

La-Wr Was ever man for lady's sake ? down, down !

Din And what are you, good sir ? Down, down,
 down, down

La-Wr What's that to you, good sir ? Down, down

Din A pox on you, good sir ! Down, down, down ! 30
 You with your buckram bag, what make you here ?
 And from whence come you ?—I could fight with my
 shadow now

La-Wr Thou fierce man, that like Sir Lancelot
 dost appear

*I need not tell thee what I am, Nor eke
 what I make here*

Din This is a precious knave—Stay, stay, good
 Tristram, 35

~~And let me ask thy rightness a question,~~
 Did ye never abuse a lady ?

La-Wr Not, to abuse a lady, is very hard, sir

Din Say you so, sir ? did'st thou never abuse her
 honour ?

La-Wr Not—to abuse her honour, is impossible 40

Din Certain this is the rascal. What's thy name ?

La-Wr My name is Cock a two, use me respect-
 ively,

I will be cock of three else

Din What's all this ?

You say, you did abuse a lady

La-Wr You lie

24 *alphabet*] "a long or complete series" Cf Nash *Pie ce P* (1592
 ed 2, 8b) "small beere that wold make a man runne thro' an Alphabet of
 faces" Cf *Mad Lover*, I ii 43, and Holland's Pliny, xii 7, 436, where the
 phrase renders *varios voltus*

27 D has s d *Mimics him* Down No italics for Down in
 Ff, T, S throughout

31 *buckram*] Cf Tournear, *Rev Trag*, iv 2 107, and Fl *Sp Cur* iv 7

33, 34 Arranged in two lines (Roman) in Ff, in four lines in Dyce

38 *Not to*] So Ff, T, S *Not to* W D *Lady's very* S *Not—to*, etc
 Dyce

39 Two lines dividing at *sir* in Ff

40 *Not—to*] So Dy *Not, to* Ff *Not to* W D

42 *Cock a two*] So Ff *Cock o' two* Fz *Cock a two* Dy

This is the earliest quotation of the word in N E D The earliest use in the
 literal sense, given there, is 1634

42 *respectively*] i e respectfully V com in this sense 1600-50

Din And that you wrong'd her honour
La-Wr That's two lies, 45
 Speak suddenly, for I am full of business
Din What art thou, or what can'st thou be, thou
 pea-goose,
 That dar'st give me the lie thus? thou mak'st me
 wonder
La-Wr And wonder on, till time makes all this
 plain
Din You must not part so, sir, Art thou a gentle-
 man? 50
La-Wr Ask those, upon whose ruins I am mounted
Din This is some Cavaliero Knight o' th' Sun
La-Wr I tell thee I am as good a gentleman as the
 duke
 I have achieved —Go follow thy business
Din But for this lady, sir—
La-Wr Why, hang this lady, sir! 55
 And the lady mother too, sir! What have I to do with
 ladies?

Enter CLEREMONT

Cler 'Tis the little lawyer's voice has he got y
 way?
 It should be hereabouts
Din Ye dry biscuit rogue,
 I will so swinge you for this blasphemy—
 Have I found you out? [*Draws*]
Cler That should be Dinant's tongue too 60

47 *pea goose*] "The word is properly *peakgoose* (peeking goose)—silly fellow"
 (11y) (Used from Ascham to mod dialects *N E D*)
 48 *dar'st*] So Ff, T, Dy *durst* S, W D
 49] So Ff, D, and W 1778 *make all things* F2, T, S, Dy "because n rer
 to line of Sh, which *La Wr* here parodies But wonder on, till truth
 make all things plain"—*M N Dr v i*
 52 *Cavaliero*] Dy *Cavallero* Ff *Cavalero* T, S
 54 *achieved*] i e won my spurs
 55 *But*] *Bur* F2
 56] *Enter Cleremont behind* Dy *behind* om Ff, T, S, D
 57 *got my way*] (i) Got ground of me? (ii) found me out? (iii) reached
 the place before me?
 60] s d *Draws* in D and Dy, om Ff

La-Wr And I defy thee, do thy worst
Oh ho, quoth Lancelot tho

And that thou shalt know I am a true gentleman,
And speak according to the phrase triumphant,
Thy lady is a scurvy lady, and a shitten lady, 65
And, though I never heard of her, a deboshed lady,
And thou, a squire of low degree, will that content
thee?

Dost thou way-lay me with ladies?—A pretty sword,
sir,

A very pretty sword, I have a great mind to 't
Din You shall not lose your longing, rogue!

Cler Hold, hold! 70

Hold, Dinant, as thou art a gentleman!

La-Wr As much as you will, my hand is in
now

Cler I am your friend, sir Dinant, you draw your
sword

Upon the gentleman preserv'd your honour,
This was my second, and did back me nobly, 75
For shame, forbear!

Din I ask your mercy, sir,
And am your servant now

La-Wr May we not fight then?

Cler I am sure you shall not now

La-Wr I am sorry for 't
I am sure I'll stay no longer then, not a jot longer
Are there any more on ye afore? I will sing still,

sir [Exit 80

61, 62] One line in Ff, 62 being in italics as a quotation. Both in italics in D. A quotation from *Noble Acts of King Arthur* (Percy and Evans Collections; Cf above) l 101 "And I desire thee do thy worst (Ho, ho, quoth Tiquin, 'ho' etc)" *tho* = then, 1778 has *tho'* and W D *though* (Dyce) 66 *deboshed* = 'debauched' Form obsol in Eng bef end of xv cent though now revived in lit sense Cf Fl and Mass, *Prophet* IV u 67 *a squire*, etc] 'Cf The popular metrical romance of that name, printed by Ritson, *Melr Rom*, u 145" (W)

70 *lose*] loose Ff

70] s d *coming forward* before *Hold* in Dy Om by Ff T, S, D,

72] i e I will engage you both

76-7 *I ask now*] All in one line Ff, T, S (Thus by Dy)

79 sqq] Arr in Ff, as follows *I am sorry for't* [F2 *for't*,] *I am sure I'll stay no longer then, [Not a jot longer are there any more on y there afore?]* I will sing still sir

80 s d] Exit La Writ Ff Exit La Writ singing F2, T, S, D Exit singing Dy

Din I look now you should chide me, and 'tis fit,
And with much bitterness express your anger,
I have deserv'd yet when you know

Cler I thank ye!
Do you think, that the wrong you have offer'd me,
The most unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong—— 85

Din I do confess——

Cler That boyish sleight

Din Not so, sir

Cler That poor and base renouncing of your honour,
Can be allay'd with words?

Din I give you way still

Cler Colour'd with smooth excuses? Was it a
friend's part,
A gentleman's, a man's that wears a sword, 90
And stands upon the point of reputation,
To hide his head then when his honour call'd him,
Call'd him aloud, and led him to his fortune,
To halt and slip the collar? By my life,
I would have given my life I had never known
thee, 95

Thou hast eaten canker-like into my judgment
With this disgrace, thy whole life cannot heal again

• *Din* This I can suffer too, I find it honest

Cler Can you pretend an excuse now may absolve
you,
Or anything like honest, to bring you off? 100
Engage me like an ass?

Din Will you but hear me?

Cler Expose me like a jade to tug and hale
through,
(Laugh'd at, and almost hooted) your disgraces
Invite men's swords and angers to despatch me!——

Din If you will be patient 105

86 *sleight*] Ff, W, D, Dy *sight* T, S

88 *allay'd*] i.e. 'calmed, appeased, repressed' (intrans. it can = "be come mild") (*N E D*)

93 *lead*] F2, T, S, Dy *lead* F1

95 *I had*] Ff, etc *I'd* S

97 *thy*] F2, T, S, Dy *my* F1 (Either reading makes sense)

99 *an excuse*] So Ff, etc *a 'scuse* S

103 No brackets till W M c] above reading "C is recapitulating the injury he had received from D, not describing their consequences"

Cler And be abus'd still¹ but that I have call'd thee friend,
And to that name allow a sanctuary,
You should hear further from me, I would not talk thus

But henceforth stand upon your own bottom, sir,
And bear your own abuses, I scorn my sword 110
Should travail in so poor and empty quarrels

Din Ha' you done yet? take your whole swing
of anger,
I'll bear all with content

Cler Why were you absent?

Din You know I am no coward, you have seen that,
And therefore out of fear forsook you not, 115
You know I am not false, of a treacherous nature,
Apt to betray my friend, I have fought for you too

~~You know~~ No business that concern'd my state,
My kindred, or my life

Cler Where was the fault then?

Din The honour of that lady I adore, 120
Her credit, and her name ye know she sent for me,
And with what haste

Cler What was he that traduced?

Din The man at th' moon, I think, hither I was sent,
But to what end—

Enter OLD LADY

Cler This is a pretty flim-flam!
O La I am glad I have met you, sir, I have been seeking 125
And seeking everywhere

111 *travail*] Dy *travell* F1

112 *swinge*] F1, S, D, W *swing* F2, Dy T

124 s d] So Ff, T, S *Enter Nurse* WD, Dy

124 *flim flam*] 1 e "contemptible trick" Cf B and F1 *Captain* II 11

- Cler* And now you have found him,
 Declare what business, our Embassadour
O La What 's that to ye, goodman flouter? Oh sir,
 my lady
Din Prithce, no more of thy lady, I have too much
 on't
Cler Let me have a little, speak to me
O La To you, sir? 130
 'Tis more than time! All occasions set aside sir,
 Or whatsoever may be thought a business—
Din What then?
O La Repair to me within this hour
Cler Where?
O La What's that to you? Come you, sir when
 y'are sent for
Cler God-a-mercy Mumpsimus! 135
 You may go, Dinant, and follow this old fairy,
 Till you have lost yourself your friends, your credit,
 And hunny out your youth in rare adventures
 I can but grieve I have known you
O La Will ye go, sir?
 I come not often to you with these blessings, 140
 You may believe that thing there, and repent it
 That dogged thing!
Cler Peace, touchwood!
Din I will not go
 Go bid your lady seek some fool to fawn on her,
 Some unexperenc'd puppy to make sport with,
 I have been her mirth too long Thus I shake from me 145

127 *what*] F2, T S, W D, Dy *that* F1

127 *our*] Ff, W D, Dy *o'd com* by Sympson, adopted by S

127 *Embassadour*] F1 *ambassalor* Dy, etc

134 *y'are*] *you are* W D, Dy

135 *Mumpsimus*] A vague term of contempt = "old fegey", from a story told in R. Pace "De Fructu" (1517 p 80) of a priest corrected for saying "*quod in ore mumpsimus*" at mass, who said "I will not change my old *m* for your new *sumpsimus*."

136 *fairy*] in a contemptuous or sarcastic sense

138 *hunny out*] F1 For *honey* as vb *NED* quotes the *Span Car* (1622), IV n "I am honeyed (= delighted) with the project" F2 T, read *Hunt away*, probably as a kind of "gloss" for the ill understood F1 reading S W D Dy read *Honey out*

142 *dogged*] i.e. "malicious" "spiteful," "perverse" Cf *Hudibras*, 1 i 632

142 *touchwood*] probably in allusion either to quickness of temper (a frequent, modern and colloquial use), or, as occasionally in Elizabethan drama, to rottenness

The fetters she put on , thus her enchantments
I blow away like wind , no more her beauty

O La Take heed, sir, what you say

Cler Go forward, Dinant !

Din The charms shot from her eyes——

O La Be wise !

Cler Be valiant !

Din That tongue, that tells fair tales to men's
destructions,

150

Shall never rack me more

O La Stay there !

Cler Go forward !

Din I will now hear her, see her as a woman

Survey her, and the power man has allowed her,

As I would do the course of common things,

Unmoved, unstruck

Cler Hold there, and I forgive thee 155

Din She is not fair, and that that makes her proud

~~is not her own~~, our eyes bestow it on her

To touch and kiss her is no blessedness,

A sun-burnt Ethiop's lip 's as soft as hers

Go bid her stick some other triumph up,

160

And take into her favour some dull fool,

That has no precious time to lose, no friends,

No honour, nor no life like a bold merchant,

A bold and bankrupt man, I have ventur'd all these,

And split my bottom Return this answer to her, 165

I am awake again, and see her mischiefs,

And am not now on every idle errand

And new-coin'd anger to be hurried,

And then despis'd again , I have forgot her

Cler If this be true

O La I am sorry I have troubled you, 170

151 *rack*] Ff, T, S, and 1778) *wack* W D *wack* Dy (M says "the sense requires *wack*") who says the Ff reading is an error for *wack*, and that there is no sufficient reason for keeping this old spelling S in his n 13 comments on appropriateness of *wack* and cfs *Din*'s metaphor "*like a bold merchant*," etc

153 *her*] So S, W D , Dy Ss Ff, T (S notes (14) the earlier reading)

160 *trumpfh*] = "victory" > "trophy" ?

165 *hurried*] Symphon c] *honeyed* as better antithesis to *despis'd* S "I see no sort of reason for the change", yet he c] *danger* for *anger* as possible, though unnecessary "Qy '*hurried to her*,' (?) Dy

More sorry, that my lady has adventur'd
 So great a favour, in so weak a mind
 This hour you have refus'd that, when you come to
 know it,

Will run you mad, and make you curse that fellow,
 She is not fair, nor handsome! So I leave you 175

Cler Stay, lady, stay, but is there such a business?

O La You would break your neck 'twere yours

Cler My back, you would say

O La But play the frier's part still, sin, and undo
 him,

'Tis a fair office

Din I have spoke too liberally

O La I shall deliver what you say

Cler You shall be hang'd first! 180

You would fain be prating now! Take the man with
 you

O La Not I I have no power

Cler You may go, *Din*

O La 'Tis in's own will, I had no further charge, sir
 Than to tell him what I did, which, if I had thought
 It should have been receiv'd so——

Cler Faith, you may. 185

You do not know how far it may concern you

If I perceiv'd any trick in't——

Din 'Twill end there

Cler 'Tis my fault, then There is an hour in
 fortune,

That must be still observ'd, you think I'll chide you,
 When things must be! Nay see an he will hold his
 head up! 190

Would such a lady, send with such a charge too?

Say she has play'd the fool, play the fool with her again,

The great fool, the greater still the better

He shall go with you, woman

179 *liberally*] *NED* gives instances from 1533-1646, with the meaning
 "insolently," "licentious," with unbecoming freedom. Cf *Hamlet* IV
 vii 172 "*liberal* shepherds give a grosser name"

180] no s d in Ff, T, S *Going* W D, D

188-9] 1778 cfs *J C*, iv 3 "There is a tide in the affairs of men," etc

190 *up*!] S, W D, D *up*? Ff, T

193 *fool, the*] Ff etc *fool, and the* S

O La As it please him,
 I know the way alone else
Din Where is your lady? 195
O La I shall direct you quickly
Din Well, I'll go
 But what her wrongs will give me leave to say—
Cler We'll leave that to yourselves I shall hear
 from you?
Din As soon as I come off
Cler Come on then, bravely
 Farewell till then, and play the man!
Din You are merry, 200
 All I expect is scorn—I'll lead you, lady
 [*Exeunt severally*]

s d.] So Ff, T, S, WD *Exeunt on one side Dinant and Nurs, on
 the other Clermont Dyce*

ACT III

SCENE I

A Hall in the house of CHAMPERNEL

Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, BEAUPEL, VERDONE,
CHARLOTTE

Beau We'll venture on him

Cham Out of my doors, I charge thee
See me no more!

Lam Your nephew?

Cham I disclaim him,
He has no part in me, nor in my blood
My brother that kept fortune bound, and left
Conquest hereditary to his issue,
Could not beget a coward

Verd I fought, sir,
Like a good fellow, and a soldier too,
But men are men, and cannot make their fates
Ascribe you to my father what you please,
I am born to suffer

Cham All disgraces, wretch! 10

Lam Good sir, be patient

Cham Was there no tree,
(For to fall by a noble enemy's sword,
A coward is unworthy,) nor no river,
To force thy life out backward, or to drown it,
But that thou must survive thy infamy, 15
And kill me with the sight of one I hate,
And gladly would forget?

Beau Sir, his misfortune
Deserves not this reproof

Cham In your opinion,

s d] *Ff*, *Actus tertius Sæna Prima*

Verdone and Charlotte T S W D, Dv *Charlotte Fr*

1 Out no more] *One line in Ff*

14 or to] *Ft*, T, Dy, D, W *and to S* (Ct n 14 where he uses disjunctive,
because he considers *To force*, etc., a description of drowning) It is really a
description of hanging, and refers to *tree* in l. 17 (Mason ap Dy)

'Tis fit you two should be of one belief,
 You are indeed fine gallants, and fight bravely 20
 I' th' city with your tongues, but in the field,
 Have neither spirit to dare, nor power to do,
 Your swords are all lead there

Beau I know no duty
 (However you may wreak your spleen on him)
 That binds me to endure this

Cham From Dinant 25
 You'll suffer more That ever curséd I
 Should give my honour up to the defence
 Of such a thing as he is ' or my lady
 That is all innocent, for whom a dove would
 Assume the courage of a daring eagle, 30
 Repose her confidence in one that can
 No better guard her ' In contempt of you,
 I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay, admire him,
 His valour claims it from me, and with justice,
 He that could fight thus in a cause not honest, 35
 His sword edg'd with defence of right and honour,
 Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that speed
 too,

And kill as deadly

Verd You are as far from justice
 In him you praise, as equity in the censure
 You load me with

Beau Dinant? he durst not meet us 40

Lam How? durst not, brother?

Beau Durst not, I repeat it

Verd Nor was it Cleremont's valour that disarm'd
 us,

I had the better of him For Dinant,
 If that might make my peace with you, I dare
 Write him a coward upon every post, 45
 And with the hazard of my life defend it

Lam If 'twere laid at the stake, you'd lose it,
 nephew

Cham Came he not, say you?

23 *lead*] *lead* Ff

29 *all innocent*] Ff T, W D, Dy *all innocent* S (in n 17 he ys
 "poetical" but the true reading may be, after all *Innocence*)

47 *lose*] *loos*- Ff

Verd No, but in his room
 There was a devil, hir'd from some magician,
 I' th' shape of an attorney
Beau 'Twas he did it 50
Verd And his the honour
Beau I could wish Dinant
 But what talk I of one that stept aside,
 And durst not come?
Lam I am such a friend to truth,
 I cannot hear this Why do you detract?
 Thus poorly (I should say to others, basely) 55
 From one of such approv'd worth?
Cham Ha! how's this?
Lam From one so excellent in all that's noble,
 Whose only weakness is excess of courage?
 That knows no enemies, that he cannot master,
 But his affections, and in them, the worst, 60
 His love to me?
Cham To you?
Lam Yes, sir, to me
 I dare (for what is that which innocence dares not?)
 To you profess it and he shunn'd the combat
 For fear or doubt of these—Blush, and repent,
 That you, in thought, e'er did that wrong to valour 65
Beau Why, this is rare
Cham 'Fore heaven, exceeding rare!—
 Why, modest lady, you that sing such encomiums
 Of your first suitor—
Verd How can ye convince us
 In our reports?
Lam With what you cannot answer
 'Twas my command that stay'd him
Cham Your command? 70
Lam Mine, sir, and had my will rank'd with my
 power,
 And his obedience, I could have sent him,

49 *deuil*] *devil* F150 *approv'd*] *approved* D63-4] so F1 *doubt of these* W D *and he shunn'd not the combat* For
fear, nor F2, S, 1778, Dy68-9] 12 Ff, T, S *you* Dy *our* F1 W D, Dy *your* F2, T, S *Convince*
 = "confute," "convict of falsehood" 1778 Dy Cp *Paradise Regained*

With more ease, weaponless, to you, and bound,
Than have kept him back, so well he loves his honour
Beyond his life

Cham Better, and better still! 75

Lxm I wrought with him in private, to divert him
From your assur'd destruction, had he met you

Cham In private?

Lam Yes, and us'd all arts, all charms,
Of one that knew herself the absolute mistress
Of all his faculties

Cham Gave all rewards too 80
His service could deserve? Did not he take
The measure of my sheets?

Lam Do not look yellow,
I have cause to speak, frowns cannot fright me
By all my hopes, as I am spotless to you,
If I rest once assur'd you do but doubt me, 85
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me——

Cham What then?

Lam I 'll not alone abuse your bed,—that 's
nothing,—
But to your more vexation, 'tis resolv'd on,
I'll run away, and then try if Dinant 90
Have courage to defend me!

Cham Impudent!

Verd And on the sudden—

Beau How are ye transform'd
From what you were!

Lam I was an innocent virgin,
And I can truly swear, a wife as pure
As ever lay by husband, and will die so, 95
Let me live unsuspected, I am no servant,
Nor will be us'd like one if you desire
To keep me constant, as I would be, let
Trust and belief in you beget and nurse it
Unnecessary jealousies make more whores 100
Than all baits else laid to entrap our frailties

Beau There 's no contesting with her, from a child,
Once mov'd, she hardly was to be appeas'd,

81 *deserve*] *desire* W D

83 *me*] *me*, *Sir* S. 1778

89 *resolv'd*] *resolv'd* F 1

Yet I dare swear her honest

Cham So I think too,
On better judgment I am no Italian, 105
To lock her up, nor would I be a Dutchman,
To have my wife my sovereign, to command me
I'll try the gentler way, but if that fail,
Believe it, sir, there's nothing but extremes,
Which she must feel from me

Beau That, as you please, sir 110

Charl You have won the breeches, madam, look
up, sweetly,
My lord limps toward you

Lam You will learn more manners!

Charl This is a fee for counsel that's unask'd
for

Cham Come, I mistook thee, sweet, prithee, forgive
me,

I never will be jealous ere I cherish 115
Such a mechanic humour, I'll be nothing
I'll say Dinant is all that thou wouldst have him,
Will that suffice?

Lam 'Tis well, sir

Cham Use thy freedom
Uncheck'd, and unobserv'd if thou wilt have it,
These shall forget their honour, I my wrongs, 120
We'll all dote on him. Hell be my reward,
If I dissemble!

Lam And that hell take me,
If I affect him! He's a lustful villain,
(But yet no coward,) and solicits me
To my dishonour, that's indeed a quarrel, 125
And truly mine, which I will so revenge
As it shall fright such as dare only think
To be adulterers

Cham Use thine own ways,
I give up all to thee

Beau Oh women, women!
When you are pleas'd, you are the least of evils 130

Verd I'll rime to't—But provokt, the worst of devils

[*Exeunt*]

s d 112] So Dyce, D, W, not in H, T, S

131 *rime* *provokt*] Ff *rhime* *provok(e)d* T, S, D

SCENE II

*Before the Hall of Justice**Enter MONSIEUR SAMPSON and three Clients**Samp* I know monsieur La-Writ*1 Cl* Would he knew himself, sir!*Samp* He was a pretty lawyer, a kind of pretty lawyer,

Of a kind of unable thing

2 Cl A fine lawyer, sir,

And would have fir'd you up a business,

And out of this court into that

Samp Ye are too forward 5

Not so fine, my friends, something he could have done,

But short, short

1 Cl I know your worship's favour,

You are nephew to the judge, sir

Samp It may be so,

And something may be done, without trotting i' th' dirt, friends

It may be I can take him in his chamber, 10

And have an hour's talk, it may be so,

And tell him that in 's ear, there are such courtesies

I will not say, I can

3 Cl We know you can, sir*Samp* Peradventure ay, peradventure no But where's

La-Writ?

Where's your sufficient lawyer?

1 Cl He 's blown up, sir 15*2 Cl* Run mad, and quarrels with the dog he meets,

He is no lawyer of this world now

Samp Your reason?sd] As Dy No scene indicated in Ff, T, S *A Street* WD*Monsieur* Ff, T S, WD Om Dy*3 of unable*] *of an unable* S*4 fir'd*] *NED* gives this line in sense of "hatching or vamping up a business" (Obsolete)*8 nephew*] *a phew* WD*14 ay* no] Ff have the usual old form *I**15 blown up*] = "destroyed," "ended," "ruined" *NED* gives quotes in this scene from 1660-1791 (Obsolete)

Is he defunct? is he dead?

2 *Cl* No, he's not dead yet, sir,
But I would be loath to take a lease on 's life* for
two hours

Alas, he is possest, sir, with the spirit of fighting, 20
And quarrels with all people but how he ca e to it—

Samp If he fight well, and like a gentleman,
The man may fight, for 'tis a lawful calling
Look you my friends, I am a civil gentleman,
And my lord my uncle loves me

3 *Cl* We all know it, sir 25

Samp I think he does, sir I have business too,
much business,

Turn you some forty or fifty causes in a week,
Yet, when I get an hour of vacancy
I can fight too, my friends, a little does well,
I would be loath to learn to fight

1 *Cl* But, and 't please you, sir, 30

His fighting has neglected all our business
We are undone, our causes cast away sir,
His not-appearance

Samp There he fought too long,
A little, and fight well, he fought too long indeed,
friends

But ne'er the less, things must be as they may, 35
And there be ways—

1 *Cl* We know, sir, if you please—

Samp Something I'll do Go rally up your causes

Enter LA-WRIT and a Gentleman at the door

2 *Cl* Now you may behold, sir,
And be a witness, whether we lie or no

La-Wr I'll meet you at the ordinary sweet gentle-
men, 40

And if there be a wench or two—

Gent We'll have 'e

18 *defunct*] Note the legal word

30] 1 e "I should be sorry to have it now to l rn'—Mason d't] So Ff
an 't T, S, W D, Dy

37 *rally up*] with the senses of collecting, re forming, d reviving the
spirits or life of

s d] So Ff in the habit of a gallant, W D dressed as a gall t,
and a Gentleman Dy The Ff 'at the dore' shows that more are within

La-Wr No handling any duels before I come,
 We'll have no going less, I hate a coward
Gent There shall be nothing done
La-Wr Make all the quarrels
 You can devise before I come, and let's all fight, 45
 There is no sport else
Gent We'll see what may be done, sir [*Exit*
 1 *Cl* Ha! monsieur La-Writ!
La-Wr Baffled in way of business,
 My causes cast away, judgment against us!
 Why there it goes!
 2 *Cl* What shall we do the whilst, sir?
La-Wr Breed new dissensions, go hang yourselves! 50
 'Tis all one to me, I have a new trade of living
 1 *Cl* Do you hear what he says, sir?
Samp The gentleman speaks finely
La-Wr Will any of you fight? fighting's my occupa-
 tion,
 If you find yourselves aggrieved—
Samp A complete gentleman!
La-Wr Avaunt, thou buckram budget of petitions! 55
 [*Throws away his bag of papers*
 Thou spital of lame causes! I lament for thee,
 And, till revenge be taken—
Samp 'Tis most excellent
La-Wr There, every man choose his paper, and his
 place
 I'll answer ye all, I will neglect no man's business,
 But he shall have satisfaction like a gentleman 60
 The judge may do and not do, he's but a monsieur
Samp You have nothing of mine in your bag,
 sir?
La-Wr I know not, sir
 But you may put any thing in, any fighting thing

43 *less*] F1, Dy, who says "metaphor from gaming" But surely it =
 "unless"? F2, T, S, *else*

46 s d] T, etc Om in Ff

49] With a snap of fingers or other gesture of contempt?

55 *buckram budget*] cf 11 3 31

s d] First in W and in D, Dy Om Ff

56 *spital*] *splitter* S (who in n 18 says that "saliva" seems to make
 nsense!) = hospital, referring to the bag *spital* for Ff's *spittle*, which
 misled S into conjecturing *splitter*

Samp It is sufficient, you may hear hereafter 65

La-Wr I rest your servant, sir

Samp No more words, gentlemen,
But follow me, no more words, as you love me
The gentleman's a noble gentleman
I shall do what I can, and then—

Cl We thank you, sir

[*Exeunt SAMP and Clents*]

Samp Not a word to disturb him, he's a gentle an 70

La-Wr No cause go o' my side? the judge cast
all?

And because I was honourably employ'd in action,
And not appear'd, pronounce? 'Tis very well,
'Tis well, faith, 'tis well, judge!

Enter CLEREMONT

Cler Who have we here?
My little furious lawyer?

La-Wr I say 'tis well 75
But mark the end!

Cler How he is metamorphos'd!
Nothing of lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No soliciting face now this is no simple conversion!
Your servant sir, and friend

La-Wr You come in time, sir

Cler The happier man, to be at your command, 80
then

La-Wr You may wonder to see me thus, but
that's all one,

Time shall declare 'Tis true, I was a lawyer,
But I have mew'd that coat, I hate a lawyer,
I talk'd much in the court, now I hate talking
I did you the office of a man

Cler I must confess it 85

75 lawyer?] Ff *lawyer*! Dy Dy inserts s d *Aside*

76 Ff has *metamorphus d*

78 Ff end the line at *n*, and begin another at *This is*

83 *mew'd* = "shed," "changed," "put off" *NED* quotes this passage, and Ford, *Broken H*, II 1, and a u tive use *Ff d* *Mas*, *Double Mar* in III 11 "How he has mew'd your h d," dcf *Ff H Man's Fortune*, V 1

La-Wr And budg'd not, no, I budg'd not

Cler No, ye did not

La-Wr There's it then, one good turn requires another

Cler Most willing, sir, I am ready at your service

La-Wr [*gives him a paper*] There, read, and understand, and then deliver it

Cler This is a challenge, sir

La-Wr 'Tis very like sir, 90

I seldom now write sonnèts

Cler *O admirantis!*

To Monsieur Vertaigne, the president [*Reads*

La-Wr I choose no fool, sir

Cler Why, he's no swordman, sir

La-Wr Let him learn, let him learn

Time, that trains chickens up, will teach him quickly 95

Cler Why, he's a judge, an old man

La-Wr Never too old

To be a gentleman, and he that is a judge

Can judge best what belongs to wounded honour

There are my griefs, he hast cast away my causes,

In which he has bowed my reputation 100

And therefore, judge or no judge—

Cler Pray be rul'd, sir,

This is the addest thing—

La-Wr You will not carry it?

Cler I do not tell you so, but, if you ay be persuaded—

La-Wr You know how you us'd me when I would not fight?

Do you reme ber, gentle an?

Cler The devil's in him! 105

87 ye] F1 you F2 and rest

89 s d] So W D No s d in Ff, T, S *giving a letter Dy*

91 "O" is described by grammarians acc to the passion it was intended to express, thus *O admirantis O dolentis*, &c. (M) An ingenious friend of S thought it "a marginal note which had crept into the text", S therefore rejected *admirantis* 1778 edd, kept *adm*, but didn't understand it (*O admirantis* Ff, W D, Dy)

92 s d] inserted by W

95] What is the source of this proverb?

98] W D, Dy insert s d *Points to the scattered papers*

100 *bowed*] = "crushed"

105] W D Dy insert *Aside*

La-Wr I see it in your eyes, that you dare do it,
You have a carrying face, and you shall carry it

Cler The least is banishment

La-Wr Be banish'd, then,
'Tis a friend's part, we'll meet in Africa,
Or any corner of the earth

Cler Say he will not fight? 110

La-Wr I know then what to say, take you no care,
sir

Cler Well, I will carry it, and deliver it;
And to-morrow morn'g meet you in the Louvre,
Till when, my service

La-Wr A judge, or no judge? no judge!

[*Exit LA-WR*]

Cler This is the prettiest rogue that e'er I read of! 115
None to provoke to th' field but the old president!
What face shall I put on? If I come in earnest,
I am sure to wear a pair of bracelets
This may make some sport yet, I will deliver it
Here comes the president

Enter VERTAIGNE with two Gentlemen

Vert I shall find time, gentlemen, 120
To do your causes good — Is not that Cleremont?

1 Gent 'Tis he, my lord

Vert Why does he smile upon me?
Am I become ridiculous? — Has your fortune, sir,
Upon my son, made you condemn his father?

The glory of a gentleman is fair bearing 125

Cler Mistake me not, my lord, you shall not find
that,

I come with no blown spirit to abuse you,
I know your place, and honour due unto it,
The reverence to your silver age and virtue

Vert Your face is merry still

106 *do*] added by F2

110 *corner*] F1, W D, Dy *part* F2, T, S

113 *Louvre*] T, S, W D, Dy *louer* F1 *Louuer* F2

114 *s d*] so F1 *Writ* F2 *Exit* W D, Dy

118 *bracelets*] = "fetters," "handcuffs," as in modern slang *NED*
gives quotations in this sense (which W and Dy support here) on 17, for 1816
and 1883

127 *bl n*] Cf *K Lear*, iv 4 26

Cler So is my business, 130
 And I beseech your honour, mistake me not
 I have brought you from a wild, or rather mad, man
 As mad a piece of—You were wont to love mirth,
 In your young days, I have known your honour
 woo it,

This may be made no little one, 'tis a challenge, sir, 135
 Nay start not, I beseech you, it means you no harm,
 Nor any man of honour or understanding,
 'Tis to steal from your serious hours a little laughter,
 I am bold to bring it to your lordship

Vert 'Tis to me, indeed
 Do they take me for a swordman at these years? 140

Cler 'Tis only worth your honour's mirth, that's all,
 sir,

'T had been in me else a saucy rudeness

Vert From one La-Writ, a very punctual challenge

Cler But, if your lordship mark it, no great matter

Vert I have known such a wrangling advocate, 145
 Such a little figent thing, oh, I remember him,
 A notable talking knave! Now, out upon him!
 Has challeng'd me downright, defied me mortally!
 I do remember too, I cast his causes

Cler Why, there's the quarrel, sir, the mortal quarrel 150

Vert Why, what a knave is this? as y'are a gentle-
 man,

Is there no further purpose but mere mirth?

What a bold man of war! he invites me roundly

Cler If there should be, I were no gentleman,
 Nor worthy of the honour of my kindred 155
 And, though I am sure your lordship hates my person,
 Which time may bring again into your favour,
 Yet, for my manners—

132 *mad, man*] Dy *Mad-man* Ff, T, S

133 *piece of—You*] F2, etc *piece—of you* F1

138 *laughter,*] F2, etc *laughters* F1

142 'T had been (*bin* F1) Ff, T, S *It had* W D, Dy

143 *punctual*] = "punctilious," "particular," "scrupulous"

146 *figent*] = "fidgetty," "restless," "busy" (Dy) Cf *Coxcomb* iv 3

N E D quotes chiefly from dramatists, 1598–1627

148 *Has*] Ff, T, S *He has* W D *'Has* Dy

149 *Cast his causes*] *cast* has senses of "defeat" (in legal action), "convict," and "condemn"

151 *y'are a gentleman*] F2, as *y'are*? *Gentleman* F1 *you're a*, T, S, etc

156 *hates*] F2 etc *hate* F1

158 *my*] F1, Dy *the* F2, T, S, W D

Vert I am satisfied
 You see, sir, I have outliv'd those days of fighting,
 And therefore cannot do him the honour to beat him
 myself, 160

But I have a kinsman much of his ability,
 His wit and carriage—for this calls him fool—
 One that will spit as senseless fire as this fellow .

Cler And such a man to undertake, my lord ?

Vert Nay, he's too forward, these two pitch-barrels
 together— 165

Cler Upon my soul, no harm .

Vert It makes me smile,
 Why, what a stinking smother will they utter !
 Yes, he shall undertake, sir, as my champion
 Since you propound 't mirth, I'll venture on it,—
 And shall defend my cause, but as y'are honest, 170
 Sport not with blood !

Cler Think not so basely, good sir,

Vert A squire shall wait upon you from my kinsman
 To-morrow morning, make your sport at full,
 You want no subject, but no wounds !

Cler That's my care

Vert And so, good day

[*Exeunt VERTAIGNE and Gentlemen*]

Cler Many unto your honour ! 175
 This is a noble fellow, of a sweet spirit
 Now must I think how to contrive this matter,
 For together they shall go

Enter DINANT

Din Oh, Cleremont,
 I am glad I have found thee !

Cler I can tell thee rare things

162 carriage] F1, Dy carriage F2, T, S
 162 call's] F1 W D, Dy call F2, F, S calls = "proves, ' shews him
 to be" (W, Dy) S and Dy bracket for fool
 164 undertake] = "venture," "dare"
 169 Bracketed by Dy
 170 y'are] F2 y'ar F1 you are W D You re Dy
 173 your] F1 Dy, W D you F2, T, S
 175 s d] Dy prints *Exeunt* etc after honour '
 179 sqq] Ff have commas instead of ' (as Dy) which perhaps better
 represent the quick answers

Din Oh, I can tell thee rarer ! Dost thou love me ? 180
Cler Love thee ?
Din Dost thou love me dearly ?
 Dar'st thou for my sake ?
Cler Any thing that's honest
Din Though it be dangerous ?
Cler Pox o' dangerous !
Din Nay, wondrous dangerous ?
Cler Wilt thou break my heart ?
Din Along with me, then
Cler I must part to-morrow 185
Din You shall, you shall Be faithful for this night,
 And thou hast made thy friend
Cler Away and talk not
[*Exeunt*]

SC NE III

A room in CHAMPERNEL'S house, with a gallery

Enter LAMIRA and NURSE

Lam Oh nurse, welcome ! where 's Dinant ?
Nurse He's at my back
 'Tis the most liberal gentleman this gold
 He gave me for my pains, nor can I blame you,
 If you yield up the fort
Lam How ? yield it up ?
Nurse I know not he that loves, and gives so
 largely, 5
 And a young lord to boot, (or I am cozen'd,)
 May enter everywhere
Lam Thou 'lt make me angry
 180] two lines in Ff, the first ending *rarer*
 184 *wondrous*] F2, sq etc. *wonderous* F1
 187 *made*] "I e made thy friend's fortune" (Dy) Cf *Tw Night*,
 "thou art made," etc
 No scene marked in Ff W D insert *Night* before *A room*, etc
 1 *He's*] F2, Dy *Hee is* F1 *He is* W D
 4 *fort*] F2, etc *for't* F1 A frequent metaphor in Massinger cf *Picture*,
 1
 7 *Thou 'lt*] F2, etc *Thou 't* F1

Enter DINANT and CLEREMONT

Nurse Why, if you are, I hope here's one will please you

Look on him with my eyes Good luck go with you!
Were I young, for your sake——

Din I thank thee nurse 10

Nurse I would be tractable, and as I am——

Lam Leave the room,

So old, and so immodest!—and be careful,

Since whispers will wake sleeping jealousies,

That none disturb my lord [*Exit Nurse*]

Cler Will you despatch?

Till you come to the matter, be not rapt thus 15

Walk in, walk in, I am your scout for once,

You owe me the like service

Din And will pay it

Lam As you respect our lives, speak not so loud

Cler Why, to it in dumb show, then I am silenc'd

Lam Be not so hasty, sir the golden apples 20

Had a fell dragon for their guard, your pleasures

Are to be attempted with Herculean danger,

Or never to be gotten

Din Speak the means

Lam Thus briefly, my lord sleeps now, and, alas,
Each night he only sleeps!

Cler Go, keep her stirring 25

Lam Now, if he wake, as sometimes he does,

He only stretches out his hand, and feels

Whether I am a-bed, which being assur'd of,

He sleeps again, but should he miss me, valour

Could not defend our lives

Din What's to be done, then? 30

Lam Servants have servile faiths, nor have I
any

That I dare trust, on noble Cleremont

We safely may rely

Cler What man can do,

Command, and boldly

s d j Here in Ff, T, S, W D Dyce inserts after l 8

8 one] F2, etc on F1

13 wake] T, S, W D, Dy 'wake F2 make F1

22]Massinger's classical commonplace?

Lam Thus, then, in my place
You must lie with my lord

Cler With an old man ? 35
Two beards together ? that's preposterous

Lam There is no other way, and though 'tis
dangerous,
He having servants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves feed'd to act all that his jealousy
And rage commands them, yet a true friend should not 40
Check at the hazard of a life

Cler I thank you !
I love my friend, but know no reason why
To hate myself, to be a kind of pander,
You see I am willing,
But to betray mine own throat you must pardon 45

Din Then I am lost, and all my hopes defeated
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You should find, Cleremont——

Cler You shall not out-do me,
Fall what may fall, I'll do't

Din But, for his beard——

Lam To cover that, you shall have my night linen, 50
And, you dispos'd of, my Dinant and I
Will have some private conference

Enter CHAMPERNEL, privately

Cler Private doing,

Or I'll not venture

Lam That's as we agree

[*Exeunt*]

36 *preposterous*] *prepostreus* F1 = "unnatural"

39 *feed*] Dy *feed* F1 *fed* 12, T, S, W D

53 s d] So Ff, T, S *Exeunt all out Champenel* W D

No change of scene, except in Dyce, who says the stage direction is premature, "and merely for the sake of warning the actor who represented *Ch* to be in readiness for coming on" Yet it is not necessary to call it premature. It adds to the dramatic play of the scene, if Champenel appears thus early

SCENE IV

Another room in the same, with a gallery

*Enter NURSE and CHARLOTTE, pass over the stage
with pillows, nightclothes and such things*

Enter CHAMPERNEL

Cham What can this woman do, preserving her
honour?

I have given her all the liberty that may be
I will not be far off though, nor I will not be jealous,
Nor trust too much, I think she is virtuous,
Yet when I hold her best, she's but a woman, 5
As full of frailty as of faith, a poor slight woman,
And her best thoughts but weak fortifications
There may be a mean wrought Well, let 'em work
then,

I shall meet with it, till the signs be monstrous,
And stick upon my head, I will not believe it, 10

[*Stands private*
She may be, and she may not Now to my observa-
tion

Enter DINANT and LAMIRA

Din Why do you make me stay so? if you love
me——

Lam You are too hot and violent

Din Why do you shift thus
From one chamber to another?

Lam A little delay, sir,
Like fire a little sprinkled o'er with water, 15
Makes the desires burn clear and ten times hotter

Din Why do you speak so loud? I pray ye, go
in,
Sweet mistress, I am mad, time steals away,

s d] *Enter om by W D, Dy Charlotte Fr 'ore Fr Dy inserted Enter
Champernel*

6 *sight*] T, etc *sleight* Ff

8 *mean*] F1, Dy *mine* F2, T, S, D

10 s d] So Ff, T, S, W D Dy h *Retires* after l 11

And when we would enjoy

La Now, fie, fie, servant! [*Wine*
Like sensual beasts shall we enjoy our pleasures? 20

Din Pray do but kiss me, then
Lam Why, that I will,
And you shall find anon, servant

Din Softly, for heaven's sake! You know my
friend's engag'd,
A little, now, now, will you go in again?

Lam Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Din Why do you laugh so loud? precious, 25
Will you betray me? ha! my friend's throat cut?

Lam Come, come, I'll kiss thee again
Cham Will you so?
You are liberal! If you do cozen me——

Enter NURSE, with wine

Din What's this?
Lam Wine, wine a draught or two
Din What does this woman here?
Lam She shall not hinder you 30
Din This might have been spar'd,
'Tis but delay, and time lost Pray send her softly off—
Lam Sit down, and mix your spirits with wine, 'twill make you

Another Hercules
Din I dare not drink, 34
Fie, what delays you make! I dare not, [*Recorders*
I shall be drunk presently, and do strange things then

Lam Not drink a cup with your mistress? Oh,
the pleasure!
Din Lady, why this? [*Music*

19 s d] Only in F1 "to warn the property man to leave Wine ready against the entrance of the Nurse" (Dv)

21 do but] F1, WD, Dy not F2, T Pray do not, kiss me then S
(n 19 "of prodigious absurdity," (Dy) concerning kissing being the distinction in love between men and beasts! Dy, WD have s d kisses him at end of the line

21, 22] One line in Ff

24 you] F1, ye F2

26 me! ha! my] F2, Dy ha F1 me? ha! my WD

27 ends at liberal in Ff

28 liberal] ambiguous Dv inserts *Aside* WD insert *Apart*

33 'twill] Dy, after Mason, for Ff's *I will*,

Lam We must have mirth to our wine, man

Din Plague o' th' music !

Cham God-a-mercy, wench,
If thou dost cuckold me, I shall forgive thee 40

Din The house will all rise now, this will disturb
all

Did you do this ?

Lam Peace, and sit quiet, fool,
You love me, come, sit down and drink

Enter CLEREMONT above

Cler What a devil ail you ?
How cold I sweat !—A hog's pox stop your pipes, 45

[*Music*
The thing will wake now, now methinks I find
His sword just gliding through my throat ! What's
that ?

A vengeance choke your pipes !—Are you there, lady ?
Stop, stop those rascals !—Do you bring me hither
To be cut into minced meat ? why, Dinant ! 50

Din I cannot do withal,
I have spoke, and spoke, I am betray'd, and lost too
Cler Do you hear me ? do you understand me ?—
Plague damn your whistles ! [*Music ends*

Lam 'Twas but an oversight,
They have done, lie down

Cler Would you had done too ! you know not 55
In what a misery and fear I lie
You have a lady in your arms

Din I would have
[*The recorders again*

Cham I'll watch you, goodman Would-have

Cler Re ove, for Heaven's sake,

39 *Plague*] W D, Dy Pl—Ff, T, S

40] Dy inserts s d *Aside*

51] i e "I cannot help it" (Dy)

54 *damin*] W D, Dy *dam* Ff, T, S

54 s d] So Ff, T, S, W D ceases Dy

54 'Twas down] One line in Ff

55 Two lines in Ff first ending too

57 s d] So Ff, T, S The recorders play W D Music again Dy

58 *Would have*] W D, Dy *would have* Ff *W'd have* F2, T, S
Dy inserts s d *Aside*

And fall to that you come for

Lam Lie you down , 60
'Tis but an hour's endurance now

Cler I dare not ,
Softly, sweet lady ! Heart !

Lam 'Tis nothing but your fear, he sleeps still
soundly ,
Lie gently down

Cler Pray make an end
Din Come, madam
Lam These chambers are too near

[*Exeunt* LAMIRA, DINANT, and NURSE
Cham I shall be nearer , 65

Well, go thy ways, I'll trust thee through the world,
Deal how thou wilt that, that I never feel,
I'll never fear Yet by the honour of a soldier,
I hold thee truly noble How these things will look,
And how their bloods will curdle ! Play on, children, 70
You shall have pap anon Oh, thou grand fool,
That thou knew'st but thy fortune ! [*Music done*

Cler Peace, good madam !
Stop her mouth, Dinant It sleeps yet , pray be wary
Despatch, I cannot endure this misery
I can hear nothing more , I'll say my prayers, 75
And down again [*Whistle within*

A thousand larums fall upon my quarter !
Heaven send me off ! When I lie keeping courses—
Pl— o' your fumbling, Dinant ! How I shake !
'Tis still again Would I were in the Indies ! 80
[*Exit* CLEREMONT

61, 62 One line in F1

62 *Heart* [] *heart* ? Ff and Dy *God's heart* ' 1778, W D Mason c_j *hark*

64 Dy inserts s d *Exit above*

65 s d] *Nurse* om till Dyce

68 *fear* *Yet by* Ff, I, S, W D '78 *fear yet by* Dy

70 *bloods* Ff, Dy *blood* F2, T, S

72 *knew'st but* F2, etc *knowest, but* F1

s d] Ff, T, S *Music ceases* W D, Dy Dy inserts *Re enters Cleremont*
above

77 *larums* Ff, W D, Dy, and S notes (n 20) that the form is required
for metre *Alarms* F2

77 *quarter* [] F1 *quarters* F2, etc

78 *courses* Ff, T *coarses* S (n 21 says it = "watching corpses") *corsets*
W D, Dy *courses* frequently = *cadavera* (NE D)

80 s d] So Ff, etc *Exit above* Dy

SCENE V

*Another room in the same, with a gallery**Enter DINANT and LAMIRA, a light within*

Din Why do ye use me thus? thus poorly, basely?
 Work me into a hope, and then destroy me?
 Why did you send for me? this new way train me?

Lam Madman and fool, and false man, now I'll shew
 thee!

Din Pray, put your light out

Lam No, I'll hold it thus, 5
 That all chaste eyes may see thy lust, and scorn it
 Tell me but this, when you first doted on me,
 And made suit to enjoy me as your wife,
 Did you not hold me honest?

Din Yes, most virtuous

Lam And did not that appear the only lustre 10
 That made me worth your love and admiration?

Din I must confess,

Lam Why would you deal so basely?
 So like a thief, a villain?

Din Peace, good madam!

Lam I'll speak aloud too —thus maliciously,
 Thus breaking all the rules of honesty, 15
 Of honour, and of truth, for which I lov'd you,
 For which I call'd you servant, and admir'd you,
 To steal that jewel, purchas'd by another,
 Piously set in wedlock, even that jewel,
 Because it had no flaw, you held unvaluable? 20
 Can he that has lov'd good dote on the devil?
 (For he that seeks a whore seeks but his agent)?
 Or am I of so wild and low a blood,
 So nurs'd in infamies—

Scene continued in Ff

1 ye] F1 you F2, etc 3 train] = "entice," "trap"

4 and fool] F2, etc a fool F1

4 shew thee!] F2, etc thee man F1

20 flaw] F2, etc flame F1

20 unvaluable] i e "invaluable"

23 wild] Ff, T, S, W D wild suggested by W, adopted by Dy

23 a blood] of blood, F1 a blood? F2 T, S a blood Dy

- Din* I do not think so,
And I repent
- Lam* That will not serve you turn, sir 25
Din It was your treaty drew me on
Lam But it was your villainy,
Made you pursue it I drew you but to try
How much a man, and nobly, you durst stand,
How well you had deserv'd the name of virtuous,
But you, like a wild torrent, mix'd with all 30
Beastly and base affections, came floating on,
Swelling your poison'd billows
- Din* Will you betray me?
Lam To all the miseries a vex'd woman may
Din Let me but out,
Give me but room to toss my sword about me,
And I will tell you, y' are a treacherous woman! 35
Oh, that I had but words!
- Lam* They will not serve you
Din But two-edg'd words, to cut thee! a lady
traitor?
Perish by a proud puppet? I did you too much
honour,
To tender you my love, too much respected you,
To think you worthy of my worst embraces 40
Go take your groom, and let him dally with you,
Your greasy groom! I scorn to imp your lame stock
You are not fair, nor handsome, I lied loudly
This tongue abus'd you, when it spoke you beauteous
- Lam* 'Tis very well, 'tis brave!
Din Put out your light, 45
Your lascivious eyes are flames enough
For fools to find you out A lady plotter?
Must I begin your sacrifice of mischief?
I and my friend the first-fruits of that blood
You and your honourable husband aim at? 50

28 you] F1, Dy thou F2, T, S

35 y' are] Ff you're W D, Dy

37 a lady traitor? a lady traitor? Ff a lady-traitor? S, W D a lady
traitor! Dy

38 Puppet? frequent contemptuous epithet

42 imp] Cf n Prol 18

46 Your lascivious] For your lascivious S Your own lascivious Dy qy

47 A lady plotter? Ff, T lady plotter? S, W D —Plotter! Dy

Crooked and wretched you are both

Lam To you, sir,
Yet to the eye of Justice straight as Truth

Din Is this a woman's love, a woman's mercy?
Do you profess this seriously? do you laugh at me?

Lam Ha! Ha!

Din Pl—light upon you scorches, upon your flatteries!
Upon your tempting faces, all destructions!
A bed-rid winter hang upon your cheeks,
And blast, blast, blast, those buds of pride that paint
you!

Death in your eyes, to fright men from these dangers,
Raise up your trophy!—Cleremont!

Cler What a vengeance ail you?
What dismal noise is there? no honour in you?

Din Cleremont, we are betrayed, betrayed, sold by
a woman,
Deal bravely for thy self

Cler This comes of rutting!
Are we made stales to one another?

Din Yes,
We are undone, lost

Cler You shall pay for 't, greybeard!
Up, up, you sleep your last else!

Lights above, two Servants and ANNABELL

I Serv No, not yet, sir—
Lady, look up—Would you have wrong'd this beauty?
Wake so tender a virgin with rough terms?
You wear a sword, we must entreat you leave it

70

51 *Crooked*] = "wrong," "dishonest"

58 *bed rid*] i e "worn out," "decrepit," "impotent"

59 *paint*] F2, etc *point* F1

61 *Re enter C above* W D *Enter* Dy

62 F1 reads *DIN What a dismal noise is there, no honour in y ?*
Cleremont, etc F2 has *DIN What dismal noise! is there no honour in*
you? | Cleremont, etc

S remarks (n 22), "either this is a continuation of C's speech, or some
rg direction as *Noises within* is left out, the latter seems most probable
to me, the fo er to Mr Symphon" 1778, W D accordingly i rted s d
Noise within after *ail you* Heath remarked that *What dismal se*, etc.

turally belongs to Cleremont So Dyce, whose arrangement we follow

65 *stales*] = "lures," "decoys" Dy and cf S, n 23

65, 66 *Yes lost*] One line in Ff

67 s d] So Ff, T, S, *Enter above A, and two servants, with lights* W D,
Dy

2 *Serv* Fie, sir! So sweet a lady?
Cler Was this my bedfellow?
 Pray give me leave to look I am not ad yet,
 I say be by and by Did this lie by me?
 Did I fear this? is this a cause to shake at?
 Away with me for shame! I am a rascal

75

Enter CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE, VERDON, LAMIRA,
 ANNABELL, CLEREMONT, and two *Servants*

Din I am amaz'd too
Beau We'll recover you
Verd You walk, like Robin Goodfellow, all the
 house over,

And every an afraid of you

Din 'Tis well, lady!
 The honour of this deed will be your own,
 The world shall know your bounty

80

Beau What shall we do with 'em?

Cler Geld me,
 For 'tis not fit I should be a man again,
 I a an ass, a dog

La Take your revenges,
 You know y husband's wrongs, and your own losses

Annab A brave man, an admirable brave an!
 Well, well, I would not be so tried again
 A very handsome proper gentleman!

85

Cler Will you let me lie by her but one hour ore,
 And then hang me?

Din We wait your malice, put your swords home
 bravely,
 You have reason to seek blood

90

Lam Not as you are noble!

Cha Hands off, and give 'em liberty, only
 disarm 'em

Beau We have done that already

Cha You are welcome, gentlemen,
 I a lady house has any pleasure for you,
 I keep a couple of ladies here, they say fair,

95

71 sqq.] Ff divide at *look* / *by and by* / *by me* /

75 s d.] Dv inserts another s d before this *Exeunt, above A, Cl,*
two servants And in this s d Dy om *Lamira* (or *Lainira* as Ff says)

87 Dy inserts s d *Aside*

And you are young and handsome gentlemen,
Have you any more mind to wenches?

Cler To be abus'd too? Lady, you might have
help'd this

Annab Sir, now 'tis past, but 't may be I may stand
Your friend hereafter, in a greater matter 100

Cler Never whilst you live

Annab You cannot tell

Now, sir, a parting hand

Cler Down and roses!

Well, I may live to see you again—A dull rogue!
No revelation in thee!

Lam Were you well frightened?

Were your fits fro the heart, of all colds and colours? 105
That 's all your punishment

Cler It might have been all yours

Had not a blockhead undertaken it

Cham Your swords you must leave to these gentle-
men

Verd And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even ice again

Din 'Tis well, 110

To be a mistress is to be a monster,
And so I leave your house and you for ever

Lam Leave your wild lusts, and then you are a
master

Cham You may depart too

Cler I had rather stay here

Cham Faith, we shall fright you worse

Cler Not in that manner 115

There's five hundred crowns, fright e but so again

Din Co e, Cleremont, this is the hour of fool

Cler Wiser the next shall be, or we 'll to school

[*Exeunt*]

101 *You cannot tell*] "In both the Ff after these words is a break" (al in T, S), "as if something were omitted"—Dy The ph e, however, mak sense by itself Ff print *y* hand as one line

104 *revelat*] 1 e "power of revelation," in spirit, etc. (cf Mas ccio)

111] So Ff, W D In n 24, S says L's answer shews D lls him If, not her, a monster He therefore c] *To have a mistress* Sympon c] *To be a mistress's* It seems that *To be a mistress* is quite a possible and phom's reading, which makes sense

Cha How coolly these hot gallants are departed !
 Faith, cousin, 'twas unconscionably done, 120
 To lie so still, and so long

Annab 'Twas your pleasure,
 If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend

Cham Oh my best wife,
 Take now what course thou wilt, and lead what life !

Lam The more trust you commit, the more care
 still, 125
 Goodness and virtue shall attend my will

Cham Let's laugh this night out now, and count our
 gains,

We have our honours home, and they their pains
 [*Exeunt omnes*]

120 *unconscionably*] = "unreasonably" 'abnormally

128 s d] So Ff *Exeunt* T, etc

ACT IV

SCENE I

A street

Enter CLEREMONT and DINANT

Din It holds, they will go thither

Cler To their summer-house?

Din Thither i' th' evening, and, which is the most
infliction,

Only to insult upon our miseries

Cler Are you provided?

Din Yes, yes

Cler Thoroughly?

Din Thoroughly

Cler Basta, enough! I have your mind I will not
fail you

Din At such an hour

Cler Have I a memory?

A cause, and will to do? Thou art so sullen!

Din And shall be, till I have a fair reparation

Cler I have more reason, for I scaped a fortune

Which if I come so near again I say nothing,

But if I sweat not in another fashion

Oh, a delicate wench!

Din 'Tis certain a most handsome one

Cler And methought, the thing was angry with
itself too,

It lay so long conceal'd But I must part with you,

s d] *Actus quartus* [F2-us] *Scena Prima* Ff 4 *tree* inserted by W Ff om
and between C and D

5 *Basta, enough!* *Basta!* S (suggestion of Sympson, who thought
en gh a gloss (Cf W) Dy says "used frequently, as here, by r rty
dramatists" Cf *Mad Lover*, III ii 137 and *Rule a Wife*, II ii 9

6 *At such an hour*] Does he point to his watch?

I have a scene of irth, to drive this from my heart, 15
And my hour is come

Din Miss not your time
Cler I dare not
[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE II

Without the city.

Enter SAMPSON and a Gentleman

Gent I presume, sir, you now need no instruction,
But fairly know what belongs to a gentleman
You bear your uncle's cause

Sa Do not disturb me ,
I understand my cause, and the right carriage

Gent Be not too bloody 5

Samp As I find my enemy if his sword bite,
If it bite, sir, you must pardon me

Gent No doubt he is valiant, he durst not undertake
else

Samp He 's most welcome,
As he is most valiant, he were no man for me else 10

Gent But say he should relent?

Samp He dies relenting,
I cannot help it, he must die relenting ,
If he pray, praying, *ipso facto*, praying,
Your honourable way admits no prayer ,
And if he fight, he falls , there's his quietus 15

Gent Y' are nobly punctual Let's retire, and meet
'e ,

But still I say, have mercy!

Samp I say, honour

[*Exeunt*]

s d } So Dy *Another street*, D No scene marked in Ff

11 *die*] Ff, etc *dies* F2

15 *quietus*] Cf *Hamlet*, III 1 75, "discharge or acquittance on payment,"
"receipt" "discharge from duty, or office," and so "discharge from life"
(*N E D*)

16 *punctual*] Cf m 2 143

SCENE III

A room in Champernel's house

Enter CHAMPERNEL, LAMIRA, ANNABELL, BEAUPRE
VERDONE, CHARLOTTE, *and a Servant*

Lam Will not you go, sweetheart?

Cham Go! I'll fly with thee!

I stay behind?

Lam My father will be there too,
And all our best friends

Beau And if we be not merry
We have hard luck, lady

Verd Faith, let's have a kind of play,

Cham What shall it be?

Verd The story of Dinant 5

Lam With the merry conceits of Cleremont,
His fits and fevers

Annab But I'll lie still no more

Lam That, as you make the play 'Twill be rare
sport,

And how 'twill vex my gallants, when they hear it!

Have you given order for the coach?

Charl Yes, madam 10

Cham My easy nag, and pad?

Serv 'Tis making ready

Cham Where are your horses?

Beau Ready at an hour, sir,

We'll not be last

Cham Fie, what a night shall we have!

A roaring, merry night!

Lam We'll fly at all, sir,

s d] W D, Dyce No scene marked in Ff

9 *And*] Ff, etc *Any* W D

11 *pad*] = (i) y riding horse (ii) soft saddle without a tree

12, 13 *Ready* *last*] One line in Ff

13 *fly*] Ff, Dy *Hey* S who cjs *Fly*, adopted by 1778 W D Dy cf-

"*Fy, let us all to the bridal*, etc *NED* gives no quotation in a
indicating approval, or pleasurable excitement Perhaps connected th
Fay, fa, fy (Devon, Yorkshire and Scotland), as an ordinary cla tion
(Cf *English Dialect Dictionary*)

14 *fly at all*] Originally a metaphor from hawking sc g e, etc

Cham I'll fly at thee too, finely, and so ruffle thee! 15
I'll try^s your art upon a country pallet

Lam Brag not too much, for fear I should expect it,
Then, if you fail

Cham Thou say'st too true, we all talk,
But let's in, and prepare, and after dinner
Begin our mirthful pilgrimage

Lam He, that's sad, 20
A crab-faced mistress cleave to him for this year!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV

A field without the city

Enter CLEREMONT and LA-WRIT

La-Wr Since it cannot be the judge

Cler 'Tis a great deal better

La-Wr You are sure he is his kinsman? a gentle-
an?

Cler As arrant a gentleman, and a brave fellow,
And so near to his blood—

La-Wr It shall suffice 5
I'll set him further off, I'll give a remove
Shall quit his kindred, I'll lop him

Cler Will ye kill him?

La-Wr An there were no more cousins in the
world, I kill him,
I do mean, sir, to kill all my lord's kindred,
For every cause a cousin

Cler How if he have no more cousins?

La-Wr The next akin, then, to his lordship's favour 10
The man he smiles upon

Cler Why, this is vengeance,
Horrid and dire!

16 *Pallet*] a mean or small (straw) bed

18 *say'st*] *sarest* F1

s d] So Dy *An open field*, etc W D No scene marked in F1

3 *arrant*] without opprobrious force = "thorough," "downright," "genuine"

(1570-1820)

11, 12 *Why* *duel*] One line in Ff

La-Wr I love a dire revenge
Give me the man that will all others kill,
And last, himself

Cler You stole that resolution

La-Wr I had it in a play, But that 's all one 15
I would see it done

Cler Come, you must be more merciful

La-Wr To no lord's cousins in the world, I hate 'em
A lord's cousin to me is a kind of cockatrice, -
If I see him first, he dies

Cler A strange antipathy '
What think you of their nieces?

La-Wr If I like 'em, 20
They may live, and multiply — 'Tis a cold morning

Cler 'Tis sharp indeed You have broke your fast?

La-Wr No verily

Cler Your valour would have ask'd a good founda-
tion

La-Wr Hang him, I'll kill him fasting

Enter SAMPSON and the Gentleman

Cler Here they come
Bear yourself in your language smooth and gently, 25
When your swords argue——

La-Wr Pray, sir, spare your precepts

Gent I have brought you, sir——

La-Wr 'Tis very well, no words
You are welcome, sir

Samp I thank you, sir, few words

La-Wr I'll kill you for your uncle's sake

Samp I love you,
I'll cut your throat, for your own sake

La-Wr I esteem of you 30

Cler Let 's render 'em honest and fair gentlemen
Search my friend, I'll search yours

Gent That's quickly done

13-14] The quotation (if such it is) has not been traced

15 *cockatrice*] *La-Wr* invents, the *cockatrice* or *basiliscus* was said to kill by the mere glance

19] Ff, T, give a *strange antipathy* to *La-Wr* S (n 27) and later editors to C 24 s d] Here in Ff, T, S Dy puts it in l 27, and has a *gentlem*

30 *esteem of you*] Ff, T, W D, Dy *esteem you* S (n 2 "because [of] seems here only to hurt both sense and metre")

Cler You come with no spells, nor witchcrafts?
Samp I co e fairly,
 To kill him honestly
La-Wr Hang spells and witchcrafts ! 35
 I come to kill my lord's nephew like a gentleman,
 And so I kiss his hand
Gent This doublet is too stiff
La-Wr Off woo't, I hate it
 And all such fortifications, feel my skin
 If that be stiff, flea that off too 40
Gent 'Tis no soft one
La-Wr Off woo't, I say !
 I'll fight with him, like a flea'd cat
Gent You are well, you are well [*Put off*
Cler You must uncase too
Samp Yes, sir
 But tell me this, why should I mix mine honour
 With a fellow that has ne'er a lace in 's shirt ? 45
Gent That 's a main point, my friend has two
Cler That 's true, sir,
La-Wr Base and degenerate cousin, dost not thou
 know,
 An old and tatter'd colours, to the enemy,
 Is of more honour, and shews more ominous ?
 This shirt five times victorious I have fought under, 50
 And cut through squadrons of your curious cut-works,
 As I will do through thine Shake, and be satisfied !
Cler This is unanswerable
Samp But may I fight
 With a foul shirt ?

34 sqq.] This part alludes comically to the appeal made in old chivalrous days to knights, not to use spells, etc in combat, and also perhaps, as W suggests, to the story in Brantôme, of the man who wore a cuirass painted like skin, whereby he won a duel

34, 35 *I* *honestly*] one line in Ff
 38 *woo't*] So F1 (and in l 41) *with't* F2, T, S, W D (l 41) *wit* Dyce
 (in both lines) W D insert s d *He strips*

40 *flea*] Ff, etc *flay* Dyce so in 42 *flea'd* Ff, etc *flay'd* Dy

43 s d] F1 only *uncase* = "strip" (flay)

45 *lace*] probably here "an inset strip or piece of lace"

46 *point*] with play on the other sense, of one of the laces, or ribbons, attaching the hose to the shirt, or doublet?

51 *cut works*] = openwork embroidery or lace" Cf Mass *Parlt of Love*, II 1, and Jonson *Ev M t of his Hum*, IV iv

53, 54 *But* *shut*] one line in Ff

Gent Most certain so it be
A fighting shirt, let it be ne'er so foul, or lousy , 55
Cæsar wore such a one

Samp Saint Denis, then !
I accept your shirt

Cler Not so forward, first, you must talk
It is a main point of the French method,
Talk civilly, and make your cause authentic .

Gent No weapon must be near you, nor no anger 60

Cler When you have done, then stir your resolutions ,
Take to your weapons bravely .

La-Wr 'Tis too cold
This for a summer fight

Cler Not for a world
You should transgress the rules

Samp 'Tis peevish weather,
I had rather fight without

Gent An't were in a river— 65

Cler Where both stood up to th' chins—

La-Wr Then let 's talk quickly
Plague o' this circumstance !

Cler Are the horses come yet ?

Gent Yes, certain Give your swords to us, now,
civilly

Cler We'll stand a while off—Take the things, and
leave 'em

You know when, and let the children play 70

This is a dainty time of year for puppies

Would the old lord were here !

Gent He would die with laughter

Cler I am sorry I have no time to see this game
out

Away, away !

54, 56 *Most* one] Two lines in Ff, the first ending *shirt*
56, 57 *Saint* *shirt*] one line in Ff
59 *authentic*] = "entitled to obedience or respect", "legally valid"
63, 64 *Not* *rules*] one line in Ff
64 *the rules*] Probably used here quite generally, but W and Dyce suggest
a reference to Caranza's rules and Dyce's *Lord's Privileges*, v. 4
peevish] Probably a mere adjective of general dislike, though c¹ modern
Yorkshire dialectal sense of "piercing," "shrewd" applied to wind
67 *circumstance*] indirectness, ceremony, long winded
Dy, D, W insert s d *Aside to the Gentleman*
71 *year*] *fear* W D

Gent Here's like to be a hot fight
Call when y' are fit [*Ex CLER and Gent* 75

La-Wr Why look you, sir, you seem to be a gentleman,
And you come in honour of your uncle—Boh, boh, 'tis very cold!

Your uncle has offer'd me some few affronts,
Past flesh and blood to bear—Boh, boh, wondrous cold!

Samp My lord, mine uncle is an honourable man, 80
And what he offers—Boh, boh, cold indeed!
Having made choice of me, an unworthy kinsman,
Yet take me with you—Boh, boh, pestilence cold—
Not altogether

La-Wr, Boh, boh, I say altogether

Samp You say you know not what, then,—Boh, boh,—sir 85

La-Wr Sir me with your sword in your hand
You have

A scurvy uncle, you have a most scurvy cause,
And you are,—Boh, boh!

Samp Boh, boh!—What?

La-Wr A shitten scurvy cousin!

Samp Our swords, our swords! 90
Thou art a dog, and like a dog—our swords!

La-Wr Our weapons, gentlemen!—Ha? where's your second?

Samp Where's yours?

La-Wr So ho! our weapons!

Samp Wa ha ho! our weapons!

Our doublets and our weapons!—I am dead

La-Wr Firsts! seconds! thirds!—a plague be woo you, gentlemen!

Samp Are these the rules of honour? I am starv'd 95

La-Wr They are gone, and we are here What shall we do?

Samp Oh for a couple of faggots!

La-Wa Hang a couple of faggots!

75 *y' are*] Ff, T, S *ye're*, Dyce

s d] So Ff, l, S *Exeunt C and G with the dresses and swords*, W D,

Dy

94] So F1 *First, second, third? a pl— be w^t you*, G F2, T, and so (with *plague*) W D *Firsts, seconds, thirds! a plague be w^t you*, Dy

Dar'st thou take a killing cold with me?

Samp I have it already

La-Wr Rogues, thieves—Boh, boh!—run away
with our doublets? 100

To fight at buffets now, 't were such a May-game!

Samp There were no honour in t, p—on t, 'tis
scurvy!

La-Wr Or to revenge my wrongs at fisty-cuffs!

Samp My lord mine uncle's cause depend on
boxes?

La-Wr Let's go in quest If ever we recover
'em 105

Samp Ay, come, our colds together, and our
doublets

La-Wr Give me thy hand, thou art a valiant gentle-
man

I say, if ever we recover 'em

Samp Let's get into a house, and warm our hearts

La-Wr There's ne'er a house within this mile
Beat me, 110

Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too,

To keep us warm, if ever we recover 'em

Kick hard, I am frozen So, so, now I feel it

•*Samp* I am dull yet

La-Wr I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee—Gentlemen? 115
Rogues, thieves, thieves!—Run now, I'll follow thee

[*Exeunt*]

101 *buffe's*] = "fisticuffs" *May game* = "sport, "frolic" "foolery"

102 *p—on 't*] F1 *p!—on 't* F2, T, S *for on t*, Dy

104 *boxes?*] = "blows with the fist" (1385—now), usually used with
"ear" Probably of onomatopoeic origin

105 *If ever we*] Dy *if we ever* F2 *if we recover* W D (im e e)

112 W D, Dy insert s d *They kick one another*

SCENE V

A field adjoining to a wood

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE,
LAMIRA, ANNABELL, CHARLOTTE, *and* Nurse

Vert Use legs, and have legs

Cham You that have legs say so,
I put my one to too much stress

Verd Your horse, sir,
Will meet you within half a mile

Lam I like
The walk so well, I should not miss my coach,
Though it were further — Annabell, thou art sad 5
What ails my niece?

Beau She's still devising, sister,
How quietly her late bed-fellow lay by her

Nurse Old as I am, he would have startled me,
Nor can you blame her

Charl Had I ta'en her place,
I know not, but I fear I should ha' shriek'd, 10
Though he had never offer'd

Annab Out upon thee!
Thou wouldst have taught him

Charl I think, with your pardon,
That you wish now you had

Annab I am glad I yield you
Such ample scope of mirth [*Cornet Music within*]

Vert Nay, be not angry,
There's no ill meant — Ha? music, and choice music? 15

Cham 'Tis near us in the grove, what courteous
bounty

No scene marked in Ff

s d] So Dy *A Forest* W D (more probable, and no change of scene
is then needed for VI) *and* inserted by T, etc

2 *horse*] *herse* Fi

6 *devising*] From 1400—c 1600 *devis* = "imagine," "guess," "think,"
"meditate," "ponder" F 2 reads *musng*

Bestows it on us? My dancing days are done,
Yet I would thank the giver, did I know him

Vind 'Tis questionless, some one of your own
village,

That, hearing of your purpos'd journey thither, 20
Prepares it for your entertainment, and
The honour of my lady

Lam I think rather,
Some of your lordship's clients

Beau What say you, cousin,
If they should prove your suitors?

Vind That's most likely

Nurse I say, if you are noble, be't who will, 25
Go presently, and thank 'em, I can jump yet,
Or tread a measure

Lam Like a miller's mare

Nurse I warrant you, well enough to seive the
country

I'll make one, and lead the way [Exit

Charl Do you note

How zealous the old crone is?

Lam And you titter 30

As eagerly as she—Come, sweet, we'll follow,

No ill can be intended [Music ends

Cham I ne'er fear'd yet [Exeunt

SCENE VI

A wood

Song in the Wood

*This way, this way, come and hear,
You that hold these pleasures dear,
Fill your ears with our sweet sound,
Whilst we melt the frozen ground
This way come, make haste, oh fair!* 5
Let your clear eyes gild the air,

32 s d] So FI, etc. Music ceases, Dy

s d] SCENE—wood, inserted by Dy. Song within, Dy

*Come, and bless us with your sight,
This way, this way, seek delight*

Enter a company of Gentlemen, like Ruffians

1 *Gent* They are ours, but draw them on a little further

From the footpath into the neighbouring thicket, 10
And we may do't, as safe as in a castle

2 *Gent* They follow still, the president Vertaigne
Comes on apace, and Champernel limps after,
The women, as if they had wings, and walkt
Upon the air, fly to us

1 *Gent* They are welcome, 15
We'll make 'em sport Make a stand here All know
How we are to proceed?

2 *Gent* We are instructed [*Still music within*

1 *Gent* One strain or two more [*Gent off*

*Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, BEAUPRE,
VERDONE, LAMIRA, ANNABEL, Nurse, CHARLOTTE*

Excellent, they are come

Nurse We cannot miss in such a business, yet
Mine ear ne'er fail'd me [*Music for the dance*

Charl Would we were at it once! 20
I do not walk, but dance

1 *Gent* You shall have dancing
Begin! and when I give the word

2 *Gent* No more,
We are instructed [*Dance*

1 *Gent* Now!
Beau But win us fairly!

1 *Gent* Oh sir, we do not come to try your valour,
But to possess you, yet we use you kindly, 25

8-9 s d] So Ff, T, S *habited like* W D Enter G, *disguised as ruffians* Dy

17 s d] Ff, T S *Music continues* W D *Music within* Dy
18 s d] Ff, T, S *They retire*, Dy Dy inserts next s d after *Excellent*,
etc., and has CHARLOTTE and *Nurse*

20 s d] So Ff, T, S Om Dyce
22] Ff gives *Begin* word to Lamira

23 s d] So Ff, T, S *after which, the disguised Gentlemen rush on Beaupré and company, and seize them* W D Dy om *Beaupré and*, inserts *the before company*

23 *Now!* Ff prints this in italics opposite B's speech F2 and S om
1778 gave it to 2 *Gent* W gave it to 1 *Gent*, and so Dv

In that, like English thieves, we kill you not
But are contented with the spoil

Vert Oh Heaven!

How hath mine age deserv'd this?

Cham Hell confound it!

This comes of walking! Had I kept my legs
On my good horse, my armour on,
My staff in my rest, and this good sword to friend, 30
How I would break and scatter these!

All Gent Ha! ha! ha!

Cham Do you scorn me, rogues?

Wise Nay, gentlemen, kind gentlemen

Or honest keepers of these woods, but hear me,
Be not so rough! If you are taken with 35
My beauty, as it hath been worth the seeking,
Some one or two of you try me in private,
You shall not find me squeamish

Charl Do not kill me,

And do your worst, I'll suffer

Lam Peace, vile creatures!

Vert Do you know me, or my place, that you pre-
sume not 40

To touch my person?

Gent If you are well, rest so,

Provoke not angry wasps

Vert You are wasps indeed,

Never created to yield wax or honey,
But for your country's torment yet if you are men,
(As you seem such in shape), if true-born Frenchmen 45
However want compels you to these courses,
Rest satisfied with what you can take from us,
These ladies' honours and our liberties safe,
We freely give it

Gent You give but our own

Vert Look on these grey hairs, as you would be old! 50

Their tears, as you would have yours to find mercy,
When justice shall o'ertake you!

29-30 As Dy] *This comes of walking, had I kept m legs, My legs in my good house, my armour on* F1 *legs, Or n y good Horse, my* F2, 5
1778 *kept My legs on my good* W D
31 *to friend,] too, friend,* F1, T S, ripson ap S (n 29) *to friend,*
whom W D Dy follow

44 *Yet*] *Yet are, f men* F1

Cham Look on me,
 Look on me, rascals, and learn of me too,
 That have been in some part of your profession,
 Before that most of you e'er suck'd, I know it, 55
 I have rode hard, and late too

Vet Take heed, sir

Cham Then use me like a brother of the trade,
 For I have been at sea, as you on land are,
 Restore my matrimony undefil'd,
 Wrong not my niece, and for our gold or silver, 60
 If I pursue you, hang me!

Nurse 'Tis well offer'd,
 And, as I said, sweet gentlemen with sour faces,
 If you are high, and want some sport, or so,
 (As, living without action here, you may do),
 Forbear their tender gristles, they are meat 65
 Will wash away, there is no substance in it,
 We that are expert in the game, and tough too,
 Will hold you play

Enter DINANT and CLEREMON

1 Gent This hen longs to be trodden

Din Lackey, my horse!

Cler This way, I heard the cries
 Of distress'd women

2 Gent Stand upon your guard 70

Din Who's here? my witty, scornful lady-plot
 In the hands of ruffians?

Cler And my fine cold virgin,
 That was insensible of man and woman?

Din Justice too
 Without a sword to guard itself?

Cler And valour
 With its hands bound?

Din And the great soldier dull? 75
 Why this is strange!

Lam Dinant, as thou art noble——

Annab As thou art valiant, Cleremont——

Lam As ever

59 *matrimony*] = "wife" Cf Dryden, *M. à la Mode* (1673), u 1 "That sign of a husband there, that lazy matrimony"

68 s d] Dy inserts after 68

74, 75 *And* *be and*] One line in Ff

77, 78 *As* *lovely*] One line in Ff

I appear'd lovely

Annab As you ever hope
For what I would give gladly

Cler Pretty conjurations !

Lam All injuries a little laid behind you— 80

Annab Shew yourselves men, and help us !

D-n Though your many
And gross abuses of me should more move me

To triumph in your miseries than relieve you,—

Yet that hereafter you may know that I,
The scorn'd and despis'd Dinant, know what does 85
Belong to honour, thus !

Cler I will say little,
Speak thou for me !

[*Fight*

Cham 'Tis bravely fought

Vert Brave tempers,

To do thus for their enemies !

Cham They are lost yet

1 *Gent* You that would rescue others, shall now
feel

What they were born to

2 *Gent* Hurry them away ! 90

[*Excunt Manent VERTAIGNE and CHAMPERNEL*

Cham That I could follow them !

Vert I only can

Lament my fortune, and desire of Heaven

A little life for my revenge

Cham The provost

Shall fire the woods, but I will find 'em out

No cave, no rock, nor hell, shall keep them from 95

My searching vengeance !

Enter LA-WRIT and SAMPSON

La-Wr Oh cold, oh fearful cold ! Plague of all
seconds !

Samp Oh for a pint of burnt wine, or a sip
Of aquafortis !

85 scorn'd] scorn'd, F1

86 Dy inserts s d *Draws his sword* and in 86 *Draws his sword* D and
C fight with the disguised Gentlemen W D have They fight

90 then T, S D, has s d *Excunt all except V and C*

s d *Excunt* Exit F1 E F2

91, 92 I *Heaven*] one line in Ff

Cham The rogues have met with these two,
Upon my life, and robb'd 'em 100

La-Wr As you are honourable gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold combatants

Samp My lord mine uncle, as I live !

La-Wr Pox take him !
How that word has warm'd my mouth !

Vert Why, how now, cousin ?
Why, why—and where, man, have you been ? at a
poulter's, 105
That you are cas'd thus like a rabbit ? I could laugh
now

And I shall laugh, for all I have lost my children,
Laugh monstrously

Cham What are they ?

Vert Give me leave, sir—
Laugh more and more, never leave laughing

Cham Why, sir ?

Vert Why, 'tis such a thing, I smell it, sir, I smell it, 110
Such a ridiculous thing—

La-Wr Do you laugh at me, my lord ?
I am very cold, but that should not be laugh'd at

Cham What art thou ?

La-Wr What art thou ?

Samp If he had his doublet,
And his sword by his side, as a gentleman ought to
have,—

Vert Peace, monsieur Sampson !

Cham Come hither, little gentleman 115

La-Wr Base is the slave commanded come to me

Vert This is the little advocate

Cham What advocate ?

Vert The little advocate that sent me the chal-
lenge,

I told you that my nephew undertook it,
And what 'twas like to prove now you see the issue 120

Cham Is this the little lawyer ?

La-Wr You have a sword, sir,
And I have none, you have a doublet too,
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry

106 *cas'd*] = "skinned," "flayed" (Dy) Fi has *cas'd*

108 *monstrously*] *monstruously* Fi

116] A parody of Pistol more obvious than usual Cf *Hen V*, II I (Dy)

Samp If your lordship knew
The nature and the nobleness of the gentleman, 125
Though he shew slight here, and at what gusts of
danger
His manhood has arriv'd, but that men's fates are
foolish,
And often headlong over-run their fortunes

La-Wr That little lawyer would so prick his ears
up
And bite your honour by the nose

Cham Say you so, sir? 130

La-Wr So niggle about your grave shins, lord
Vertaigne, too,—

Samp No more, sweet gentleman, no more of
that, sir

La-Wr I will have more, I must have more

Vert Out with it

Samp Nay, he is as brave a fellow

Cham Have I caught you
[*Strikes him down*]

Vert Do not kill him, do not kill him!

Cham No, no, no, I will not 135

Do you peep again? down, down, proud heart!

Samp Oh, valour!

Look up, brave friend! I have no means to rescue
thee,

My kingdom for a sword!

Cham I'll sword you presently,

I'll claw your skin-coat too

Vert Away, good Sampson!

You go to grass else instantly 140

Samp But do not murder my brave friend

Vert Not one word!

Cham If you do, sirrah—

126 sqq.] *sleight* F1 *of S n 30*, fortified by Symson's *arrived*
[*La wr*] *Beet then* *Mens* F1 *bead on*, 11 F2, etc., have it all spoken
by S

131 *niggle*] "to spend time on unnecessary details" "to do things in a
petty, or ineffectual way" So *AED* which gives this, as its earliest
instance Perhaps here, editor refers to "*noble*" as well? Cf *rog* metaphor
in 129-30

134 s d] So F1 *Strikes him down*, F2, T, S, W D *S n* *La Wr* (D)

135 *No*, etc.] F1 gives whole line to *V*

138] Cf *Richard III*, v 4 S (n 31) refuted Sv's id. that F is here
"sneering" at Shakespeare

Samp Must I go off dishonour'd?
 Adversity tries valour, so I leave thee [*Exit*
Cham Are you a lawyer, sir?
La-Wr I was, I was, sir
Cham Nay, never look, your lawyer's pate is
 broken, 145
 And your litigious blood about your ears, sirra
 Why do you fight and snarl?
La-Wr I was possest
Cham I'll dispossess you [*Beats him*
Vest Ha, ha, ha!
La-Wr *Et tu, Brute?*
Vest Beat him no more
Cham Alas, sir, I must beat him,
 Beat him into his business again, he will be lost else 150
Vest Then take your way
Cham Lie still, and do not struggle
La-Wr I am patient
 I never saw my blood before, it jades me,
 I have no more heart now than a goose
Cham Why, sirra,
 Why do you leave your trade, your trade of living, 155
 And send your challenges like thunderbolts
 To men of honour'd place?
La-Wr I understand, sir,
 I never understood before your beating
Cham Does this work on you?
La-Wr Yes
Cham Do you thank me for't?
La-Wr As well as a beaten man can
Cham And do you promise me 160
 To fall close to your trade again? leave brawling?
La-Wr If you will give me leave and life
Cham And ask
 This nobleman forgiveness?
La-Wr Heartily
Cham Rise then, and get you gone, and let me
 hear of you

148 s d] inserted by W D, Dy *Et tu Brute?* no italics in Ff Cf
 J C
 153 jades] "tires," "wearies," "disheartens" Cf *Woman's Prize*, 1 3
 154, 155 Why *him*] One line in Ff

SCENE VII] THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER 185

As of an advocate new-vampt no more words 165

Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs,

I shall pursue you else

La-We I have done, sweet gentlemen [*Exit*

Vert But we forget ourselves our friends, and
children

Cham We'll raise the country first, then take our
fortunes [*Exit*

SCENE VII

Another part of the same, with a cave in the background

Enter First Gentleman and LAMIRA

I Gent Shall I entreat for what I may command?

Lam Think on my birth

I Gent Here I am only noble

A king and thou in my dominions, fool,

A subject and a slave

Lam Be not a tyrant,

A ravisher of honour, gentle sir, 5

And I will think ye such, and on my knees,

As to my sovereign, pay a subject's duty,

With prayers and tears

I Gent I like this humble carriage,

I will walk by, but kneel you still, and weep too,

It shews well, while I meditate on the prey, 10

Before I seize it

Lam Is there no mercy Heaven

Enter Second Gentleman and ANNABILL

2 Gent Not kiss you? I will kiss and kiss again

Annab Savage villain,

My innocence be my strength! I do defy thee,

Thus scorn and spit at thee Will you come on, sir? 15

167 gentlemen] gentlen in W D. Dy
sd] SCENE VI, etc W D. Enter first at 5 and 6 Dy Ft have
on Gent (or Gentleman)
o ye] Ft, T S go in W D, Dy D, inserts sd Arriving
10 meditate] mediate T corrected by S and Dy (n 33)
sd] So Ft, T, S Enter second disguised G Dy

You are hot, there is a cooler *[Draws out a Knife]*

2 *Gent* A virago!

Annab No, loathsome goat, more, more, I am that goddess,

That here, with whips of steel, in hell hereafter,
Scourge rape and theft

2 *Gent* I'll try your deity

Annab My chastity, and this knife held by a virgin, 20
Against thy lust, thy sword, and thee a beast,
Call on for the encounter

2 *Gent* Now what think you?

[Throws her and takes her knife]

Are you a goddess?

Annab In me their power suffers,
That should protect the innocent

1 *Gent* I am all fire,
And thou shalt quench it, and serve my pleasures — 25
Come, partner in the spoil and the reward,
Let us enjoy our purchase

Lam Oh Dinant!
Oh Heaven! oh husband!

Annab Oh my Cleremont!

1 *Gent* Two are our slaves they call on, bring 'em 30
forth,
As they are chain'd together, let them see,
And suffer in the object

*Enter DINANT and CLEREMONT bound by the rest
of the Gentlemen*

2 *Gent* While we sit,
And without pity hear 'em

Cler By my life,
I suffer more for thee than for myself

Din Be a man, Cleremont, and look upon 'em 35
As such that not alone abus'd our service,

16 s d] inserted by W D, Dy

18] confused construction No stops in Ff, T *Steel*, in S, W D, Dy

22 s d] Ff, T, S, W D *He* Dy after encounter

25 *shalt*] Fz s/ i' Fi

27 *purchase*] "our capture," what we have won"

31 s d] *bound* By the Fi *bound*, by T S *Enter the rest of the
Gentlemen bringing in D and C bound* W D *Enter other disguised*
Dy after *hear 'em*

33 *thee*] Dy queries *these*, and cfs. 'em 33

Fed us with hopes most bitter in digestion,
 But, when love fail'd, to draw on further mischief,
 The baits they laid for us were our own honours
 Which thus hath made us slaves to worse than slaves—
2 Gent He dies

Din Pray hold, give him a little respite 40
 I see you now beyond expression wretched,
 The wit you bragg'd of fool'd, that boasted honour,
 As you believ'd, compass'd with walls of brass,
 To guard it sure, subject to be overthrow'n
 With the least blast of lust

Lam A most sad truth! 45

Din That confidence which was not to be shaken,
 In a perpetual fever, and those favours,
 Which with so strong and ceremonious duty
 Your lover and a gentleman long sought for,
 Sought, sued, and kneel'd in vain for, must you
 yield up 50

To a licentious villain, that will hardly
 Allow you thanks for 't

Cler Something I must say too,
 And to you, pretty one, though crying one
 To be hang'd now, when these worshipful benchers
 please,

Though I know not their faces that condemn me, 55
 A little startles me, but a man is nothing,
 A maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at
 Do not you wish now, and wish from your heart too,
 When, scarce sweet with my fears, I long lay by you
 (Those fears you and your good aunt put upon me, 60
 To make you sport,) you had given a little hint,
 A touch or so, to tell me I was mortal,
 And by a mortal woman?

Annab Pray you, no more!

Cler If I had loos'd that virgin zone, observe me, 65
 I would have hir'd the best of all our poets
 To have sung so much, and so well, in the honour
 Of that night's joy, that Ovid's Afternoon,
 Nor his Corinna, should again be mention'd

36 in digestion] indigestion I 1

39 to reverse] correction of Heath in MS. Notes too, reverse I f, T, S

67 Ovid's Afternoon] see Amore, I 5

Annab I do repent, and wish I had

Cler That's comfort,

But now—

2 Gent Another, that will have it offer'd, 70
Compel it to be offer'd, shall enjoy it !

Cler A rogue, a ruffian !

2 Gent As you love your throat—

1 Gent Away with them !

Annab Oh Cleremont !

Lam Oh Dinant !

Din I can but add your sorrows to my sorrows,
Your fears to my fears

Cler To your wishes mine, 75
This slave may prove unable to perform,
Till I perform the task that I was born for

Annab Amen, amen

1 Gent Drag the slaves hence,—for you,
Awhile I'll lock you up here, study all ways
You can to please me, or, the deed being done, 80
You are but dead

2 Gent This strong vault shall contain you,
There think how many for your maidenhead
Have pin'd away, and be prepar'd to lose it
With penitence

1 Gent No human help can save you

Ladies Help ! help !

2 Gent You cry in vain, rocks cannot hear you 85
[*Exeunt*

78 Dy inserts s d *Exeunt the other disguised Gentlemen with D and G*

85 Ladies] *Lam Anna Dy*

85 s d] om If, l, S, W D, inserted by Dy

ACT V

SCENE I

Interior of the Cave

A horrid noise of music within. Enter one and opens the chamber door in which LAMIRA and ANNAPELL were shut they in all fear

Lam Oh cousin, how I shake! all this long night,
What frights and noises we have heard! Still they
increase,

The villains put on shapes to torture us,
And, to their devils' form, such preparations
As if they were a-hatching new dishonours 5
And fatal ruin, past dull man's invention
Go not too far, and pray, good cousin Annabell!

[*A strange music*
Hark, a new noise! *Sackbut and Troop Music*

Annab They are exquisite in mischief,
I will go on, this room gives no protection,
More than the next—What's that? How sad and
hollow, 10

The sound comes to us! [*They cease playing*

Lam Groaning or singing, is it? [*Louder*

Annab The wind, I think, murmuring amongst old
rooms

Lam Now it grows louder sure, some sad presage

s d] *Actus Quintus*, [-i Fi] *Sua Firma* ff *A Roon in the Cave*, W D
Interior, etc Dy Om *Chamber* ff, l *door, as in which* Dy
in fear S *all fear* W D *the door of the chamber in which L*
and A are shut up then exit Enter L and A —Dy

4] *devils form suit* T *Devils form, such* n 33

7 s d] Dy adds *within*

8 s d] Om Dyce *Sackbut* = 'Bass trumpet with a slide like that
of a trombone, for altering the pitch' A E D *Troop music* = military
music?

10 s d] So Ff, T S *Gentlemen perhaps above, disguised in horrid*
shapes W D Om Dy *Louder music within* D,

13] Dy inserts s a *Disguised Gentlemen creep*

Of our foul loss—Look, now they peep!

Annab Pox peep 'em!

Lam Oh give 'em gentle language!

Annab Give 'em rats-bane! 15
[*Peep above*]

Lam Now they are above

Annab I would they were i' th' centie

Lam Thou art so foolish desperate

Annab Since we must lose

Lam Cail 'em brave fellows, gentlemen

Annab Call 'em rogues,

Rogues, as they are, rude rogues, uncivil villains

Lam Look, an thou woo't, beware, dost thou feel
the danger? 20

Annab Till the danger feel me, thus will I talk
still,

And worse when that comes, too, they cannot eat
me

This is a punishment, upon our own prides

Most justly laid we must abuse brave gentlemen,

Make 'em tame fools, and hobby-horses, laugh and
jeer at 25

Such men too, and so handsome and so noble,

That howsoe'er we seem'd to carry it—

Would 'twere to do again!

Lam I do confess, cousin,
It was too harsh, too foolish

Annab Do you feel it?
Do you find it now? Take heed o' th' punishment, 30

We might have had two gallant gentlemen,

Proper and young, oh, how it tortures me!

Two devils now, two rascals, two and twenty

Lam Oh, think not so!

Annab Nay, an we 'scape so modestly

14] *loss—peep—looke now* F1 F2, T, S as Dy (above) W D
insert s d A *Gentleman peeps*

15 s d] Ff T, S *Gentlemen peeping above* W D *Disguisea Gentlemen*
peep above Dy

16 *centie*] Center Ff, i e "hell"

20 *Look, etc*] *Look an thou woo't, beware* F1, W D No comma till
after *b are*, F2, T, S *Look, an thou woo't beware* Dy

29 *It was*] F1, W D, Dy *I was* F2, T, S

32 *and*] Om Ff, T, inserted by S, etc

Lam May we be worthy any eyes, or knowledge, 35
When we are used thus?

Annab Why not? Why do you cry?
Are we not women still? What were we made for?

Lam But thus, thus basely——

Annab 'Tis against our wills,
And if there come a thousand so

Lam Out on thee!

Annab You are a fool, what we cannot resist, 40
Why should we grieve and blush for? There be
women,

And they that bear the name of excellent women,
Would give their whole estates to get this fortune

Lam Hark, a new noise! [*New sound within*]

Annab Let 'em go on, I fear not
If wrangling, fighting, and scratching, cannot preserve
me,

Why, so be it, cousin, if I be ordained
To breed a race of rogues——

*Enter four over the Stage with BEAUFRE and
VERDONL bound, and halters about their necks*

Lam They come

Annab Be firm
They are welcome

Lam What mask of death is this? Oh my dear
brother!

Annab My coz too! Why, now you are glorious 50
villains!

Lam Oh, shall we lose our honours?

Annab Let 'em go
When death prepares the way, they are but pageants
Why must these die?

Beau I lament your own misfortunes
We perish happily before your ruin

Annab Has mischief never a tongue?

38 *unl's* *vils* I 2

39 *thous and so*] F1, T, S *thous and so* W 1. Dy

47 *and*] So Ff, T, S W D *Enter four disguised Gentlemen*
Dy, who inserts after *we come*

50 *coz*] loose F1 *coz* F2 *you are, D,* *you are, D,* *you are, D,*

50 *glorious*] *simply* *ironic*

1 *Gent* Yes, foolish woman, 55
 Our captain's will is death
Annab You dare not do it
 Tell thy base boisterous captain what I say,
 Thy lawless captain, that he dares not!
 Do you laugh, you rogue? You pampere'd rogue?
Lam, Good sir—
 Good cousin gently!—as y'are a gentleman— 60
Annab A gentleman? a slave, a dog, the devil's
 harbinger!
Lam Sir, as you had a mother,—
Annab He a mother?
 Shame not the name of mother, a she-bear,
 A bloody old wolf-bitch! a woman-mother?
 Looks that rude lump, as if he had a mother? 65
 Intreat him? hang him!—Do thy worst, thou dar'st
 not,
 Thou dar'st not wrong their lives, thy captain dares
 not,
 They are persons of more price
Verd Whate'er we suffer,
 Let not your angers wrong you
Annab You cannot suffer, 70
 The men that do this deed must live i' th' moon,
 Free from the gripe of justice
Lam Is it not better
Annab Is it not better? Let 'em go on like ras-
 cals,
 And put false faces on! they dare not do it
 Flatter such scabs of nature?
Gent Woman, woman,
 The next work is with you
Annab Unbind those gentlemen, 75
 And put their fatal fortunes on our necks
Lam As you have mercy, do!
Annab As you are monsters!

57 *boisterous*] = "violent," "outrageous," "brutal" Cf. 3 *Hen* IV, ii 1
 70 "boisterous Cl. flora"

60 *y'are*] If, *you are* T, S, Dy *you are*, W D

61 *harbin,er*] used vaguely in sense of "fore-runner," "servants"

74 *s d*] If, T, S om *d* or *See*, as also in l 82, om *x* or *First* in 85 Dy
 inserts the numbers

Lam Fight us no more with shipwreck of our
honours,

Nor, if there be a guilt by us committed,
Let it endanger those

Annab I say they dare not 80
There be a thousand gallowses, ye rogues,
Tortures, ye bloody rogues, wheels!

I Gent Away!

Lam Stay!

Annab Stay!

Stay, and I'll flatter too Good sweet-faced gentle-
men,

You excellent in honesty!—Oh kinsmen!
Oh, noble kinsmen!

I Gent Away with 'em!

Exeunt VINDONE, BEAUPRI and Gent

Annab Stay yet! 85

The devil and his lovely dam walk with you!—
Come fortify yourself, if they do die,
(Which all their ruggedness cannot rack into me)
They cannot find an hour more innocent,
Nor more friends to revenge 'em

Enter CLEREMONT disguised

Lam Now stand constant 90
For now our trial's come

Cler This beauty's mine,
Your minute moves not yet

Lam She sinks!

Annab If Christian,
If any spark of noble heat

Cler Rise, lady,
And fearless rise, there's no dishonour meant you,

78 *shipwreck*] *wreck* S, etc

85 *s d*] So S, W D *Exit* Verta Beaup and *Gent* Fi *Ex* Ver Beaup
and *G t* F2, T *Exeunt* all the disguised Gentlemen with B and V Dy

88 *their*] *that* W D

88 *uggedness*] "roughness," "harshness"

91 *trial's*] So F2, etc *tryalls* Fi Dy inserts *s d* *Seizes* Annabell, *who*
falls W D have, Annabel *falls*

92-3] *She sinks if Christian, | If any spark* (all to *Lam*) Ff, T, S,
1778, W D "It is evident from the reply of C that they belong to A, who
is kneeling," etc (H th's MS note)

93] Dy inserts *s d* *raising her* W D *Apart* to A

Do you know my tongue ?

Annab

I have heard it

Cler

Mark it better 95

I am one that loves you , fairly, nobly, loves you ,

Look on my face

Annab

Oh sir !

Cler

No more words, softly ,

Hark, but hark wisely now, understand well,

Suspect nôt, fear not

Annab

You have brought me comfort

Cler

If you think me worthy of your husband, 100

I am no rogue nor beggar , if you dare do thus

Annab

You are monsieur Cleremont ?

Cler

I am the same

If you dare venture, speak , if not, I leave you,

And leave you to the mercy of these villains,

That will not woo ye much

Annab

Save my reputation, 105

And flee me from these slaves !

Cler

By this kiss, I'll do it,

And from the least dishonour they dare aim at you

I have a priest too, shall be ready

Annab

You are forward ?

Lam

Is this my constant cousin ? How she

whispers,

Kisses, and hugs the thief !

Annab

You'll offer nothing ? 110

Cler

Till all be tied, not, as I am a gentleman

Annab

Can you relieve my aunt too ?

Cler

Not yet, mistress

But fear nothing , all shall be well , away quickly,

It must be done i' th' moment, or——

Annab

I am with ye

Cler

I'll know now who sleeps by me —Keep your

standing

115

[*Exeunt CLEREMONT and ANNABELL*]

97] W D insert s d *Pull off his mask after face*

98 *now*] Heath's correction in MS note *how* Ff, T, S, etc

100 *you think*] *if you dare think* S, 1778

105 *ye*] So Ff, T, S *you* D;

111 Two lines in Ff, first ending *tied*

114 *ye*] T, S *you* W D, D;

115 *Keep your standing*] 10 Lamira

Lam Well, go thy ways, and thine own shame dwell
with thee!

Is this the constancy she shew'd? the bravery?
The dear love and the life she ow'd her kinsmen?
Oh, brave, tongue-valiant, glorious woman!
Is this the noble anger you arriv'd at? 120
Are these the thieves you scorn'd, the rogues you
rail'd at?

The scabs and scums of nature? O fair modesty,
Excellent virtue, whither art thou fled?
What hand of Heaven is over us, when strong virgins
Yield to their fears, and to their fears their fortunes? 125
Never belief come near me more! Farewell, wench,
A long farewell from all that ever knew thee!
My turn is next, I am resolv'd It comes,
But in a nobler shape Ha!

Enter DINAN

Din Bless ye, lady!

Lam Indeed, sir, I had need of many blessings, 130
For all the hours I have had since I came here
Have been so many curses How got you liberty?
For I presume you come to comfort me

Din To comfort you, and love you, 'tis most
true,
My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterness, 135
And every hour my death

Lam Heaven was your comfort

Din Till the last evening, sitting full of sadness,
Wailing, sweet mistress, your unhappy fortunes,
(Mine own, I had the least care of,) round about me
The captain and the company stood gaping, 140
When I began the story of my love
To you, fair saint, and with so full a sorrow
Follow'd each point, that even from those rude eyes,
That never knew what pity meant or mercy

116 ways] F1 Dv way F2, T S

119] So Dv O brave tongue, valiant glorious woman Ff T O brave
tongue valiant, and vain glorious woman S (in 36 with Sy's support), 1778

124 7] O F2 in F1 the f is faint

128 Two lines in Ff

There, stole down soft relentings (Take heed, mistress, 145
 And let not such unholy hearts out-do you !
 The soft-plum'd god will see again) Thus taken,
 As men transform'd with the strange tale I told,
 They stood amaz'd, then bid me rise and live,
 Take liberty and means to see your person, 150
 And wish me prosperous in your love, wish you so,
 Be wise and loving, lady, show but you so !

Lam Oh sir, are these fit hours to talk of love in ?
 Shall we make fools of our afflictions ?
 Can any thing sound sweetly in mine ears, 155
 Where all the noise of bloody horror is ?
 My brother and my cousin, they are dead, sir,
 Dead, basely dead, —is this an age to fool in ?
 And I myself, I know not what I shall be,
 Yet I must thank you, and if happily 160
 You had ask'd me yesterday, when these were living,
 And my fears less, I might have hearken'd to you

Din Peace to your grief ! I bind you to your word

Enter CLERMONT, ANNABELL, BEAUPRE, VERDONE,
 CHARLOTTE, *Nurse, the two Gentlemen*

Lam How ? do you conjure ?

Din Not to raise dreadful apparitions, madam, 165
 But such as you would gladly see

Lam My brother,
 And nephew living !

Beaup And both owe their lives
 To the favour of these gentlemen

Verd Who deserve
 Our service, and, for us, your gracious thanks

Lam Which I give freely, and become a suitor 170
 To be hereafter more familiar [Kiss
 With such great worth and virtue

1 Gent Ever think us
 Your servants, madam

Cler Why, if thou wilt needs know
 How we are freed, I will discover it,

156 15] Om F1

163 s d] *Nurse*, and the T, S, W D and two Dy

167 *My* [living] One line in Ff

171 s d] So Ff T, S Kisses them W D The two Gentlemen kiss Lamira Dy

SCENE I] THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER 197

And with laconic brevity Those gentlemen, 175
 This night encountering with those outlaws that
 Yesterday made us prisoners, and, as we were
 Attempted by 'em, they with greater courage,
 (I am sure with better fortune, not alone
 Guarded themselves, but forc'd the bloody thieves 180
 Being got between them and this hellish cave,
 For safety of their lives to fly up higher
 Into the woods, all left to their possession
 This sav'd your brother and your nephew from
 The gibbet, this redeem'd me from my chains, 185
 And gave my friend his liberty, this preserv'd
 Your honour, ready to be lost

Din But that
 I know this for a lie, and that the thieves
 And gentlemen, are the same men, by my practice
 Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it 190
 With such a constant brow, that I am doubtful
 I should believe him too [*Aside*

I Gent If we did well,
 We are rewarded

2 Gent Thanks but takes away
 From what was freely purpos'd

Cler Now by this hand,
 [*Aside to the Gentlemen*
 You have so cunningly discharg'd your parts, 195
 That, while we live, rest confident you shall
 Command Dinant and Cleremont Nor Beaupré,
 Nor Verdone scents it, for the ladies, they
 Were easy to be gull'd

I Gent 'Twas but a jest
 And yet the jest may chance to break our necks, 200
 Should it be known

Cler Fear nothing
Din Cleremont,
 Say, what success?

Cler As thou wouldst wish, 'tis done, lad,

184 *sav'd*] save F1

189 *practice* = "artful contrivance," 'stratagem' (Dv)

192 s d and 194 s d] Om Ff T, S 194 s d] *To the Gentlemen apart*
 W D

193 *takes*] take 1778, W D

The grove will witness with me, that this night
I lay not like a block But how speed you ?

Din I yet am in suspense devise some means 205
To get these off, and speedily

Cler I have it —
Come, we are dull, I think that the good fellows,
Our predecessors in this place, were not
So foolish and improvident husbands, but
'Twill yield us meat and wine

I Gent Let's ransack it, 210
'Tis ours now by the law

Cler How say you, sweet one,
Have you an appetite ?

Annal To walk again
I' th' woods, if you think fit rather than eat

Cler A little respite, prithee nay, blush not,
You ask but what's your own, and warrantable 215
Monsieur Beaupré, Verdone,
What think you of the motion ?

Verd Lead the way

Beau We follow willingly

Cler When you shall think fit,
We will expect you

[*Exeunt Manant DINANT and LAMIRA*]

Din Now be mistress of
Your promise, lady

Lam 'Twas to give you hearing 220

Din But that word hearing did include a
grant,

And you must make it good

Lam Must ?

Din Must and shall

I will be fool'd no more, you had your tricks,
Made properties of me, and of my friend,
Presum'd upon your power, and whipp'd me with 225
The rod of mine own dotage do not flatter
Yourself with hope that any human help
Can free you, and, for aid by miracle,
A base unthankful woman is unworthy

209 *husbands*] = "housekeepers," "managers of affairs"

215 *warrantable*] = "justifiable," "lawful"

Lam You will not force me?

Din Rather than enjoy you 230
With your consent, because I will torment you,
I'll make you feel the effects of abused love,
And glory in your torture

Lam Brother! nephew!
Help, help, for Heaven's sake!

Din Tear your throat, cry louder
Though every leaf these trees bear were an echo, 235
And summon'd in your best friends to redeem you,
It should be fruitless. 'Tis not that I love you,
Or value those delights you prize so high,
That I'll enjoy you, a French crown will buy
More sport, and a companion, to whom 240
You in your best trim are an Ethiop

Lam Forbear me, then

Din Not so, I'll do't in spite
And break that stubborn disobedient will,
That hath so long held out, that boasted honour,
I will make equal with a common whore's 245
The spring of chastity, that fed your pride,
And grew into a river of vain glory,
I will defile with mud, the mud of lust,
And make it loathsome even to goats

Lam O Heaven!
No pity, sir?

Din You taught me to be cruel, 250
And dare you think of mercy? I'll tell thee, fool,
Those that surpris'd thee were my instruments,
I can plot too, good madam—you shall find it,
And in the stead of licking of my fingers,
Kneeling and whining like a boy new-breech'd 255
To get a toy, forsooth, not worth an apple,
Thus make my way, and with authority
Command what I would have

Lam I am lost for ever!
Good sir, I do confess my fault, my gross fault,
And yield myself up, miserable guilty! 260

230 *Din* } Om *Fi* *enjoy* *Fi* has *enjoy*

249 *even* } *Heaven*! in T, S

255 *new breech'd* } "newly whipped" Dy

258 Dy and W D insert s d *Kneels* and in 270 *Raising her*

Thus kneeling, I confess, you cannot study
 Sufficient punishments to load me with,
 I am in your power, and I confess again,
 You cannot be too cruel, if there be,
 Besides the loss of my long-guaided honour, 265
 Any thing else to make the balance even,
 Pray, put it in, all hopes, all helps have left me,
 I am girt round with sorrow hell's about me,
 And ravishment the least that I can look for
 Do what you please

Din Indeed I will do nothing, 270
 Nor touch, nor hurt you, lady, nor had ever
 Such a lewd purpose

Lam Can there be such goodness,
 And in a man so injur'd?

Din Be confirm'd in 't
 I seal it thus [*kisses her*] I must confess you vex'd me
 In fooling me so often, and those fears, 275
 You thiew upon me, call'd for a requital,
 Which now I have return'd All unchaste love
 Dinant thus throws away! Live to mankind,
 As you have done to me, and I will honour
 Your virtue, and no more think of your beauty 280

Lam All I possess comes short of satisfaction

Din No compliments The terrors of this night
 Imagine but a fearful dream, and so
 With ease forget it, for Dinant, that labour'd
 To blast your honour, is a champion for it, 285
 And will protect and guaid it

Lam 'Tis as safe, then,
 As if a complete army undertook it [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

Paris A street

Enter LA-WRIT, SAMPSON, Clients

La-Wr Do not persuade me, gentle monsieur
 Sampson,

274 s d] inserted by W D, Dv
 s d] SCENE *street* om Ff, T, S Inserted by W D, Dy T, S,
 W D, Dy, insert *and* after Sampson

I am a mortal man again, a lawyer,
My martial part I have put off

Samp Sweet monsieur
Let but our honours teach us

La-Wr Monsieur Sampson,
My honourable friend, my valiant friend, 5
Be but so beaten—Forward, my brave clients,
I am yours, and you are mine again—be but so
thrash't,

Receive that castigation with a cudgel

Samp Which calls upon us for a reparation

La-Wr I have, it cost me half-a-crown, I bear it, 10
All over me I bear it, monsieur Sampson,
The oils, and the old woman that repairs to me,
To 'noint my beaten body——

Samp It concerns you,
You have been swing'd

La-Wr Let it concern thee too,
Go and be beaten, speak scurv'y words, as I did, 15
Speak to that lion lord, waken his anger,
And have a hundred bastinadoes, do,
Three broken pates, thy teeth knock'd out, do, Samp-
son,

Thy valiant arms and legs beaten to poultices,
Do, silly Sampson, do

Ch You wrong the gentleman 20
To put him out of his right mind thus, you wrong
Us and our causes

La-Wr Down with him gentlemen,
Turn him and beat him, if he break our peace—
Then when thou hast been lamm'd, thy small guts
perisht,

Then talk to me, before, I scorn thy counsel, 25
Feel what I feel, and let my lord repair thee

Samp And can the brave La-Wr sit——

3 *mortal*] So F2 *mortal* F1 by natural repetition from *above*
7 *thrash't*] *thresh'd* Dy

10 *I have it* *it cost* W

14 *swing'd*] *swinge'd* Dy

17 *bastinado* s Ff

19 *poultices*] *Poultisses* Ff F S

21 *To put him*] *To try to put him* S, 177b Ff divide at *to us*

24 *lamm'd*] Dy's c] for *lam'd* of Ff

24 *perisht*] = "brought to the point of death with cold"

2 *Cl* Tempt him no further ?
 Be warn'd, and say no more
La-Wr If thou dost, Sampson,
 Thou seest my Myrmidons, I'll let 'em loose,
 That in a moment——

Samp I say nothing, sir, 30
 But I could wish——

La-Wr They shall destroy thee wishing,
 There's ne'er a man of these but have lost ten causes,
 Dearer than ten men's lives tempt, and thou diest
 Go home, and smile upon my lord mine uncle,
 Take money of the men thou meanest to cozen, 35
 Drink wine, and eat good meat, and live discreetly,
 Talk little, 'tis an antidote against a beating,
 Keep thy hand from thy sword and from thy laun-
 dress' placket,
 And thou wilt live long

1 *Cl* Give ear, and be instructed
La-Wr I find I am wiser than a justice of peace
 now, 40

Give me the wisdom that's beaten into a man !
 That sticks still by him Art thou a new man ?

Samp Yes, yes, thy learned precepts have en-
 charmed me

La-Wr Go, my son Sampson, I have now begot
 thee,
 I'll send thee causes, speak to thy lord, and live,— 45
 And lay my share by, go, and live in peace,
 Put on new suits, and shew fit for thy place,
 That man neglects his living, is an ass

[Exit SAMPSON]
 Farewell Come, cheerly, boys, about our business !
 Now, welcome tongue again, hang swords !

1 *Cl* Sweet advocate ! 50
 [Exeunt]

30, 31 *I say* [w. v.] One line in Ff

34 *my lord mine uncle* F1 *thine uncle* F2, etc., Dy But it is probable
 that *I a Wr* is sarcastically repeating Sampson's frequent phrase

35 *Cozen* Cousin F2, which accentuates the play on words !

43 *Yes, yes* in a separate line in Ff

46 *my* qy *thy* ? or does he mean "you must keep a share, commission,
 for me" ? Or is it merely 'the share of money or fortune you owe to my good
 offices' ?

49 *cheerly* *cheerly* F2

SCENE III

*A room in the country house of CHAMPERNILL**Enter Nurse and CHARLOTTÉ*

Nurse I know not, wench, they may call em what
they will;

Outlaws, or thieves, but, I am sure, to me
One was an honest man, he us'd me well,
What I did, 'tis no matter, he complain'd not

Charl I must confess, there was one bold with
me too, 5
Some coy thing would say rude but 'tis no matter,
I was to pay a waiting-woman's ransom,
And I have done t, and I would pay 't again,
Were I ta'en to-morrow'

Nurse Alas there was no hurt!
If 't be a sin for such as live at hard meat, 10
And keep a long Lent in the woods as they do,
To taste a little flesh——

Charl God help the courtiers,
That lie at rack and manger'

Nurse I shall love
A thief the better for this while I live
They are men of a charitable vocation, 15
And give where there is need, and with discretion,
And put a good speed penny in my purse,
That has been empty twenty years

Charl Peace nurse
Farewell and cry not roast meat Methinks Cleie-
mont
And my lady Annabell are in one night 20
Familiarly acquainted

Nurse I observe it
If she have got a penny too'

s d.] So Dy. *The country house* W D
13] Cf Massinger, *Bondman*, v. i. But to l. 'at rack and manger'
17 *speed penny*] hyphenated by S. Dy. but isn't it *good bye* rather, if a
hyphen is to be introduced at all? Cf 'God's penny' (now only *qualestat*) =
"small sum paid as earnest money on striking a bargain, especially on concluding
a purchase, or hiring a servant, as a penny given in charity"
17 *purse*] See Henley and Farmer's *Slang and its Analogues*

Enter VERTAIGNE, CHAMPERNEL, and Provost

Charl No more
My lord, monsieur Vertaigne the Provost too,
Haste and acquaint my lady

[*Exeunt* Nurse and CHARLOTTE

Prov Wondrous strange!

Vertz, 'Tis true, sir, on my credit

Cham On mine honour 25

Prov I have been provost-marshal twenty years,
And I have truss'd up a thousand of these rascals,
But so near Paris yet I never met with
One of that brotherhood

Cham We to our cost have
But will you search the wood?

Prov It is beset, 30
They cannot scape us Nothing makes me wonder,
So much as, having you within their power,

They let you go, it was a courtesy,
That French thieves use not often, I much pity
The gentle ladies, yet, I know not how, 35
I rather hope than fear

Enter DINANT, CLEREMONT, VERDONE, BEAUPRE,
LAMIRA, ANNABELL, CHARLOTTE, Nurse

Are these the prisoners?

Din We were such

Verta Kill me not, excess of joy!

Cham I see thou livest, but hast thou had no foul
play?

Lam No, on my soul, my usage hath been noble,
Far from all violence

Cham How were you freed? 40
But kiss me first, we'll talk of that at leisure,
I am glad I have thee—Niece, how you keep off,
As you knew me not!

Annab Sir, I am where

22 s d] Dy inserts *Enter* C, V and P, after *Exeunt* N and C

24 wondrous] wondrous Ff, T, S

25 On] O F2

36 s d] Dy inserts *and* before Nurse

37 s d] Verd F2, T S but the speech is more suited to Verta

I owe most duty

Cler 'Tis indeed most true, sir,
The man that should have been your bedfellow, 45
Your lordship's bedfellow, that could not smel out
A virgin of sixteen, that was your fool
To make you merry, this poor simple fellow
Has met the maid again, and now she knows
He is a man

Cham How ' is she dishonour'd ? 50

Cler Not unless marriage be dishonourable
Heaven is a witness of our happy contract
And the next priest we meet shall warrant
To all the world I lay with her in jest,
'Tis turn'd to earnest now

Cham Is this true, niece ? 55

Din Her blushing silence grants it Nay, sir, storm
not

He is my friend, and I can make this good,
His birth and fortunes equal heirs, your lordship
Might have sought out a worse, we are all friends
too,

All differences end thus Now, sir, unless 60

You would raise new dissensions, make perfect
What is so well begun

Vert That were not manly

Lam Let me persuade you

Cham Well, God give you joy !

She shall not come a beggar to you, sir —
For you, monsieur Dinant, ere long I'll shew you. 65
Another niece, to this not much inferior,
As you shall like, proceed

Din I thank you, sir

Cham Back, then, to Paris Well that travel ends,
That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends

[*Exeunt omnes*]

EPILOGUE

GENTLEMEN,

*I am sent forth to enquire what you decree
 Of us and of our poets, they will be
 This night exceeding merry, so will we,
 If you approve their labours They profess
 You are their patrons, and we say no less
 Resolve us, then, for you can only tell
 Whether we have done idly, or done well*

5

6 *Resolve*] 'satisfy,' "inform" (Dy)7 *Whether*] *Whether* FI

FINIS

VALENTINIAN

EDITED BY ROBERT GRANT MARTIN

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Ill., U.S.A.

In the Folios 1647, 1679

In Theobald's edition (1750) vol. iv (*curavit* Seward), in Colman's (1778) vol. iv, in Weber's (1812) vol. iv, in Dyce's (1843) vol. v

In the edition by Mr. A. R. Waller in the *Cambridge English Classics* (vol. iv, 1906) the text of the Folio of 1679 is reproduced, a list of the more important variants in the First Folio being given in an Appendix

VALENTINIAN

ATTHORSHIP AND DATE —With the exception of Daley, who in his Introduction to his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher (2 vols. 1839) places *Valentinian* in a group of plays which, though not brought collectively into existence (Beaumont's) death, may have been planned, and partly or wholly written, with his co-operation, before it, critics are unanimously of the opinion that Fletcher is the sole author.

The play is dated 1610-1614. The upward limit is set by the publication in 1610 (privilege dated Feb. 15, 1610) of the second part of *de Witt's* *Part I* had been published in 1607. For the bibliography of the *Arden* see O. C. Reue, *La Vie et les Œuvres de Honore d'Urfé* Paris 1910. The downward limit is fixed, as in the case of *Pericles*, by the death of William Ostler (or Osteler), who is mentioned as one of the actors in the play given in the Second Folio; he died Dec. 16, 1614. (Dr. C. W. Wallace in the *Index*, Oct. 2 and 4, 1909).

ARGUMENT —The scene is laid in Rome in the time of Valentinian III, Emperor of the West. Valentinian smitten with the charms of Lucina, wife of the general Maximus, has for some time been endeavouring to induce her faith to her husband. Lucina's virtue is, however, so proof against all temptation that the Emperor's eunuchs and boys are at a loss how to weaken her resolution. At a game of dice Valentinian wins from Maximus a finger-ring; this he immediately sends to Lucina, with a message purporting to be from her husband, bidding her come to him at the palace. On her arrival she is led to a remote chamber where, despite her prayers, Valentinian by his will there ensues a powerful scene between ravisher and victim; the latter with unmoved composure and replies with perfect cynicism to her passionate reproaches, and leaves her in tears. In this condition she is found by her husband, who agrees with her that death is the only remedy for her distress. They bid each other a last farewell, and shortly after her women bring to Maximus the report of her death.

Maximus is no man to let his wrongs tally. But as an obstacle to the execution of his vengeance stands the bluff old Aecius, commander of the Roman army, no fawning flatterer of the Emperor, but thoroughly loyal to the throne. Maximus knows that on the slightest intimation of impending danger Aecius would not scruple to cut him down, although the two are bound by ties of closest friendship. Aecius must be put out of the way. Maximus arranges that there shall come into the Emperor's hand an anonymous letter, addressed to Maximus himself, urging him to curb the ambition of Aecius, which may aim as high as the imperial purple. This forgery has the desired effect of rousing Valentinian's suspicions against Aecius, who had already angered him by a frank report of the opinions held by the army of the Emperor's execution of general malgovernment. As his agent for the death of Aecius Valentinian decides to employ Pontius, previously cashiered by Aecius of a captaincy in the army because he had dared to express too openly the resentment felt by the soldiers for their inactivity and lack of pay. Pontius, however, is still loyal to his old commander, and, when sent to murder Aecius, falls upon his own sword. Aecius, on learning that Valentinian desires his death, refuses to do it, and since the Emperor's eunuchs are too cowardly to take his life, kills him. If Retribution falls swiftly on Valentinian. He is poisoned by Aretus and

Phidias two followers of Aecius, and dies after undergoing the most dreadful agony, taunted to the last by Aretus, who has drunk of the same poison, but well-nigh forgets his own torture in his exultation over the Emperor's sufferings.

The first thought of Maximus, now that vengeance is accomplished, is to follow Lucina and Aecius to death. But ambition prompts the second thought, that he may live to be Emperor, and, on his presenting himself to the army, he is proclaimed Caesar by the soldiers. He at once takes the Empress Eudoxia as his consort, and in a rash moment reveals to her his share in the deaths of Aecius and Valentinian to gain credulity for his statement that he had done all this for her love, he even sinks so low as to declare himself a party to Lucina's ravishment. At the splendid inaugural ceremony Maximus sinks back in his seat as if overcome with wine, whereupon Eudoxia confesses that she has killed him by means of a poisoned wreath. Senators and soldiers, after hearing her story, unite in commending her action, and, after ordering that the body of Maximus be borne off for burning, they go out to elect a new Emperor.

SOURCE — 'For the plot,' says Langbaine, "see the Writers of those Times, as *Cassiodori Chron. Ann. Marcell. Hist. Evagrius Lib. 2. Procopius*, etc." This somewhat random ascription passed muster until A. L. Stiefel (*Zeitschrift für vergleichende Literaturgeschichte*, xii 249, also *Englische Studien*, xxvi 238-43) dismissed the claims of the old historians, and proposed as Fletcher's sole source, the *Histoire d'Eudoxe, Valentinian et Ursace* in Honoré d'Urfé's *Astrée* (Pt. II, ch. 12, pp. 854-974 in ed. of 1647, Rouen, 5 vols.), used also by Fletcher in *Monsieur Thomas*. As a matter of fact, Fletcher probably knew the versions of both Procopius and d'Urfé. Thus in the *Astrée* he found suggestions for the employment of a eunuch as the messenger to Lucina, for the brief colloquy between Valentinian and Lucina preceding the rape and for the Emperor's apparent relenting, for the scene between the two after the deed is accomplished, for the sending of the eunuchs to kill Aecius, and for the artful way in which Maximus uses Phidias and Aretus as instruments of his revenge, the simple narrative of Procopius has no details resembling these. On the other hand, the striking incident of Maximus's confession to Eudoxia of his method of gaining the throne and his declaration that all had been done for her love, Fletcher could have found only in Procopius (*De Bello Vandalico*, i 4). The story is graphically told in chs. 35 and 36 of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

A few passages may be noted where Fletcher appears to be echoing d'Urfé's words. Stiefel compares Lucina's plea to Valentinian in II. vi:

"I beseech your Majesty,
Consider what I am, and whose,"

with the words of Isidore, the wife of Maximus in the *Astrée*, "vous ne ferez rien contre vostre devoir, & contre ma volonté, lors que ie considere qui vous estes et qui ie suis" (ed. 1647, ii 895), and "ie vous veux bien supplier tres humblement d'avoir consideration de ce que ie suis" (897). Compare also her appeal to his honour as Caesar,

"I do not think ye are lascivious,
These wanton men belie ye — you are *Cæsar*,
Which is, the father of the empire's honour," (II. iv.),

and Isidore's "ce grand Cesar, de qui le nom est honoré par tout le monde" (897), and "vous estes Cesar, c'est a dire, Seigneur" (900). What is said of Isidore, 'cependant n'ayant point consenty de la volonté à cette violence,

die cruelle qu'il ne la crovoit pas moins chaste, ni moins digne d'estre sa femme qu'auparavant" (1007) is paralleled by the suggestion of Aecius that Lucina is still chaste,

"Besides, compell'd and forc'd with violence
To what ye have done, the deed is none of yours,
No, nor the justice neither ye may give
And still a worthier woman, still more honoured (III. 1.)

To the materials which he found in Procopius and de Uife, Fletcher has added much. Thus the minor characters—the bawds and maids, the eunuchs and soldiers—are all of his invention, as are the whole of the Pontius story, the friendship of Maximus and Aecius, the device of the letter whereby Maximus brings about the downfall of Aecius, and the death scenes of Aecius, Valentinian and Maximus. Procopius does not relate the manner of Valentinian's death—in the *Aspie* he is killed by Maximus and Aecius's friend Thrastus. The conclusion of the historical narrative is altered by Fletcher in order to provide a sensational climax. According to Procopius Ludovica whom Maximus had married against her will, sent to Genseric, King of the Vandals, begging him to take vengeance for Valentinian's death. He advanced on Rome with a large force, and Maximus fleeing was slain to death by the Romans themselves.

Koeppel's suggestion (*Manly and Boylston's Roman History*, vol. 71) that the form of Maximus's reflections on honour (III. 1) is modelled upon the famous self-catechizing of Falstaff in *1 Henry IV* was anticipated by Seward.

HISTORY.—Pepys does not mention having seen *Valentinian*, nor have we any trace of it upon the stage for nearly three quarters of a century. In 1655 appeared in quarto '*Valentinian a Tragedy As it is Altered by the late Earl of Rochester, And Acted at the Theatre Royal Together with a Preface concerning the Author and his Writings, By one of his Friends*. London: Printed for Timothy Goodwin at the Maiden head against St. Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet 1685." To the exact date of the adaptation we have no clue, but Rochester died in 1680. In the British Museum is a MS. (A. 28.602) version of Rochester's play, entitled *Lucina's Rapture or the Tragedy of Valentinian*. It is prefaced by a list of actors as follows: Valentinian—Hart, Aecius—Moon (Mohan), Maximus—Winterbell (as Winter-hall, or Wintersel), Pontius—Liddle (Lyddell), Chylax—Cartwright, Lucina—Clarke, Lucina—Mrs. Marshall, Claudia—Mrs. Cox, Marcelina—Mrs. Boutall (Boutel), Ardelia—Mrs. Core (Corey), Phorba—Mrs. Knept (Knapp, Pepys's friend). If this is the cast of an actual performance it must have taken place before July 1679 when Wintershall died. This MS. version differs somewhat in arrangement and phraseology from the quarto, and perhaps represents the original alteration (as a note, evidently by a former owner of the MS., suggests).

Genest (i. 409-12) records a performance by the Theatre Royal Company in 1684, when Aecius was played by Betterton, and Lucina by Mrs. Barry. Genest quotes Downes (*Roscius Anglicanus*, 1708, p. 40) to the effect that the play was very successful owing to the skill of the acting, and the vogue of the author about town. After summarizing the changes made by Rochester, Genest says "Lord Rochester plainly saw what parts of the original ought to be omitted, and has very properly ended his play with the death of Valentinian—but he has not been fortunate in his additions his language being very inferior to Fletcher's." Two further performances are recorded by Genest, one of Nov. 21, 1706 at the Haymarket, when Betterton and Mrs. Barry

again played the leading rôles (ii 358), and the other of Jan 28, 1710, for Theophilus Keen's benefit, Keen himself playing Aecius (ii 435).

The quarto is supplied with a long preface (by Robert Wolsley) full of outrageous flattery, apologizing for any lack of polish that might be found in the play on the ground that the author had died before submitting it to a final revision. The tone of this preface may be sufficiently indicated by the opinion of the writer that although "Fletcher might be allow'd some Preference in the skill of a Play-Wright, (a thing my Lord had not much study'd) in the contrivance and working up of a passionate Scene, yet my Lord had so many other far more eminent Virtues to lay in the contrary Scale, as must necessarily weigh down the Ballance." The play is provided with three prologues, one spoken by Mrs. Cook the first day, written by Aphra Behn, in which Mrs. Behn speaks of

"Great Fletcher and the Greater Rochester,"

and declares that

"None but great Stephor's soft and pow'rful Wit
Durst undertake to mend what Fletcher writ."

The second prologue was spoken by Mrs. Cook on the second day, and the third was intended for Mrs. Barry.

In Rochester's version the doomed Aecius challenges the Emperor to fight, and in the combat throws himself on Valentinian's sword and so dies. Valentinian is killed by Aretus and the soldiers. Eudoxia does not appear. Rochester put his finger on the great weakness of the play when he cut out the last three scenes, but in all other respects "this alteration (to say nothing of its occasional grossness) is in the very worst taste. Some of the additional speeches are in rhyme, and form a ridiculous contrast to those portions of the original play which his lordship has retained"—Dyce.

In 1717 appeared a quarto, the text reprinted from the Second Folio "The Tragedy of Valentinian. Written by Mr. Francis Beaumont, and Mr. John Fletcher. London, Printed for J. T. and Sold by J. Brown at the Black Swan without Temple Bar 1717."

TEXT.—The text as printed in the Folios is pretty satisfactory, as regards both wording and metrical arrangement. F₂, beside adding the *Dramatis Personæ*, list of actors and statement of scene, makes a considerable number of corrections (notably III iii 147 and V iii 35), and presents the latter version. It has been generally, but not invariably (e.g. I i 9, I iii 170, II ii 17, III i 19, III i 207, III i 236), followed, but variants in F₁, other than changes in spelling, have been faithfully recorded. The practice of the Ff with regard to "you" and "ye," and the apostrophized form of the past participle, has been followed as closely as possible, and where the Ff differ in these respects, the reading of F₂ has been adopted. The division into scenes is made by both Ff, with the exceptions of II v and vi, and III ii. Statements of locality were wholly added, and stage directions largely increased, by Weber and Dyce. The punctuation is, in the main, that of Dyce.

PERSONS REPRESENTED IN THE PLAY

VALENTINIAN, Emperor of Rome	FULVIUS,	} Senators
ÆCIUS, the Emperor's loyal general	LUCIUS,	
BALBUS,	SEMPRONIUS,	
PROCIUS, } four noble panders, and	Physicians	
CHILAX, } flatterers to the	Gentlemen	
LICINIUS, } Emperor	Soldiers	
MAXIMUS, a great soldier, husband to		
LUCINA		
LYCIAS, an eunuch		
PONTIUS, an honest cashiered captain		
PHIDIAS, { two bold and faithful		
ÆKEIUS, { eunuchs, servants to		
	ÆCIUS	
AFRANIUS, an eminent captain		
PAULUS, a poet		
LICIPPUS, a courtier		

WOMEN

EUDOXIA, Empress, wife to VALEN	
TINIAN	
LUCINA, the chaste abused wife of	
MAXIMUS	
CLAUDIA, }	LUCINA'S waiting
MARCELLINA, }	women
ARDETHA, }	two of the Emperor's
PHORBA, }	bawds

SCENE — Rome

The principal actors were—

RICHARD BURBAGE	WILLIAM OSTLER
HENRY CONDEL	JOHN UNDERWOOD
JOHN LOWIN	

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] Not given in F1 Dyce changed the order and, to some extent, the descriptions. I follow in general F2.

Æcius] F1 usually spells *Æcius* until toward the end of III 1, from then on *Æcius* is the common form. F2 inclines more to the diphthong than F1, but is very inconsistent in its evident intention to change *Æ* to *Æ*, in fact, after IV 1, F2 usually prints *Æci* as the direction for the speaker, and *Æcius* in the text. The word is almost always pronounced as a trisyllable (quadrasyllabic exceptions occur at IV 1 107 and IV 11 11), and the *Æ* and the *e* invariably form two syllables. Seward first employed the diæresis to indicate the pronunciation.

Fulvius, Lucius, Sempromius] 3 Senators F2

Physicians, etc] *Servants, Physicians, Courtiers, Gentlemen, Soldiers, Boy Messenger, Attendants* —Dyce, who also adds *Ladius* at conclusion of 1 sc

SCENE] Om F1, as is list of actors

VALENTINIAN

ACT I

SCENE I

*The court of the Palace**Enter* BALBUS, PROCULUS, CHILAN, *and* LICINIUS

Bal I never saw the like, she's no more stirr'd
 No more another woman, no more alter'd
 With any hopes or promises laid to her,
 Let 'em be ne'er so weighty, ne'er so winning,
 Than I am with the motion of my own legs
 ~ *Proc* Chilax, 5
 You are a stranger yet in these designs,
 At least in Rome Tell e, and tell me truth,
 Did you e'er know, in all your course of practice,
 In all the ways of woman you have run through—
 (For I presume you have been brought up, Chilax, 10
 As we, to fetch and carry)—
Chi True, I have so
Proc Did you, I say again, in all this progress,
 Ever discover such a piece of beauty,
 Ever so rare a creature, (and, no doubt
 One that must know her worth too, and affect it, 15
 Ay, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none,) and honest?

[1] In both Folios there is a division into acts and scenes, but not always a correct one. The arrangement here followed is that made by Weber, adopted by Dyce. The localities of the scenes were first marked by Weber, from which Dyce departs only once. I follow F1, because the vowel must be elided in reading the line
 5 *my mine* F2 I follow F1, because the vowel must be elided in reading the line
 9 *woman*] *Women* F2, Weber Cf 1 86, where F2 concurs in singular

Honest, against the tide of all temptations?
 Honest to one man, to her husband only,
 And yet not eighteen, not of age to know
 Why she is honest?

Chi I confess it freely, 20
 I never saw her fellow, nor e'er shall
 For all our Grecian dames, all I have tried,
 (And sure I have tried a hundred—if I say two,
 I speak within my compass,) all these beauties,
 And all the constancy of all these faces, 25
 Maids widows, wives, of what degree of calling,
 (So they be Greeks and fat, for there's my cunning,)
 I would undertake, and not sweat for't, Proculus,
 Were they to try again, say twice as many,
 Under a thousand pound, to lay 'em bed-rid 30
 But this wench staggers me

Licin Do you see these jewels?
 You would think these pretty baits, now, I'll assure ye,
 Here's half the wealth of Asia

Bal These are nothing
 To the full honours I propounded to her
 I bid her think, and be, and presently, 35
 Whatever her ambition what the counsel
 Of others would add to her, what her dreams
 Could more enlarge, what any precedent
 Of any woman rising up to glory,
 And standing certain there, and in the highest, 40
 Could give her more, nay, to be empress

Proc And cold at all these offers?

Bal Cold as crystal,
 Never to be thaw'd again

Chi I tried her further,
 And so far, that I think she is no woman,
 At least, as women go now

Licin Why, what did you? 45

Chi I offer'd that, that had she been but mistress
 Of as much spleen as doves have, I had reach'd her
 A safe revenge of all that ever hates her,

32 ye] So Ff Fletcher was very fond of using *ye*, Dyce usually converts the form to *you* This text will adhere to the reading of the Ff

35 *presently*] immediately

48 *hates*] So Ff Seward, followed by later editors, amends to *hate*, unnecessarily

The crying-down for ever of all beauties
That may be thought come near her

Proc That was pretty 50

Cl I never knew that way fail, yet I'll tell ye,
I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a saint start, well consider'd
The law to be her creature, she to make it,
Her mouth to give it every creature living 55
From her aspect to draw their good or evil,
Fix'd in 'em, spite of fortune a new Nature
She should be call'd, and mother of all ages,
Time should be hers, and what she did, lame Virtue
Should bless to all posterities her air 60
Should give us life, her earth and water feed us,
And last, to none but to the emperor,
(And then but when she pleas'd to have it so,)
She should be held for mortal

Licen And she heard you?

Cl Yes, as a sick man hears a noise, or he 65
That stands condemn'd his judgment Let me
perish

But if there can be virtue, if that name
Be any thing but name and empty title,
If it be so as fools have been pleas'd to feign it,
A power that can preserve us after ashes, 70
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
This woman has a god of virtue in her

Di I would the emperor were that god

Cl She has in her
All the contempt of glory and vain seeming
Of all the Stoics, all the truth of Christians 75
And all their constancy modesty was made
When she was first intended, when she blushes,
It is the holiest thing to look upon,
The purest temple of her sect that ever
Made Nature a blest founder

Proc Is there no way 80
To take this phoenix?

Licen None but in her ashes

49 *or*] Om Fr

51 *Cl*] Seward gave this speech, and the next but one, to Procul

79 *cl*] sex

Chu If she were fat, or any way inclining
 To ease or pleasure, or affected glory,
 Proud to be seen and worshipp'd, 'twere a venture,
 But, on my soul, she is chaster than cold camphire 85

Bal I think so too, for all the ways of woman,
 Like a full sail, she bears against I ask'd her,
 After my many offers, walking with her,
 And her as many down-denials, how
 If the emperor, grown mad with love, should force
 her? 90

She pointed to a Lucrece that hung by,
 And with an angry look, that from her eyes
 Shot vestal fire against me, she departed

Proc This is the first wench I was ever pos'd in,
 Yet I have brought young loving things together 95
 This two-and-thirty year

Chu I find, by this wench,
 The calling of a bawd to be a strange,
 A wise, and subtle calling, and for none
 But staid, discreet, and understanding people
 And, as the tutor to great Alexander 100
 Would say a young man should not dare to read
 His moral books till after five-and-twenty,
 So must that he or she, that will be bawdy,
 (I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted,)
 If they will rise and gain experience, 105
 Well steep'd in years and discipline, begin it,
 I take it, 'tis no boys' play

Bal Well, what's thought of?

85 *cold camphire*] See *Philaster*, II ii 63, and note (vol. 1 p. 163 of this ed.)

87 *ask'd*] *ask'd* F1

91 *She pointed to a Lucrece*, etc.] "Seward observes in a note (the rest of which is not worth preserving) that Fenton has imitated this passage in the following one of *Marianna*, act iii sc. 6,

'But frowning, with a victor's haughty air,
 He pointed to a picture on the wall,
 Whose silent eloquence too plainly spoke
 His fix'd resolve against the suit I urg'd

Mar What picture?

Her Perseus led in chains through Rome"—Dyce

96 *year*] *years* F1 *years* F2, Colman, Weber *year* Seward, Dyce
 100 *tutor*] 1 e Aristotle

Proc The emperor must know it
Lucin If the women
 Should chance to fail too?
Chu As 'tis ten to one
Proc Why, what remains, but new nets for the
 purchase?
Chu Let's go consider, then and if ail fail,
 This is the first quick eel that sav'd her tail [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II

A room in the house of MAXIMUS

Enter LUCINA, ARDELIA, and PHORBA

Arđ You still insist upon that idol, honour
 Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth
 That takes off wrinkles? can it draw men's eyes
 To gaze upon you in your age? can honour
 (That truly is a saint to none but soldiers,
 And, look'd into, bears no reward but danger)
 Leave you the most respected person living?
 Or can the common kisses of a husband
 (Which to a sprightly lady is a labour)
 Make ye almost immortal? Ye are cozen'd
 The honour of a woman is her praises,
 The way to get these, to be seen and sought to,
 And not to bury such a happy sweetness
 Under a smoky roof

Lucina I'll hear no more
Phor That white and red, and all that blessed
 beauty,
 Kept from the eyes that make it so is nothing
 Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim it
 The phoenix, were she never seen, were doubted,

108 *women*] *woman* F2

110 *purchase*] *prey*

I n] Col su ested that Milton was considerably indebted to this scene for Conus's persuiv against chastity, Dyce remarks, "Not much"

12 *sought to*] *solicited sought 'co* Ff, correction made by Mason

That most unvalued horn the unicorn
 Bears to oppose the huntsman, were it nothing 20
 But tale and mere tradition, would help no man,
 But when the virtue's known, the honour's doubled
 Virtue is either lame, or not at all,
 And Love a sacrilege, and not a saint,
 When it bars up the way to men's petitions 25

And Nay, ye shall love your husband too we come
 not

To make a monster of ye

Lucina Are ye women?

And You'll find us so, and women you shall thank
 too,

If you have grace to make your use

Lucina Fie on ye!

Pho Alas, poor bashful lady! by my soul, 30
 Had ye no other virtue but your blushes,
 And I a man, I should run mad for those —
 How daintily they set her off, how sweetly!

And Come, goddess, come, you move too near the
 earth,

It must not be a better orb stays for you 35
 Here, be a maid and take 'em [*Offers her jewels*]

Lucina Pray leave me

Pho That were a sin, sweet lady, and a way
 To make us guilty of your melancholy,
 You must not be alone in conversation
 Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the con-
 science 40

Made easy and allowable

Lucina Ye are devils!

And That you may one day bless for your damna-
 tion

Lucina I charge ye, in the name of chastity,
 Tempt me no more! How ugly ye seem to me!
 There is no wonder men defame our sex, 45

19 *unvalued*] invaluable The unicorn's horn was reported to possess
 miraculous medicinal qualities

28 *thank*] So F2 *think* F1

36 *'em*] *'en* F1 "Maid's say nay, and take it" was a common proverbial
 saying Colman unhappily proposed *take him*, i.e. Valentinian Dyce quotes
Richard III, III. vi. "Play the maid's part still answer nay, and take it"

36 s d inserted by Weber

And lay the vices of all ages on us,
 When such as you shall bear the names of women
 If ye had eyes to see yourselves, or sense
 Above the base rewards ye play the bawds for
 If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness 50
 Though many regions off, as men hear thunder,
 If ever ye had fathers, and they souls,
 If ever mothers, and not such as you are,
 If ever any thing were constant in you,
 Beside your sins, or common but your curses 55
 If ever any of your ancestors
 Died worth a noble deed, that would be cherish'd,
 Soul-frighted with this black infection,
 You would run from one another to repentance,
 And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins 60
 That made ye blind and beasts

Phor Ye speak well, lady
 A sign of fruitful education,

If your religious zeal had wisdom with it

And This lady was ordain'd to dress the emper,
 And we may all give thanks for't

Phor I believe ye 65

And If any thing redeem the emperor

From his wild flying courses, this is she

She can instruct him, if ye mark, she is wise too

Phor Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her, 70

And so religious, that I well believe,

Though she would sin, she cannot

And And besides,

She has the emperor's cause in hand, not love's,

There lies the main consideration,

For which she is chiefly born

Phor She finds that point

Stronger than we can tell her, and, believe it, 75

I look by her means for a reformation,

And such a one, and such a rare way carried,

52 *If ever ye had fathers, etc*] Both Folios read *Mothers* in this line and *Fathers* in the line below, the transposition was made by Seward

55 *Beside*] *Besides* F2, Colm., Weber

55 *common but your curses*] *coming but by your curses* F2
 The emendation was made by Seward, and the line is thus glossed by Colm.
 "if there is any essential ingredient in your composition beside your sins, or anything common to you all beside the curses that attend those sins"

That all the world shall wonder at

Ard 'Tis true
I never thought the emperor had wisdom,
Pity, or fair affection to his country, 80
Till he profess'd this love & gods give 'em children,
Such as her virtues merit, and his zeal!
I look to see a Numa from this lady,
Or greater than Octavius

Phor Do you mark, too,
(Which is a noble virtue) how she blushes, 85
And what a flowing modesty runs through her,
When we but name the emperor?

Ard But mark it!
Yes, and admire it too, for she considers,
Though she be fair as Heaven and virtuous
As holy truth, yet to the emperor 90
She is a kind of nothing but her service,
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it,
And when her country's cause commands affection,
She knows obedience is the key of virtues
Then fly the blushes out, like Cupid's arrows, 95
And though the tie of marriage to her lord
Would fain cry, "Stay, Lucina!" yet the cause,
And general wisdom of the prince's love,
Makes her find surer ends, and happier,
And if the first were chaste, this is twice doubled 100

Phor Her tartness unto us too

Ard That's a wise one

Phor I rarely like, it shows a rising wisdom,
That chides all common fools as dare inquire
What princes would have private

Ard What a lady
Shall we be blest to serve!

Lucina Go, get ye from me! 105
Ye are your purses' agents, not the prince's
Is this the virtuous lure ye train'd me out to?
Am I a woman fit to imp your vices?

98 *prince's love*] i.e. her love for the prince

107 *lure*] *Lore Ff* "We should certainly read '*lure*' instead of '*love*' the allusion is to falconry, and the word '*train'd*' proves it" —Mason, quoted by Weber and Dyce

108 *imp*] A term of falconry, carrying out the figure of l 107 to imp a bird's wing was to engraft feathers into it to strengthen it for flight The

But that I had a mother, and a woman
 Whose ever living fame turns all it touches 110
 Into the good itself is I should now
 Even doubt myself, I have been search'd so near
 The very soul of honour Why should you two,
 That happily have been as chaste as I am,
 (Fairer, I think, by much, for yet your faces, 115
 Like ancient well-built piles, show worthy ruins,
 After that angel-age, turn mortal devils?
 For shame, for womanhood, for what ye have been
 (For rotten cedars have borne goodly branches
 It ye have hope of any Heaven, but court, 120
 Which, like a dream, you'll find hereafter vanish
 Or, at the best, but subject to repentance,
 Study no more to be ill spoken of!
 Let women live themselves, if they must fall,
 Their own destruction find 'em, not your faveurs 125
And Madam, ye are so excellent in all,
 And, I must tell it you with admiration,
 So true a joy ye have so sweet a fear,
 And, when ye come to anger, 'tis so noble,
 That, for mine own part, I could still offend, 130
 To hear you angry women that want that,
 And your way guided (else I count it nothing),
 Are either fools or cowards

Phor She were a mistress for no private greatness,
 Could she not frown A ravish'd kiss from anger, 135
 And such an anger as this lady learns us,
 Stuck with such pleasing dangers, gods, I ask ye,
 Which of ye all could hold from?

Lucina I perceive ye
 Your own dark sins dwell with ye¹ and that price
 You sell the chastity of modest wives at, 140
 Run to diseases with your bones¹ I scorn ye,

nearing of the line is—Am I a woman fit for you to graft your vices into?
 Cf. *Custom of the Country*, V. v. 111 (vol. 1 of this ed., p. 582)

109 and a woman] i. e. and that mother a woman whose, etc

114 happily] haply, as frequently after

134 *She were a mistress*, etc.] The punctuation of the *Iolus* is bad: they have no mark of punctuation after *frown*, and a period after *dangers*. "M gave the right punctuation (in which Heath had anticipated him *MS Notes*)."

—Dyce

141 *Run*] *Runs* If

And all the nets ye have pitch'd to catch my virtues,
 Like spiders' webs, I sweep away before me
 Go, tell the emperor ye have met a woman
 That neither his own person, which is godlike, 145
 The world he rules, nor what that world can purchase
 Nor all the glories subject to a Cæsar,
 The honours that he offers for my body,
 The hopes, gifts, everlasting flatteries,
 Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt me 150
 No, not to be the mother of the empire,
 And queen of all the holy fires he w^aships,
 Can make a whole of!

And You mistake us, lady

Lucina Yet, tell him this has thus much weaken'd me,
 That I have heard his knaves, and you his matrons 155
 (Fit nurses for his sins), which gods forgive me!
 But, ever to be leaning to his folly,
 Or to be brought to love his lust, assure him,
 And from her mouth whose life shall make it certain,
 I never can! I have a noble husband, 160
 (Pray tell him that too,) yet a noble name,
 A noble family, and, last, a conscience
 Thus much for your answer for yourselves,
 Ye have liv'd the shame of w^omen, die the better!

[*Exit*

Phor What's now to do?

And Ev'n as she said, to die, 165
 For there's no living here, and women thus,
 I am sure, for us two

Phor Nothing stick upon her?

And We have lost a mass of money? Well, dame
 Virtue,

Yet ye may halt, if good luck seive

Phor Worms take her!
 She has almost spoil'd our trade

And So godly? 170
 This is ill breeding, Phorba

Phor If the women
 Should have a longing now to see this monster,
 And she convert 'em all!

And That may be, Phorba,

But if it be, I'll have the young men gelded
 Come, let's go think, she must not scape us thus 175
 There is a certain season, if we hit,
 That women may be rid without a bit [Exeunt]

SCENE III

An apartment in the Palace

Enter MAXIMUS and ALCIUS

Max I cannot blame the nation's noble friend,
 That they fall off so fast from this wild man,
 When (under our allegiance be it spoken,
 And the most happy tie of our affections)
 The world's weight groans beneath him Where lives
 virtue, 5
 Honour, discretion, wisdom? who are call'd
 And chosen to the steering of the empire,
 But bawds and singing-girls? Oh, my Aecius!
 The glory of a soldier, and the truth
 Of men made up for goodness' sake, like shells, 10
 Grow to the ragged walls for want of action
 Only your happy self, and I that love you,
 Which is a larger means to me than favour
 Aecius No more, my worthy friend, though these
 be truths,
 And though these truths would ask a reformation, 15
 At least, a little squaring, yet remember,
 We are but subjects, Maximus, obedience
 To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
 Is all we can call ours The hearts of princes
 Are like the temples of the gods, pure incense, 20
 Until unhallowed hands defile those offerings,
 Burns ever there, we must not put 'em out,

s d *Aecius*] See note under Dramatis Personæ.

10 *shells*] Altered by Seward to *shields*, "a much more Soldier like Metaphor"

21 *unhallow ed*] So Ff The usage of the Folios with regard to the *e* or the apostrophe is very inconsistent, but it is perhaps better to follow it closely as y be

Because the priests that touch those sweets are
wicked,

We dare not, dearest friend, nay more, we cannot,—
While we consider who we are, and how, 25
To what laws bound, much more to what lawgiver,
Whilst majesty is made to be obey'd,
And not inquired into, whilst gods and angels
Make but a rule as we do, though a stricter,—
Like desperate and unseason'd fools, let fly 30
Our killing angels, and forsake our honours

Max My noble friend, (from whose instructions
I never yet took surfeit) weigh but thus much,—
Nor think I speak it with ambition,
For, by the gods, I do not!—why, Aecius, 35
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?

Aecius You'll fall again into your fit

Max I will not —
Or are we now no more the sons of Romans,
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
But conquer'd Gauls, or quivers for the Parthians? 40
Why is this emperor, this man we honour
This god that ought to be——

Aecius You are too curious

Max Good, give me leave —why is this author of
us

Aecius I dare not hear ye speak thus

Max I'll be modest —
Thus led away, thus vainly led away, 45
And we beholders?—Misconceive me not,
I sow no danger in my words —But wherefore,
And to what end, are we the sons of fathers
Famous, and fast to Rome? Why are their virtues
Stamp'd in the dangers of a thousand battles, 50
For goodness' sake? their honours time out-during?
I think, for our example

Aecius Ye speak nobly

Max Why are we seeds of these, then, to shake
hands

25 *While*] So Ff, altered by previous editors to *whilst* to bring it into conformity with examples in following lines 25 *who*] *why* F1

51 *out during*] F1 *out daring*, F2 *outdaring* Seward left *out daring* in the present passage, but corrected *out dare* to *out dure* in *The False One*, II. i 150 (see p 31) —A H B

With bawds and base informers kiss discredit
And court her like a mistress?—Pray, you leave
yet—

55

You'll say, the emperor is young, and apt
To take impression rather from his pleasures,
Than any constant worthiness—it may be
But why do these, the people call his pleasures,
Exceed the moderation of a man?

60

Nay, to say justly, friend, why are they vices,
And such as shake our worths with foreign nations?

Alcimus You search the soie too deep, and I must
tell ye,

In any other man this had been boldness,
And so rewarded—Pray, depress your spirit,

65

For though I constantly believe you honest
(Ye were no friend for me else), and what now
Ye freely spake, but good you owe to th' empire,
Yet take heed, worthy Maximus, all ears

Hear not with that distinction mine do, few

70

You'll find admonishers, but urgers of your actions,
And to the heaviest, friend—and pray, consider

We are but shadows, motions others give us,
And though our pities may become the times,
Justly our powers cannot—Make me worthy

75

To be your ever-friend in fair allegiance,
But not in force—for, durst mine own soul urge me
(And, by that soul, I speak my just affections)

To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,
And give the helm my virtue holds to anger,

80

Though I had both the blessings of the Bruts,
And both their instigations, though my cause
Carried a face of justice beyond theirs,

And, as I am, a servant to my fortunes,
That daring soul that first taught disobedience,

85

Should feel the first example—Say the prince,
As I may well believe, seems vicious,
Who justly knows 'tis not to try our honours?

Or, say he be an ill prince, are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him? No, my dearest friend,

90

The elephant is never won with anger,

66 you] ye FI

68 y

] ye owe FI

76 ever friend] So FI, friend ever F2

Nor must that man that would reclaim a lion,
Take him by th' teeth

Max I pray, mistake me not

Aecius Our honest actions, and the light that breaks
Like morning from our service, chaste and blushing, 95
Is that that pulls a prince back, then he sees,
And not till then truly repents his errors,
When subjects crystal souls are glasses to him

Max My ever honour'd friend, I'll take your
counsel

The emperor appears, I'll leave ye to him, 100
And, as we both affect him, may he flourish! [*Exit*

Enter VALENTINIAN and CHILAX

Val Is that the best news?

Chi Yet the best we know, sir

Val Bid Maximus come to me, and be gone then
[*Exit* CHILAX

Mine own head be my helper, these are fools —
How now, Aecius? are the soldiers quiet? 105

Aecius Better, I hope, sir, than they were

Val They are pleas'd, I hear,
To censure me extremely for my pleasures,
Shortly they'll fight against me

Aecius Gods defend, sir!
And, for their censures, they are such shrewd judges
A donative of ten sesterties, 110
I'll undertake, shall make 'em ring your praises,
More than they sang your pleasures

Val I believe thee
Art thou in love, Aecius, yet?

Aecius Oh, no, sir!
I am too coarse for ladies, my embraces,
That only am acquainted with alarms, 115
Would break their tender bodies

Val Never fear it,
They are stronger than ye think, they'll hold the
hammer

My empress swears thou art a lusty soldier,
A good one, I believe thee

Accius All that goodness
Is but your grace's creature

Val Tell me truly,— 120
For thou dar'st tell me——

Accius Any thing concerns ye
That's fit for me to speak, and you to pardon

Val What say the soldiers of me? and the same
words

Mince em not, good *Accius*, but deliver
The very forms and tongues they talk withal 125

Accius I'll tell your grace but with this caution
You be not stirr'd for, should the gods live with
us,

Even those we certainly believe are righteous,
Give em but drink, they would censure them too

Val Forward
Accius Then, to begin, they say you sleep too
much, 130

By which they judge your majesty too sensual,
Apt to decline your strength to ease and pleasures,
And when you do not sleep you drink too much,
From which they fear suspicions first, then ruins,
And when ye neither drink nor sleep, ye wench
much, 135

Which, they affirm, first breaks your understanding,
Then takes the edge off honour, makes us seem
(That are the ribs and rampires of the empire)
Fencers, and beaten fools, and so regarded
But I believe 'em not, for, were these truths, 140
Your virtue can correct them

Val They speak plainly
Accius They say moreover (since your grace will
have it,

For they will talk their freedoms, though the sword
Were in their throat) that of late time, like Nero,
And with the same forgetfulness of glory, 145
You have got a vein of fiddling—so they term it—

Val Some drunken dreams, *Accius*

137 off] of Ff, an old spelling of the word

146 fida'ing] filing F1

Aecius So I hope, sir —
 And that you rather study cruelty,
 And to be fear'd for blood, than loved for bounty,
 (Which makes the nations, as they say, despise ye,) 150
 Telling your years and actions by their deaths
 Whose truth and strength of duty made you Cæsar
 They say besides, you nourish strange devourers,
 Fed with the fat o' th' empire, they call bawds,
 Lazy and lustful creatures, that abuse ye, 155
 And people, as they term 'em, made of paper,
 In which the secret sins of each man's moneys
 Are seal'd and sent a-working

Val What sin's next?
 For I perceive they have no mind to spare me
Aecius Nor hurt you, o' my soul, sir! But such 160
 people,

(Nor can the power of man restrain it) when
 They are full of meat and ease, must prattle

Val Forward

Aecius I have spoken too much, sir

Val I'll have all

Aecius It fits not

Your ears should hear their vanities, no profit
 Can justly rise to you from their behaviour, 165

156 *And people*, etc.] "Both the folios have 'A *people*,' &c., and so the modern editors,—Seward altering, in the next line, '*moneys*' to 'body'!—Mason, who first saw that 'A' was a misprint for '*And*,' observes, 'By the people last described, *Aecius* means, not bawds, but informers, to whom his description is perfectly applicable. It is well known to those who are conversant in the history of Rome under the emperors, that every man of rank lay at the mercy of informers, and how frequently innocent persons were impeached by them, merely on account of their wealth. It would be strange if *Aecius*, in stating the grievances of the empire, should have omitted these informers, who were the immediate objects of his fear, as we find in the next page but one, where he says to *Valentinian*,

"Let not this body
 That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar, &c
 — now be purchase
 For slaves and *base informers*!"

Weber remarks that Mason 'forgets one circumstance, viz that *albus*, *Proculus*, *Chilax*, and *Licinius*, might serve the emperor in the quality of informers as well as in that of bawds, which renders the proposed alteration, though ingenious, perfectly unnecessary.' But it is quite plain that two distinct sets of persons are spoken of—one '*they call bawds*,' the other, '*as they term 'em, made of paper*'"—Dyce

160 *you*] *ye* Ft

Unless ye were guilty of those crimes

Val

It may be

I am so, therefore forward

Arcus

I have ever

Learn'd to obey, nor shall my life resist it

Val No more apologies

Arcus

They grieve besides, sir,

To see the nations, whom our ancient virtue 170

With many a weary march and hunger conquer'd

With loss of many a daring life subdu'd,

Fall from their fair obedience, and even murmur

To see the warlike eagles mew their honours

In obscure towns, that wont to prey on princes 175

They cry for enemies, and tell the captains,

'The fruits of Italy are luscious give us Egypt

Or sandy Afric, to display our valours

There where our swords may make us meat, and
danger

Digest our well-got viands, here our weapons 180

And bodies that were made for shining brass,

Are both unedg'd, and old with ease and women"

And then they cry again, "Where are the Germans,

Lt'd with hot Spain, or Gallia? bring 'em on,

And let the son of war, steel'd Mithridates, 185

Lead up his winged Parthians like a storm,

Hiding the face of heaven with showers of arrows,

Yet we dare fight like Romans" Then as soldiers

Tir'd with a weary march, they tell their wounds,

Even weeping-ripe they were no more, nor deeper, 190

And glory in those scars that make 'em lovely

And, sitting where a camp was, like sad pilgrims,

They reckon up the times and living labours

Of Julius or Germanicus, and wonder

That Rome, whose turrets once were topt with
honours, 195

Can now forget the custom of her conquests

And then they blame your grace, and say, "Who leads
us?"

174 *mew*] "A hawk is said to *mew* when he sheds his feathers, which he generally does when he is moul'd or shut up" — Weber

184 *Lt'd*] Reinforced

191 *'em*] them F2

Shall we stand here like statues? were our fathers
 The sons of lazy Moors? our princes Persians,
 Nothing but silks and softness? Curses on 'em 200
 That first taught Nero wantonness and blood,
 Tiberius doubts, Caligula all vices!
 For, from the spring of these, succeeding princes"—
 Thus they talk, su

Val Well,
 Why do you hear these things?
Accius Why do you do 'em? 205

I take the gods to witness, with more sorrow
 And more vexation do I hear these taintures,
 Than were my life dropt from me through an hour-
 glass!

Val Belike then you believe 'em, or at least
 Are glad they should be so Take heed you were
 better 210

Build your own tomb, and run into it living,
 Than dare a prince's anger

Accius I am old, sir,
 And ten years more addition is but nothing
 Now, if my life be pleasing to ye, take it [*Kneels*
 Upon my knees, if ever any service 215
 (As, let me brag, some have been worthy notice),
 If ever any worth, or trust ye gave me,
 Deserv'd a fair respect, if all my actions,
 The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants,
 For you and for the empire, be not vices, 220
 By that style ye have stamp'd upon me, soldier,
 Let me not fall into the hands of wretches!

Val I understand you not
Accius Let not this body,
 That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæsar,
 And covetous of wounds, and for your safety, 225
 After the scape of swords, spears, slings, and arrows,
 ('Gainst which my beaten body was mine armour,)
 The seas, and thirsty deserts, now be purchase
 For slaves, and base informers I see anger
 And death look through your eyes, I am mark'd for
 slaughter, 230

And know the telling of this truth has made me
 A man clean lost to this world I embrace it,
 Only my last petition, sacred Caesar,
 Is, I may die a Roman!

Val Rise my friend still,
 And worthy of my love Reclaim the soldier, 235
 I'll study to do so upon myself too
 Go keep your command, and prosper

Accius Life to Caesar! [*Exit*]

Enter CHILAN

Chi Lord Maximus attends your grace

Val Go tell him
 I'll meet him in the gallery [*Exit* CHILAN
 The honesty of this Accius 240
 (Who is indeed the bulwark of the empire)
 Has divid'd so deep into me, that of all
 The sins I covet, but this woman's beauty,
 With much repentance now I could be quit of,
 But she is such a pleasure, being good 245
 That, though I were a god, she'd fire my blood [*Exit*]

237**Go keep*] So Ff Seward placed *Go* in a line by itself Colman,
 followed by Weber and Dyce set it at the end of the preceding line. The
 change seems quite unnecessary, as the line scans perfectly well with the
 word in its original position

239 s d] Added Dyce

246 *she'd*] *she would* F1

246 *Exit*] So F1 *Exeur.* F2

ACT II

SCENE I

An apartment in the Palace

VALENTINIAN, MAXIMUS, LICINIUS, PROCULUS, and
CHILAX, *discovered playing at dice*

Val Nav, ye shall set my hand out, 'tis not just
I should neglect my fortune, now 'tis prosperous

Licin If I have anything to set your grace,
But clothes, or good conditions, let me perish!
You have all my money, sir

Proc And mine

Chi And mine too 5

Max Unless your grace will credit us

Val No bare board

Licin Then, at my garden-house

Val The orchard too?

Licin An't please your grace

Val Have at 'em [*Throws*

Proc They are lost

Licin Why, farewell, fig-trees!

Val Who sets more?

Chi At my horse, sir

Val The dappled Spaniard?

Chi He

Val He's mine [*Throws*

Chi He is so 10

Max Your short horse is soon curried

Chi So it seems, sir,

So may your mare be too, if luck serve

Max Ha!

s d] Ff Enter the Emperour as at Dice

4 conditions] "1 e qualities, dispositions, habits, manners"—Dyce

8 s d] Added Dyce They throw Weber

10 s d] Added Weber, as also the one at l 24

11 Your short horse is soon curried] A proverbial saying Hazlitt (*English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases*) cites it in Edwards's *Damon and Pythias*, pr 1571

Chi Nothing, my lord, but grieving at my fortune

Val Come, Maximus, you were not wont to flinch
thus

Max By Heaven, sir, I have lost all¹

Val There's a ring yet 15

Max This was not made to lose, sir

Val Some love-token²

Set it, I say

Max I do beseech your grace,

Rather name any house I have

Val How strange

And curious you are grown of toys³! Reducin't,

If so I win it, when you please, to-morrow 20

Or next day as you will, I care not,

But only for my luck's sake 'tis not rings

Can make me richer

Max Will you throw, sir? There 'tis

Val Why, then, have at it fairly [*Throws*]—Mine

Max Your grace

Is only ever fortunate To-morrow, 25

An't be your pleasure sir, I'll pay the price on't

Val To-morrow you shall have it without price sir,

But this day 'tis my victory Good Maximus,

Now I bethink myself, go to Aecius,

And bid him muster all the cohorts presently 30

(They mutiny for pay I hear), and be you

Assistant to him When you know their numbers,

Ye shall have moneys for 'em, and, above,

Something to stop their tongues withal

Max I will, sir,

And gods preserve you in this mind still!

Val Shortly 35

I'll see 'em march myself

Max Gods ever keep ye! [*Exit*

Val To what end do you think this ring shall
serve now?

For you are fellows only know by rote,

As birds record their lessons

15 *By He n, sir*] Om F2 19 *curious*] solicitous

21 *you*] ye F1

22 *'luck's*] *lu k* F1, *luck's* F2, *l k* Dyce

35 *Shortly*] In the Ff this word is placed in the following line

39 *record*] to practise a tune or song, and hence, to sing

Chi For the lady
Val But how for her?
Chi That I confess I know not 40
Val Then pray for him that does Fetch me an
 eunuch
 That never saw her yet, and you two see
 The court made like a paradise [*Exit CHILAX*
Lycin We will, sir
Val Full of fair shows and musics, all your arts
 (As I shall give instructions) screw to th' highest, 45
 For my main piece is now a-doing and, for fear
 You should not take, I'll have another engine,
 Such as, if virtue be not only in her,
 She shall not choose but lean to Let the women
 Put on a graver show of welcome
Proc Well, sir 50
Val They are a thought too eager

Enter CHILAX and LYCIAS the Eunuch

Chi Here's the eunuch
LyCIAS Long life to Cæsar!
Val I must use you, Lycias,
 Come, let's walk in, and then, I'll show ye all
 If women may be frail, this wench shall fall [*Exeunt*

SCENE II

A room in the house of MAXIMUS

Enter CLAUDIA and MARCELLINA

Clau Sirrah, what ails my lady, that of late
 She never cares for company?
Marc I know not,
 Unless it be that company causes cuckolds
Clau That were a childish fear
Marc What were those ladies
 Came to her lately? from the court?
Clau The same, wench 5

1 *Sirrah*] Frequently used in addressing women
 5 *from the court*?] A separate line in Ff

Some grave instructors, on my life, they loo
For all the world like old hatch'd hilts

Marc 'Tis true, wench
For here and there (and yet they painted well too,
One might discover, where the gold was worn
Their iron ages

Clau If my judgment fail not, 10
They have been sheathed like rotten ships

Marc It may be

Clau For, if you mark their rudders, they hang
weakly

Marc They have passed the line, belike Wouldst
live, Claudia,
Till thou wert such as they are

Clau Chimney-pieces!
Now, Heaven have mercy on me and young men ' 15

I had rather make a drollery til' thirty
While I were able to endure a tempest,
And bear my fights out bravely, till my tackle
Whistled i' th' wind, and held against all weathers
While I were able to bear with my tires, 20
And so discharge 'em, I would willingly

Live, Marcellina, not till barnacles

Bred in my sides

Marc Thou art i' the right, wench
For who would live, whom pleasures had forsaken,
To stand at mark, and cry, "A bow short, signior!" 25
Were there not men came hither too?

7 *hatch'd*] Inlaid with narrow strips of metal, usually gold or silver, by way of ornament

10 *iron ages*] 'A miserable pun between the iron edge of a sword, and the iron age, seems to be here intended'—Weber

12 *you] ye* F1

14 *Chimney pieces*] Pieces of sculpture, painting or tapestry over a fire place

16 *drollery*] *drallery* Ff Puppet show

17 *were*] *am* F2

18 *fights*] 'Cloths hung round about a ship to prevent the men from being seen in fight, or any covers under which they may use their arms unseen'—Dyce

20 *tires*] broadsides

25 *To stand at mark, and cry, "A bow short, signior!"*] 'An allusion to those persons whose business it was to "give aim" to the archers, i.e. to inform them how near their arrows fell to the mark' Marcellina—
What woman, after she had become incapable of pleasure, would live to superintend and direct that of others,—would become a bawd?—Dyce

Clau Brave fellows,
 I fear me, bawds of five i' th' pound
Marc How know you?
Clau They gave me great lights to it
Marc Take heed, Claudia
Clau Let them take heed, the spring comes on
Marc To me, now,
 They seem'd as noble visitants
Clau To me, now, 30
 Nothing less, Marcellina; for I mark'd 'em,
 And, by this honest light (for yet 'tis morning),
 Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets
 And Milan skins——
Marc Thou art a strange wench, Claudia
Clau Ye are deceiv'd,—they show'd to me directly 35
 Court-crabs, that creep a side-way for their living
 I know 'em by the breeches that they begg'd last
Marc Peace, my lady comes What may that be?

Enter LUCINA and LYCIAS the Eunuch

Clau A sumner,
 That cites her to appear
Marc No more of that, wench
LyCIAS Madam, what answer to your lord?
Lucina Pray tell him 40
 I am subject to his will
LyCIAS Why weep you, madam?
 Excellent lady, there are none will hurt you
Lucina I do beseech you, tell me, sir
LyCIAS What, lady?
Lucina Serve ye the emperor?
LyCIAS I do
Lucina In what place?
LyCIAS In 's chamber, madam
Lucina Do ye serve his will too? 45
LyCIAS In fair and just commands
Lucina Are ye a Roman?

31 *mark'd*] *marks*. F1

34 *Milan skins*] gloves made in Milan

38 *Peace*] Seward, Colman and Dyce transfer this word from the position it occupies in the Folios, and place it in a line by itself

38 *sumner*] An old form of *summoner*

40 *Pray tell him I am subject to his will*] Ff print as one line

Lycias Yes, noble lady, and a Mantuan

Lucina What office bore your parents?

Lycias One was prator

Lucina Take heed, then, how you stain his reputation

Lycias Why, worthy lady?

Lucina If ye know, I charge ye, 50
Aught in this message but what honesty.

The trust and fair obedience of a servant

May well deliver ye; take heed and help me

Lycias Madam, I am no broker

Clau I'll be hang'd then [*Aside*

Lycias Nor base procurer of men's lusts Your husband 55

Pray'd me to do this office, I have done it

It rests in you to come, or no

Lucina I will, sir

Lycias If ye mistrust me do not

Lucina Ye appear

So worthy, and to all my sense so honest,

And this is such a certain sign ye have brought me, 60

That I believe

Lycias Why should I cozen you?

Or, were I brib'd to do this villainy,

Can money prosper, or the fool that takes it,

When such a virtue falls?

Lucina Ye speak well, sir

Would all the rest that serve the emperor

Had but your way!

Clau And so they have, *ad unguem* [*Aside*

Lucina Pray tell my lord I have receiv'd his token,

And will not fail to meet him Yet, good sir, thus much

Before you go, I do beseech ye too,

As little notice as ye can, deliver

Of my appearance there 70

Lycias It shall be, madam,

And so I wish you happiness

Lucina I thank you [*Exeunt*

54 s d] Added Weber, like the one in l 66

58] *Ye appear so worthy,*

And to all my sense so honest,—Thus Ff

SCENE III

An open place in the city

*Tumult and noise within Enter AECIUS, pursuing
PONTIUS the Captain, and MAXIMUS following*

Max Temper yourself, Aecius!

Pont Hold, my lord!

I am a Roman, and a soldier

Max Pray, sir!

Aecius Thou art a lying villain and a traitor!

[MAXIMUS holds him]

Give me myself, or, by the gods, my friend,
You'll make me dangerous!—How dar'st thou pluck 5
The soldiers to sedition, and I living?
And sow rebellion in 'em, and even then
When I am drawing out to action?

Pont Hear me

Max Are ye a man?

Aecius I am a true-hearted, MAXIMUS,
And if the villain live, we are dishonour'd 10

Max But hear him what he can say

Aecius That's the way
To pardon him I am so easy-natur'd,
That if he speak but humbly, I forgive him

Pont I do beseech ye, noble general

Aecius H'as found the way already! Give me
100m, 15

One stroke, and if he scape me then, h'as mercy

Pont I do not call ye noble that I fear ye,
I never car'd for death If ye will kill me,
Consider first for what, not what you can do
'Tis true, I know ye for my general, 20

Sc III] Called Sc II in Ff, though II had been already marked

3 s d] Inserted Weber

4 *Give me myself*] "Ie Let me go, leave me at liberty"—Mason, cited
by Dyce

9 *a true hear'ed*] a om Seward, Col n

15 *Ha's*] *Has* Ff

16 *ha's*] *ha's* F1, *h'as* F2

17 *that*] because

And by that great prerogative may kill
But do it justly then

Aecius He argues with me
By Heaven a made-up rebel¹

Max Pray consider
What certain grounds ye have for this

Aecius What grounds²
Did I not take him preaching to the soldier 25
How lazily they liv'd³ and what dishonours
It was to serve a prince so full of woman⁴
Those were his very words, friend

Max These *Aecius*
Though they were rashly spoke—which was an error,
A great one, Pontius—yet, from him that hungers 30
For wars and brave employment, might be pardon'd
The heart, and harbour'd thoughts of ill, make traitors,
Not spleeny speeches

Aecius Why should you protect him?
Go to, it shows not honest

Max Taint me not,
For that shows worse, *Aecius* all your friendship, 35
And that pretended love ye lay upon me,
Hold back my honesty, is like a favour
You do your slave to-day, to-morrow hang him
Was I your bosom-piece for this?

Aecius Forgive me
The nature of my zeal, and for my country, 40
Makes me sometimes forget myself, for know,
Though I most strive to be without my passions
I am no god—For you, sir, whose infection
Has spread itself like poison through the army,
And cast a killing fog on fair allegiance 45
First thank this noble gentleman,—ye had died else,
Next, from your place and honour of a soldier
I here seclude you,—

Pont May I speak yet?

Max Hear him

Aecius And while *Aecius* holds a reputation,

23 *By Heaven*] Om F2

25 *soldier*] So F2 *soldiers* F1, followed by modern editors, but Fletcher
uses the collective singular so often in this play, that the reading of F2
ms preferable 41 *'orger'*] F1 *forgive*

At least command, ye bear no arms for Rome, sir 50

Pont Against her I shall never The condemn'd
man

Has yet that privilege to speak, my lord ,
Law were not equal else

Max Pray hear, Aecius ,
For happily the fault he has committed,
Though I believe it mighty, yet, considered, 55
(If mercy may be thought upon) will prove
Rather a hasty sin than heinous

Aecius Speak

Pont 'Tis true, my lord, ye took me tir'd with
peace,

My words almost as ragged as my fortunes ,
'Tis true, I told the soldier whom we serv'd, 60
And then bewail'd, we had an emperor
Led from us by the flourishes of fencers ,
I blam'd him too for women

Aecius To the rest, sir

Pont And, like enough, I bless'd him then as
soldiers

Will do sometimes 'tis true I told 'em too, 65

We lay at home, to show our country

We durst go naked, durst want meat and money ,

And, when the slave drinks wine, we durst be thirsty ,

I told 'em this too, that the trees and roots

Were our best pay-masters , the charity 70

Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,

Our beds, fires, tailors, nurses , nay, I told 'e ,

(For you shall hear the greatest sin I said, sir,)

By that time there be wars again, our bodies,

Laden with scars and aches, and ill lodgings, 75

Heats, and perpetual wants, were fitter prayers,

And certain graves, than cope the foe on crutches ,

'Tis likely too, I counsell'd 'em to turn

Their warlike pikes to plough-shares, their sure
targets,

And swords hatch'd with the blood of many nations, 0

To spades and pruning knives (for those get money),

Their warlike eagles into daws, or starlings,

To give an *Ave, Caesar*, as he passes,
And be rewarded with a thousand drachmas,
For thus we get but years and heats

Acus What think you? 85
Were these words to be spoken by a captain
One that should give example?

Max 'Twas too much

Pont My lord, I did not woo 'em from the emine,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring steel 'gainst C'sar',
The gods for ever hate me, if that motion 90
Were part of me! Give me but employment, sir,
And way to live, and, where you hold me vicious
Bred up in mutiny, my sword shall tell ye,
(And if you please, that place I held maintain it
Gainst the most daring foes of Rome, I am honest, 95
A lover of my country, one that holds
His life no longer his than kept for C'sar
Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beseech you)

[*Kneels*]

What my rude tongue discovered, 'twas my want,
No other part of Pontius You have seen me, 100
And you, my lord, do something for my country,
And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward traitor

Acus All this language
Makes but against you, Pontius you are cast,
And, by mine honour and my love to C'sar, 105
By me shall never be restor'd in my camp
I will not have a tongue, though to himself,
Dare talk but near sedition, as I govern,
All shall obey and when they want, their duty

83 To give an *Ave, Caesar*.] Dyce quotes "*Cassubonus ad Persii Prologum v. 8*
' Ut plurimum docebantur hac aves salutationis verba interdum et
plurimum vocum versusque sententias docebantur ut illi corvi, qui admirationi
fuerunt Augusto ex Actiaca victoria revertenti, quorum aliter institutus fuerat
dicere, *Ave, Caesar*, etc.' "

85 *heats*] *beats* Fl, *beats* Weber, Dyce But cf. I. 76, and IV. iii. 146. In his
Aulauda and Corrigenda (vol. i. p. xcvi.) Dyce says, "I now believe that the
right reading is 'heats' compare *The Mad Lover*, vi. 149

'Next by the glorious battles we have fought in,
By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, distresses, etc.'"
(Vol. iii. of this Ed., p. 150)

And ready service shall redress their needs, 110
Not prating what they would be

Pont

Thus I leave you ,

Yet shall my prayers still, although my fortunes

Must follow you no more, be still about ye -

Gods give ye, where ye fight, the victory !

Ye cannot cast my wishes

[*Exit*

Accius

Come, my lord ,

115

Now to the field again

Mar

Alas, poor Porcius ! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV

A hall in the Palace

*Enter CHILAX at one door, LICINIUS and BALBUS
at another*

Licin How now ?

Chi

She's come

Bal

Then I 'll to th' emperor

Chi Do

[*Exit* BALBUS

Is the music placed well ?

Licin

Excellent

Chi Licinius, you and Proculus receive her

In the great chamber, at her entrance,

Let me alone and do you hear, Licinius ?

5

Pray let the ladies ply her further off,

And with much more discretion One word more

Licin Well ?

Chi

Are the jewels, and those ropes of pearl,

Laid in the way she passes ?

Licin

Take no care, man [*Exit*

Enter VALENTINIAN, BALBUS, and PROCULUS

Val What, is she come ?

Chi

She is, sir , but 'twere best 10

Your grace were seen last to her

Val So I mean —
 Keep the court empty, Proculus
Proc 'Tis done, sir
Val Be not too sudden to her
Chi Good your grace,
 Retire, and man yourself, let us alone
 We are no children this way Do you hear, sir? 15
 'Tis necessary that her waiting-women
 Be cut off in the lobby by some ladies,
 They'd break the business else
Val 'Tis true, they shall
Chi Remember your place, Proculus
Proc I warrant ye
 [Exit VALENTINIAN BALBUS, and PROCULUS

Enter LUCINA, CLAUDIA, and MARCELLINA

Chi She enters — Who are waiters there? The
 emperor 20
 Calls for his horse to air himself
Lucina I am glad
 I come so happily to take him absent,
 This takes away a little fear I know him,
 Now I begin to fear again Oh, Honour,
 If ever thou hadst temple in weak woman, 25
 And sacrifice of modesty burnt to thee
 Hold me fast now and help me! [*Aside*
Chi Noble madam,
 Ye are welcome to the court, most nobly welcome
 Ye are a stranger lady
Lucina I desire so
Chi A wondrous stranger here, nothing so strange 30
 And therefore need a guide, I think
Lucina I do, sir,
 And that a good one too
Chi My service lady,
 Shall be your guide in this place But, pray ye, tell
 me,
 Are ye resolv'd a courtier?
Lucina No, I hope, sir

Clau You are, sir

Chi Yes, my fair one

Clau So it seems, 35

You are so ready to bestow yourself

Pray, what might cost those breeches?

Chi Would you wear 'em?—

Madam, ye have a witty woman

Marc Two, sir,

Or else ye underbuy us

Lucina Leave your talking —

But is my lord here, I beseech ye, sir? 40

Chi He is, sweet lady, and must take this kindly,

Exceeding kindly of ye, wondrous kindly,

Ye come so far to visit him I'll guide ye

Lucina Whither?

Chi Why, to your lord

Lucina Is it so hard, sir,

To find him in this place without a guide? 45

For I would willingly not trouble you

Chi It will be so for you, that are a stranger

Nor can it be a trouble to do service

To such a worthy beauty, and besides——

Marc I see he will go with us

Clau Let him amble 50

Chi It fits not that a lady of your reckoning

Should pass without attendants

Lucina I have two, sir

Chi I mean, without a man You'll see the
emperor?

Lucina Alas, I am not fit, sir!

Chi You are well enough,

He'll take it wondrous kindly Hark! [*Whispers*

Lucina Ye flatter 55

Good sir, no more of that

Chi Well, I but tell ye—

Lucina Will ye go forward? Since I must be
mann'd,

Pray take your place

Clau Cannot ye man us too, sir?

Chi Give me but time

Marc And you'll try all things

Chi No,

I'll make ye no such promise

Cla If ye do, sir, 60

Take heed ye stand to't

Chi Wondrous merry ladies'

Lucina The wenches are dispos'd Pray keep
your way, sir [Exit

SCENE V

Another apartment in the same A recess behind a curtain

Enter LICINIUS, PROCLUS, and BALBUS

Lucin She is coming up the stairs Now the
music,

And, as that stirs her, let's set on Perfumes there'

Proc Discover all the jewels'

Lucin Peace! [Music

Enter CHILAX, LUCINA, CLAUDIA, and MARCELLINA

FIRST SONG

Now the lusty spring is seen,
Golden yellow, gaudy blue, 5
Daintily invite the view

Every where, on every green,
Roses blushing as they blow
And enticing men to prill
Lilies whiter than the snow, 10
Woodbines of sweet honey fall
All loves emblems, and all cry
"Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die"

Yet the lusty spring hath staid
Blushing red and purest white 15
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid

60 I'll make ye] F1 *He take ye* F2 *I'll make ye*
62 dispos'd] wantonly disposed Cf *Custom of the Country*, I. i. 9, and
Love's Labour's Lost II. i.

"Come to our pavilion Boyet is dispos'd"

SC. V.] There is no division of scenes at this point in the Folios, the change of scene was first indicated by Weber Chilax, etc., enter in Ff after l. 43

Cherries kissing as they grow,
 And inviting men to taste,
 Apples even ripe below,
 Winding gently to the waist
 All love's emblems, and all cry,
 "Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die"

20

SECOND SONG

Hear ye ladies that despise,
 What the mighty Love has done,
 Fear examples, and be wise
 Fair Calisto was a nun
 Leda sailing on the stream
 To deceive the hopes of man,
 Love accounting but a dream,
 Doted on a silver swan,
 Danc'd, in a bizen tower,
 Where no love was, lov'd a shower

25

30

Hear, ye ladies that are cov,
 What the mighty Love can do,
 Fear the fierceness of the boy
 The chaste moon he makes to woo,
 Vesta, kindling holy fires,
 Circled round about with spies,
 Never dreaming loose desires,
 Doting at the altar dies,
 Ilion, in a short hour, higher
 He can build, and once more fire

35

40

Lucina [*Aside*] Pray Heaven my lord be here¹ for
 now I fear it
 Well, ring, if thou be'st counterfeit or stol'n,
 As by this preparation I suspect it,
 Thou hast betray'd thy mistress — Pray, sir, forward,
 I would fain see my lord
Chi But tell me, madam,
 How do ye like the song?
Lucina I like the air well,
 But for the words, they are lascivious,
 And over-light for ladies
Chi All ours love 'em
Lucina 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving ladies
Lucin Madam, ye are welcome to the court — Who
 waits?
 Attendants for this lady¹

45

50

- Lucina* Ye mistake, sir,
I bring no triumph with me
- Lucin* But much honour 55
Proc Why, this was nobly done, and like a neighbour
So freely of yourself to be a visitant
The emperor shall give ye thanks for this
- Lucina* Oh no, sir
There's nothing to 'de-serve em
- Proc* Yes, your presence
Lucina Good gentlemen, be patient, and believe 60
I come to see my husband, on command too
I were no courtier else
- Lucin* That's all one lady
Now we are here, y' are welcome and the emperor,
Who loves ye but too well
- Lucina* No more of that, sir
I came not to be catechiz'd
- Proc* Ah, sirrah! 65
And have we got you here? faith, noble lady,
We'll keep you one month court'er
- Lucina* Gods defend sir!
I never lik'd a trade worse
- Proc* Hark ye [*Whispers*
Lucina No sir
Proc Ye are grown the strangest lady!
Lucina How!
Proc By Heaven
'Tis true I tell ye, and you'll find it
- Lucina* I' 70
I'll rather find my grave, and so inform him
- Proc* Is it not pity, gentlemen, this lady
(Nay, I'll deal roughly with ye, yet not hurt ye.)
Should live alone, and give such heavenly beauty
Only to walls and hangings?
- Lucina* Good sir, patience 75
I am no wonder, neither come to that end
Ye do my lord an injury to stay me,
Who, though ye are the prince's, yet dare tell ye
He keeps no wife for your ways
- Bal* Well, well, lady,

However you are pleased to think of us, 80
 Ye are welcome, and ye shall be welcome

Lucina

Show it

In that I come for, then in leading me
 Where my lov'd lord is, not in flattery

[BALBUS *draws the curtain, caskets*
with jewels set out in the recess

Nay, ye may draw the curtain, I have 'seen 'em,
 But none worth half my honesty

Clau

Are these, sir,

85

Laid here to take ?

Proc

Yes, for your lady, gentlewoman

Mar We had been doing else

Bal

Meaner jewels

Would fit your worths

Clau

And meaner clothes your bodies

Lucina The gods shall kill me first !

Lucin

There's better dying

I' th' emperor's arms, go to ! But be not angry 90
 These are but talks, sweet lady

Enter PHORBA, ARDELIA, and Ladies, strewing
the floor with rushes

Pho Where is this stranger ? Rushes, ladies,
 rushes !

Rushes as green as summer, for this stranger !

Proc Here's ladies come to see you

Lucina

You are gone, then ?

I take it, 'tis your cue

Proc

O! rather manners

95

You are better fitted, madam, we but tire ye,
 Therefore we'll leave you for an hour, and bring
 Your much lov'd lord unto you

[*Exeunt* CHILAX, LICINIUS, and PROCULUS

83 s d] *Jewels shew'd Ff*

86 *gentlewoman*] *Gent'ewomen F2, Seward*

91 s d] *Enter Phorba, and Ardelia Ff*

92 *Rushes*] "That fresh rushes were strewed at the arrival of a distinguished stranger, appears from the text, and from the following passage of Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, Lond 1609, 4 (*sign* U3) 'I am sorry, Euphues, that we have no green rushes, considering you have been so great a stranger'"

—Weber

Lucina Then I'll thank ye —
 I am betray'd, for certain well, *Lucina*
 If thou dost fall from virtue, may the earth 100
 That after death should shoot up gardens of thee,
 Spreading thy living goodness into branches
 Fly from thee, and the hot sun find thy vices! [*Exit*]

Phor You are a welcome woman
Ard Bless me, Heaven!
 How did you find the way to court?

Lucina I know not, 105
 Would I had never trod it!

Phor Prithce, tell me
 Good noble lady, (and good sweetheart, love us,
 For we love thee extremely,) is not this place
 A paradise to live in?

Lucina To those people
 That know no other paradise but pleasure 110
 That little I enjoy contents me better

Ard What, heard ye any music yet?

Lucina Too much

Phor You must not be thus froward What, this
 gown
 Is one o' th' prettiest, by my troth, *Ardelia*
 I ever saw yet, 'twas not to frown in, lady, 115
 Ye put this gown on when ye came

Ard How do ye?
 Alas poor wretch, how cold it is!

Lucina Content ye
 I am as well as may be and as temperate,
 If ye will let me be so Where's my lord?
 For there's the business that I came for, ladies 120

Phor We'll lead ye to him, he's i' th' gallery

Ard We'll show ye all the court too

Lucina Show me him,
 And ye have show'd me all I come to look on

Phor Come on, we'll be your guides, and as ye go
 We have some pretty tales to tell ye, lady, 125
 Shall make ye merry too, ye come not here
 To be a sad *Lucina*

Lucina Would I might not! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI

*Another storm, but in the same**Enter CILIAS and BALLUS*

Cilias Now the soft music! *Dalbus*, run!
Ballus I fly, boy! [*Exit*
Cilias The women but to see are warming of her,
 I see can lead out the queen, the emperor [*Musical*
Ballus Is it to task? He has her! Hark, the music! [*Exit*

Enter VALENTINIAN and LUCINA

Lucina Good your grace! 5
 Where are my women, sir?
Valentinian They are wise beholding
 What you think scorn to look on the court's bravery
 Would you have run away so silly, lady,
 And not have seen me?
Lucina I beseech your majesty,
 Consider what I am and whose 10
Valentinian I do so
Lucina Believe me I shall never make a whore, sir
 Nor of a maid ye may and to that man that loves ye
 More than you love your virtue
Lucina Sacred Casar! [*Kneels*
Valentinian You shall not kneel to me, sweet
Lucina Look upon me,
 And, if ye be so cruel to abuse me, 15
 I think how the gods will take it! Does this beauty
 Afflict your soul? I'll hide it from you ever,
 Nay, more I will become so leprous,
 That ye shall curse me from ye! My dear lord
 Has serv'd ye ever truly fought your battles, 20
 As it ne daily long'd to die for Cæsar,
 Was ne'er traitor, sir, nor never tainted
 In all the actions of his life

S. VAL. 1353 can. 10 scene indicated by Weber

7. 1354 1355 1356 1357 1358 1359 1360 1361 1362 1363 1364 1365 1366 1367 1368 1369 1370 1371 1372 1373 1374 1375 1376 1377 1378 1379 1380 1381 1382 1383 1384 1385 1386 1387 1388 1389 1390 1391 1392 1393 1394 1395 1396 1397 1398 1399 1400 1401 1402 1403 1404 1405 1406 1407 1408 1409 1410 1411 1412 1413 1414 1415 1416 1417 1418 1419 1420 1421 1422 1423 1424 1425 1426 1427 1428 1429 1430 1431 1432 1433 1434 1435 1436 1437 1438 1439 1440 1441 1442 1443 1444 1445 1446 1447 1448 1449 1450 1451 1452 1453 1454 1455 1456 1457 1458 1459 1460 1461 1462 1463 1464 1465 1466 1467 1468 1469 1470 1471 1472 1473 1474 1475 1476 1477 1478 1479 1480 1481 1482 1483 1484 1485 1486 1487 1488 1489 1490 1491 1492 1493 1494 1495 1496 1497 1498 1499 1500 1501 1502 1503 1504 1505 1506 1507 1508 1509 1510 1511 1512 1513 1514 1515 1516 1517 1518 1519 1520 1521 1522 1523 1524 1525 1526 1527 1528 1529 1530 1531 1532 1533 1534 1535 1536 1537 1538 1539 1540 1541 1542 1543 1544 1545 1546 1547 1548 1549 1550 1551 1552 1553 1554 1555 1556 1557 1558 1559 1560 1561 1562 1563 1564 1565 1566 1567 1568 1569 1570 1571 1572 1573 1574 1575 1576 1577 1578 1579 1580 1581 1582 1583 1584 1585 1586 1587 1588 1589 1590 1591 1592 1593 1594 1595 1596 1597 1598 1599 1600 1601 1602 1603 1604 1605 1606 1607 1608 1609 1610 1611 1612 1613 1614 1615 1616 1617 1618 1619 1620 1621 1622 1623 1624 1625 1626 1627 1628 1629 1630 1631 1632 1633 1634 1635 1636 1637 1638 1639 1640 1641 1642 1643 1644 1645 1646 1647 1648 1649 1650 1651 1652 1653 1654 1655 1656 1657 1658 1659 1660 1661 1662 1663 1664 1665 1666 1667 1668 1669 1670 1671 1672 1673 1674 1675 1676 1677 1678 1679 1680 1681 1682 1683 1684 1685 1686 1687 1688 1689 1690 1691 1692 1693 1694 1695 1696 1697 1698 1699 1700 1701 1702 1703 1704 1705 1706 1707 1708 1709 1710 1711 1712 1713 1714 1715 1716 1717 1718 1719 1720 1721 1722 1723 1724 1725 1726 1727 1728 1729 1730 1731 1732 1733 1734 1735 1736 1737 1738 1739 1740 1741 1742 1743 1744 1745 1746 1747 1748 1749 1750 1751 1752 1753 1754 1755 1756 1757 1758 1759 1760 1761 1762 1763 1764 1765 1766 1767 1768 1769 1770 1771 1772 1773 1774 1775 1776 1777 1778 1779 1780 1781 1782 1783 1784 1785 1786 1787 1788 1789 1790 1791 1792 1793 1794 1795 1796 1797 1798 1799 1800 1801 1802 1803 1804 1805 1806 1807 1808 1809 1810 1811 1812 1813 1814 1815 1816 1817 1818 1819 1820 1821 1822 1823 1824 1825 1826 1827 1828 1829 1830 1831 1832 1833 1834 1835 1836 1837 1838 1839 1840 1841 1842 1843 1844 1845 1846 1847 1848 1849 1850 1851 1852 1853 1854 1855 1856 1857 1858 1859 1860 1861 1862 1863 1864 1865 1866 1867 1868 1869 1870 1871 1872 1873 1874 1875 1876 1877 1878 1879 1880 1881 1882 1883 1884 1885 1886 1887 1888 1889 1890 1891 1892 1893 1894 1895 1896 1897 1898 1899 1900 1901 1902 1903 1904 1905 1906 1907 1908 1909 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915 1916 1917 1918 1919 1920 1921 1922 1923 1924 1925 1926 1927 1928 1929 1930 1931 1932 1933 1934 1935 1936 1937 1938 1939 1940 1941 1942 1943 1944 1945 1946 1947 1948 1949 1950 1951 1952 1953 1954 1955 1956 1957 1958 1959 1960 1961 1962 1963 1964 1965 1966 1967 1968 1969 1970 1971 1972 1973 1974 1975 1976 1977 1978 1979 1980 1981 1982 1983 1984 1985 1986 1987 1988 1989 1990 1991 1992 1993 1994 1995 1996 1997 1998 1999 2000

Lucina. His fame and name may grow as great as his
And spread together, like two sailing vessels,
Over the Roman diadem: or let not

As ye have any flesh that's mortal in you
The having of a modest wife dishonour him:
Let not my virtue be the weight that break him;
I do not think ye are lascivious.

These want in men believe you are a woman,
Which is the father of the empire's honour:
Ye are too near the nature of the gods
To wrong the weakest of all creatures women.

Val. I dare not do it here. [Exit.]—Respect me,
Lucina.

I did but try your temper: ye are too moist
And, with the commendation of a child,
I'll lead ye to your bed and give you a son.
Wipe your fair eyes—He that leaves us so
May we'll delay, but never quench his bed.

25 [*the sailing vessels*] 'Sailing vessels'—the image of the sails
is taken by Lord Rochester who gives us a strong example of it.
I have also seen *sailing vessels* in the works of 1778. Compare *The*
Letter to the press.

The trees grow up, and now we get to the
The old notations of the *Antiquary* Act 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

28 [*the low road*] 'The low road'—the *Antiquary* Act 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

35 [*the low road*] 'The low road'—the *Antiquary* Act 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

ACT III

SCENE I

*Alaric, before the Palace**Enter CHILAN, LICINIUS PROCIUS and BALBUS*

CHIL. 'Tis done I think—

PRO. How?

CHIL. I shame to tell it

if there be any justice, we are villains,

And must be so rewarded

PRO. If it be done,

I take it, 'tis no time now to repent it,

Let's make the best o' th' trade

PRO. Now vengeance take it! 5

Why should not he have settled on a beauty,

Whose honesty stuck in a piece of tissue,

Or one a ring might rule, or such a one

That had an itching husband to be honourable,

And ground to get it? If he must have women, 10

And no allay without 'em why not those

That know the mystery, and are best able

To play a game with judgment? Such as she is,

Grant they be won with long siege endless travail,

And brought to opportunity with millions, 15

1 *Here* [Ho 11]

10 *ground*] So F1. Lord Rochester, in his alteration of this play, reads, "that a husband itching to be honourable" etc., which, it must be allowed, is the more natural collocation of the words. Sympson proposed 'groan'd' in stead of 'ground', and his emendation was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber. There can be no doubt that, in a passage at the commencement of Act IV, where the first folio has *Ground*, the second folio gives the true reading, *Groan'd*—but, in the present passage 'ground' (given by both the first and retained by Rochester) may be (as Heath explains it *MS Notes*) the *ground* of *ground*, a verb sometimes elsewhere used to convey the idea which is intended here, and which the reader will easily guess at"—Dyce

2 *mystery*] *merry*. If corrected by Seward13 *car* &c. So F2, *claim* F1 and all eds. but Dyce14 *ground* &c. So F1 and all eds. but Dyce

Yet, when they come to motion, their cold virtue
Keeps 'em like cakes of ice. I'll melt a crystal
And make a dead flint fire himself, ere they
Give greater heat than now departing embers—
Give to old men that watch 'em.

Lucia A good whore
Had sav'd all this, and happy as wholes me
Ay, and the thing once done too as well thought of
But this same chastity forsooth——

Prax A pox on't
Why should not women be as free as we are?
They are (but not in open) and far freer
And the more bold ye bear yourself, more welcome
And there is nothing you dare say but truth
But they dare hear

Enter VALENTINIAN and LUCIA

Chi The emperor away!
And, if we can repent, let's home and pray. [*Exeunt*
Val Your only virtue now is patience
Take heed, and save your honour. If you talk—

Lucina As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, I'll cry for justice!

Val Justice shall never hear ye. I am justice
Lucina Wilt thou not kill me, monster, ravisher?

Thou bitter bane o' th' empire, look upon me
And, if thy guilty eyes dare see these ruins—

Thy wild lust hath laid level with dishonour,
The sacrilegious razing of this temple

The mother of thy black sins would have blush'd at
Behold, and curse thyself! The gods will find

thee,
(That's all my refuge now) for they are righteous,
Vengeance and horror circle thee, the empire

In which thou liv'st a strong continued surfeit,
Like poison will disgorge thee. Good men raze thee

19 *now*] *new* F2 20 *Gize*] *Gize* F1

25 *They are*, etc.] Should not these four lines be given to either Lucia or Praxas?

30 *empires*] F2 *Empire* F1

For ever being read again but vicious,
 Women and fearful maids mul' vows against thee,
 Thy own slaves if they hear of this shall hate thee,
 And those that must be ruptured first fall from thee,
 And it thou let'st me live the soldier, 50
 I'll with thy tyrannies break through obedience
 And shake his strong steel at thee!

Lucina This prevails not
 Nor any other better law
 If I have here some excuse that does me
 Curse the first cause—the witchcraft that abus'd me, 55
 Curse the second—these, and curse that heavenly beauty,
 And curse your being good to me!

Lucina Glorious thief,
 What restitution canst thou make to save me?
Lucina I'll ever love and honour you
Lucina Thou canst not,
 For that which was mine honour, thou hast murder'd, 60
 And can there be a love in violence?

Lucina You shall be only in me
Lucina Yet I like better
 Thy vanity than flattery, that's thine own
 The other basely counterfeit—Fare from me,
 Or, for thy safety-sake and wisdom, kill me, 65
 For I am worse than thou art—thou mayst pray,
 And so recover grace—I am lost for ever,
 And if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thyself too

Lucina I fear no loss but love, I stand above it
Lucina Call in your lady pawds, and gilded panders, 70
 And let them triumph too and sing to Cæsar,
 "Lucina's fall'n—the chaste Lucina's conquer'd!"—
 Gods, what a wretched thing has this man made me!
 For I am now no wife for Maximus
 No company for women that are virtuous, 75
 No family I now can claim, nor country,

46 For ever being read again but vicious] If read as follows

'For ever being, read again,—but vicious.

Women, and fearful Maids, &c.

Seward proposed *ever* in place of *vicious*. Colman changed the punctuation, and explained the meaning as, 'good men will prevent your ever being reconciled, but as a example of vice and villainy

52 *prevailing* avails

Nor name but Caesar's whore — Oh, sacred Caesar
 (For that should be your title,) was your empire,
 Your rods and axes, that are types of justice
 Those fires that ever burn to beg you blessings, 45
 The people's adoration, fear of nations,
 What victory can bring ye home, what else
 The useful elements can make your servants
 Even light itself, and sons of light truth justice,
 Mercy and star-like piety, sent to you 85
 And from the gods themselves to ravish women?
 The curses that I owe to enemies
 Even those the Sabines sent, when Romulus
 (As thou hast me) ravish'd their noble maids,
 Made more and heavier, light on thee!

Val This helps not 90

Lucina The sins of Tarquin be remember'd in thee!
 And where there has a chaste wife been abus'd,
 Let it be thine, the shame thine, thine the slaughter
 And last, for ever thine the fear'd example!
 Where shall poor Virtue live, now I am fall'n? 95
 What can your honours now, and empire, make me,
 But a more glorious whore?

Val A better woman
 But if ye will be blind, and scorn it, who can help it?
 Come, leave these lamentations, they do nothing
 But make a noise I am the same man still 100
 Were it to do again, (therefore be wiser,)
 By all this holy light, I should attempt it!
 Ye are so excellent, and made to ravish,
 (There were no pleasure in ye else.)

Lucina Oh, villain!

Val So bred for man's amazement that my reason, 105
 And every help to hold me right, has lost
 The god of love himself had been before me,
 Had he but power to see ye tell me justly,
 How can I choose but err, then? If ye dare
 Be mine, and only mine, (for ye are so precious, 110
 I envy any other should enjoy ye,
 Almost look on ye, and your daring husband
 Shall know h'as kept an offering from the empire,

84 s. s.] *suns* Ff, Colman, Weber Lmendation proposed by Se d a
 adopted by Dy

Too holy for his altars) be the mightiest,
 More than myself I'll make it If ye will not, 115
 Sit down with this and silence, for which wisdom,
 Ye shall have use of me and much honour ever,
 And be the same you were if ye divulge it
~~Know~~ I am far above the faults I do,
 And those I do I am able to forgive too, 120
 And where your credit in the knowledge of it,
 May be with gross enough suspected, mine
 Is as mine own command shall make it Princes,
 Though they be sometime subject to loose whispers
 Yet wear they two-edged swords for open censures 125
 Your husband cannot help ye, nor the soldier,
 Your husband is my creature, they my weapons,
 And only where I bid 'em, strike, I feed 'em
 Nor can the gods be angry at this action,
 For, as they make me most, they mean me happiest, 130
 Which I had never been without this pleasure
 Consider, and farewell, you'll find your women
 At home before ye, they have had some sport too,
 But are more thankful for it

[Exit

Lucina Destruction find thee!
 Now which way must I go? my honest house 135
 Will shake to shelter me, my husband fly me,
 My family
 Because they are honest, and desire to be so,
 Must not endure me, not a neighbour know me
 What woman now dare see me without blushes, 140
 And, pointing as I pass, "There, there, behold her,
 Look on her, little children, that is she,
 That handsome lady mark" Oh, my sad fortunes!
 Is this the end of goodness? this the price
 Of all my early prayers to protect me? 145
 Why then, I see there is no god but power,
 Nor virtue now alive that cares for us,
 But what is either lame or sensual,
 How had I been thus wretched else?

121 *where* 123 *Lucina* begins next line in Ff137 *My family* incorporated with the succeeding line in the Folios
 printed as separate line by Seward, Colman and Dyce140 Dyce inserts at the end of Lucina's speech the s.d. *Throws herself on*
a couch he also added the following one

Enter MAXIMUS and AECIUS

Lucina [to those without] Let Titus
Command the company that Pontius lost,
And see the fosses deeper

Max How now sweetheart?
What make you here, and thus?

Lucina Must Lucina weeping?
Thou must be much offence

Max Look up, and I tell me
Why are you thus?—My ring! Oh, friend, I have
found it!—

Ye are at court, sweet!

Lucina Yes, this brought me hither 155

Max Rise, and go home—I have my tears Aecius
Oh, my best friend, I am ruin'd!—Go, Lucina
Already in thy tears I have read thy wrongs
Already found a Casar, go thou away
Thou sweetly-drooping flower—go silver swan 160
And sing thine own sad requiem—go Lucina,
And, if thou dar'st, out-live this wrong!

Lucina I dare not

Aecius Is that the ring ye lost?

Max That, that Aecius
That cursed ring, my self, and all my fortunes!
'T has pleas'd the emperor, my noble master, 165
For all my services, and dangers for him
To make me mine own pander—Was this justice?
Oh, my Aecius, have I lived to bear this?

Lucina Farewell for ever, sir!

Max That's a sad saying
But such a one becomes ye well, Lucina 170
And yet, methinks, we should not part so lightly,
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted,
Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter
Kiss me—I find no Casar here, these lips
Taste not of ravisher in my opinion 175
Was it not so?

Lucina Oh, yea!

155 are] were F1 hither] thither F1

174 These lips Taste not of r sherl Colman compar Otello's I
found not Cassio's kiss on her lips

Man I dare believe thee,
 For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweetness —
 Indeed she was, Accius

Aunt's So she is still

Once more—Oh my Lucina, oh, my comfort,
 The blessing of my youth the life of my life! 180

Ands I have seen enough to stagger my obedience,
Hold me ye equal gods! this is too sinful

Man. Why wert thou chosen out to make a whore of?
 To me thou wert too chaste Fall, crystal fountains,
 And ever feed your streams, you rising sorrows, 185
 Till you have dropt your mistress into marble
 Now go for ever from me

Lucina Long farewell, sir!
And, as I have been loyal, gods, think on me!

Farewell, thou excellent example of us !
 Thou starry virtue fare thee well ! seek Heaven,
 And there by Cassiopeia shine in glory !
 We are too base and dirty to preserve thee

Accius Nay, I must kiss too. Such a kiss again,
 And from a woman of so ripe a virtue,
 Accius must not take Farewell, thou phoenix, 195
 If thou wilt die Lucina' which, well weigh'd,
 If you can cease a while from these strange thoughts,
 I wish were rather alter'd

<i>Lucina</i>	No
---------------	----

Mistake not
 I would not stain your honour for the empire, 200
 Nor any way decline you to discredit
 'Tis not my fair profession, but a villain's,
 I find and feel your loss as deep as you do,
 And am the same Accius, still as honest,
 The same life I have still for Maximus, 205
 The same sword wear for you, where justice wills me,
 And 'tis no dull one. Therefore, misconceive not,
 Only I would have you live a little longer,
 But a short year

179 *One more!* Dyce adds s a *Kissing her again*

182 *ржан* 1 1

I incline to it] "divert you from your course"—Dyce

207 m2 [10000 m2] m2 con el m2 no 12

Max She must not

Lucina Why so long, sir?
Am I not grey enough with grief already? 210

Lucius To draw from that wild man a sweet repentance,

And goodness in his days to come

Max They are so
And will be ever coming, my *Lucius*

Lucius For who knows, but the sight of you¹ presenting

His swoll'n sins at the full, and your fair virtues 215

May, like a fearful vision, fright his follies,

And once more bend him right again? which blessing

If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read,

Is more than death, and the reward more glorious 220

Death only eases you, this, the whole empire

Besides, compell'd and forc'd with violence

To what ye have done, the deed is none of yours,

No, nor the justice neither ye may live,

And still a worthier woman, still more honoured,

For are those trees the worse we tear the fruits from? 225

O! should the eternal gods desire to perish

Because we daily violate their truths,

Which is the chastity of Heaven? No, lady,

If ye dare live, ye may and as our sins

Make them more full of equity and justice, 230

So this compulsive wrong makes you more perfect.

The empire too will bless you

Max Noble sir,

If she were any thing to me but honour,

And that that's wedded to me too, laid in

Not to be worn away without my being 235

Or could the wrong be hers alone, or mine,

Or both our wrongs, not tied to after issues,

Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,

I would desire her live nay more, compel her

But since it was not youth, but malice did it, 240

And not her own, nor mine, but both our losses,

230 *Make*] *Makes* 11

232 *you*] *ye* 11

236 *g*] So *Fr* and *Seward*, *zeron*, s 12 and other eds. The singular is clearly preferable here, since *Max* as is speaking of a single definite wrong done to *Lucina*, and *o* done to him, the two single wrongs are to be the *both our wrongs* of the following line

Nor stays it there, but that our names must find it,
 Even these to come, and when they read she liv'd,
 Must they not ask how often she was ravish'd,
 And make a doubt she, 'lovd that more than wed-
 lock?

245

Therefore she must not live

Lucius Therefore she must live,

I teach the world such deaths are superstitious

Lucius The tongues of angels cannot alter me,

For could the world again restore my credit,

As far and absolute as first I bred it,

250

That world I should not trust again The empire

By my wit can get nothing but my story,

Which, whilst I breathe, must be but his abuses

And where ye counsel me to live, that Casar

May see his errors and repent, I'll tell ye

255

His penitence is but increase of pleasures,

His prayers never said but to deceive us,

And when he weeps, as you think, for his vices,

'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-trees,

That rot their honest neighbour If he can grieve,

260

As one that yet desires his free conversion,

And almost glories in his penitence,

I leave him robes to mourn in my sad ashes

Lucius The farewells then, of happy souls be with
 thee

And to thy memory be ever sung

265

The praises of a just and constant lady!

This sad day, whilst I live, a soldier's tears

I'll offer on thy monument and bring,

Full of thy noble self with tears untold yet,

Many a worthy wife, to weep thy ruin

270

Lucius All that is chaste upon thy tomb shall flourish,

All living epitaphs be thine time, story,

And what is left behind to piece our lives,

Shall be no more abus'd with tales and trifles,

But full of thee, stand to eternity

275

Lucius Once more, farewell! go, find Elysium,

There where the happy souls are crown'd with blessings,

There, where 'tis ever spring and ever summer!

Max Here, where no bed-ridden justice comes
Honour

And keepers of that blessed place go thither 260

For here thou liv'st chaste fire in rotten timbers

Valens And so, our last farewells!

Max Gods give thee justice! [*Exit VALENTINIAN*]

Alaric [*Alaric*] His thoughts begin to work, I feel
him yet

He ever was a noble Roman, but
I know not what to think on't, he hath suffered 265
Beyond a man, if he stand this

Max Accius,
Am I alive, or has a dead sleep seized me
It was my wife the emperor abused thus
And I must say, "I am glad I had her for him —
Must I not, my Accius?"

Accius I am stricker 270
With such a stiff amazement, that no answer
Can readily come from me nor no comfort
Will ye go home, or go to my house?

Max Neither 275
I have no home, and you are mad, Accius,
To keep me company I am a fellow
My own sword would forsake, not tied unto me
A pander is a prince to what I am fall'n
By Heaven, I dare do nothing!

Alaric You do better
Max I am made a branded slave, Accius 280
and yet I bless the maker
Death o' my soul! must I endure this tamely?
Must Maximus be mention'd for his tameness?
I am a child too, what should I do railing?
I cannot mend myself 'tis Cæsar did it,
And what am I to him?

Accius 'Tis well consider'd, 305
However you are tainted, be no traitor
Time may outwear the fist, the last lives ever

Max Oh, that thou wert not living and my friend!

281 [*wh'st*] *h* *st* F1

283 *sd*] In *ted* Weber

298 *By Hea n*] Om F2

302 [*ta ners*] *tales* F1, and eds except Dyce. Emendation proposed by
Mason, but not very satisfactory

Aecius [*Aside*] I'll bear a wary eye upon your actions

I fear ye, Maximus, nor can I blame thee 310
If thou break'st out for, by the gods, thy wrong
Deserves a general ruin!—Do ye love me?

Max That's all I have to live on

Aecius Then go with me,
Ye shall not to your own house

Max Nor to any,
My griefs are greater far than walls can compass 315
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous, and o' my conscience,
Should I now see the emperor i' th' heat on't,
I should not chide him for t an awe runs through me,
I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it, 320
'Tis at my heart now, there it sits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a pleasure to obey it

Aecius [*Aside*] This is a mask to cozen me I know
ye,

And how far ye dare do, no Roman farther,
Nor with more fearless valour, and I'll watch ye — 325
Keep that obedience still

Max Is a wife's loss
For her abuse, much good may do his grace!
I'll make as bold with his wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few fresh colours?
More than a lusty spring lost?

Aecius No more, Maximus, 330
To one that truly lives

Max Why then, I care not,
I can live well enough, *Aecius*
For look you, friend, for virtue, and those trifles,
They may be bought, they say

Aecius [*Aside*] He's craz'd a little,
His grief has made him talk things from his nature 335

Max But chastity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in Rome, unless it be bespoken
A hundred years before, is it, *Aecius*?—
By r lady, and well handled too i' th' breeding

309, 323 s d] Inverted Colman

331-2] *Why then*

Aecius one line in Ff

334 s d] Inverted Weber

338 years] Ff years

Accius Will ye go any way ?

Max I'll tell thee friend 340

If my wife, for all this, should be a whore now

A kind of kicker-out of sheets, twould vex me

For I am not angry yet The emperor

Is young and handsome, and the woman flesh,

And may not these two couple without scratching ? 345

Accius Alas, my noble friend !

Max Alas not me,
I am not wretched, for there's no man miserable
But he that makes himself so

Accius Will ye walk yet ?

Max Come, come, she dare not deceive friend, that's
the truth on't

She knows the enticing sweets and delicacies 350

Of a young prince's pleasures, and I thank her.

She has made a way for Maximus to rise by

Will't not become me bravely ? Why do you think

She wept, and said she was ravish'd ? Keep't here

And I'll discover to you

Accius Well ?

Max She knows 355

I love no bitten flesh, and out of that hope

She might be from me, she contriv'd this knavery

Was it not monstrous, friend ?

Accius [*Aside*] Does he but seem so
Or is he mad indeed ?

Max Oh, gods, my heart !

Accius [*Aside*] Would it would fairly break ! 360

Max Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was
And yet, I thank the gods I know my duty

Enter CLAUDIA

Clau Nay, you may spare your tears, she's dead,
she is so

Max Why, so it should be How ?

Clau When first she enter'd
Into her house, after a world of weeping, 365

And blushing like the sun-set as we saw her,
 "Dare I," said she, "defile this house with whore,
 In which his noble family has flourish'd?"
 At which she fell, and stirr'd no more We rubb'd
 her——

Mar No more of that, be gone [*Exit CLAUDIA*
 Now my Accius, 370
 If thou wilt do me pleasure, weep a little,
 I am so parch'd I cannot Your example
 Has brought the rain down now now lead me, friend,
 And as we walk together let's pray truly,
 I may not fall from truth

Accius That's nobly spoken 375

Mar Was I not wile, Accius?

Accius Somewhat troubled

Mar I felt no sorrow then Now I'll go with ye,
 But do not name the woman Fie what fool
 Am I to weep thus! Gods Lucina, take thee,
 For thou wert even the best and worthiest lady— 380

Accius Good sir, no more, I shall be melted with it

Mar I have done, and good sir, comfort me Would
 there were wars now!

Accius Sett e y our thoughts, come

Mar So I have now, friend,
 Of my deep lamentations here's an end [*Exeunt*

SCENE II

A street

Enter PONTIUS, PHIDIAS, and ARETUS

Phid By my faith, Captain Pontius, besides pity
 Of your fall'n fortunes, what to say I know not,
 For 'tis too true the emperor desires not,
 But my best master, any soldier near him

360 *a we saw her*] *as we see her* Ff Seward proposed *that we saw her*

374 *let's pray truly*] *let's pray together truly* Ff, Seward, Dyce I incline to
 Colman's opinion, that "the *d'together* -ee superfluous and erroneous,
 & probably w^{as} interpolated by a careless transcriber"

382 *W. Id n't*] separate line in Ff

SC II] Although the following scene is marked *Scen 3* in F1 and *Scene*
 III in F2, the Folio make no change of scene here, corrected by Weber

Are And when he understands he cast you off at once
For disobedience, how can we incline him
That are but under-persons to his favours
To any fair opinion? Can ye sing?

Pent Not to please him, Arelus, for my songs
Go not to th' lute or viol, but to th' trumpet
My tune kept on a target, and my subject
The well-struck wounds of men not love or women.

Plud And those he understands not.

Pent He should, Pludius.

Are Could you not leave this killing way a little?
You must, if here you would plant yourself, and rithen
Learn, as we do, to like what those effect
That are above us wear then actions
And think they keep us warm too, what they say
Though oftentimes they speak a little foolishly
Not stay to construe, but prepare to execute
And think, however the end falls, the business
Cannot run empty-handed

Plud Can ye flatter,
And, if it were put to you, lie a little?

Pent Yes, if it be a living

Are That's well said, then

Pent But must these lies and flatteries be believed
then? 25

Plud Oh, yes, by any means

Pent By any means, then

I cannot lie, nor flatter

Are Ye must swear too,

If ye be there

Pent I can swear, if they move me

Plud Cannot ye forswear too?

Pent The court for ever

If it be grown so wicked 30

Are You should procure a little too

Pent What's that?

Men's honest sayings for my truth?

14 *Could you, etc*] Colman, followed by Weber and Dyce make *then* a
if here you would plant yourself parenthetical, and places *interrogat* marks
after us (17), too (18), etc etc (19), and empty handed. The number that first
followed is that of the Ff

25 *then*] i.e. at court

Ate Oh, no, sir,
 But women's honest actions for your trial
Port Do you do all these things?
Phil Do you not like 'em?
Pent Do you ask me seriously or trifle with me? 35
 I am not so low yet to be your mirth
Ate You do mistake us captain, for sincerely
 We ask you how you like 'em?
Port Then sincerely
 I tell ye I abhor 'em they are ill ways,
 And I will starve before I fall into 'em, 40
 The doers of 'em witches, their base hangers
 Care not whose bread they eat, nor how they get it
Ate What then, sir?
Pent If you profess this wickedness,
 Because ye have been soldiers, and borne arms,
 The servants of the brave Accius, 45
 And by him put to th' emperor, give me leave
 (Or I must take it else) to say ye are villains!
 For all your golden coats, debosh'd, base villains!
 Yet I do wear a sword to tell you so
 Is this the way you mark out for a soldier, 50
 A man that has commanded for the empire,
 And borne the reputation of a man?
 Are there not lazy things enough, call'd fools and
 cowards,
 And poor enough to be preferr'd for panders,
 But wanting soldiers must be knaves too? ha! 55
 This the trim course of life? Were not ye born bawds,
 And so inherit but your rights? I am poor,
 And may expect a worse, yet, digging, pruning
 Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
 Planting of worts and onions, any thing 60
 That's honest, and a man's, I'll rather choose,
 Ay, and live better on it, which is juster,
 Drink my well-gotten water with more pleasure,
 When my endeavour's done, and wages paid me,
 Than you do wine, eat my coarse bread not curs'd, 65
 And merd upon't (your diets are diseases),

35 *you*] *ye* F149 *y*] *ye* F155 *hunger*] *as above* F1

And sleep as soundly, when my labour bids me,
 As any forward pander of ye all,
 And rise a great deal honestier, my garments,
 I though not as yours, the soft sins of the empire 70
 Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,
 When every single breath of poor opinion
 Finds you through all your velvets

He You have hit it,
 Nor are we those we seem The lord Accius
 Put us good men to th' emperor, so we have serv'd 75
 him,

Though much neglected for it, so dare be still
 Your curses are not ours We have seen your fortune
 But yet know no way to redeem it means
 Such as we have, ye shall not want, brave Pontius
 But pray be temperate If we can wipe out 80
 The way of your offences, we are yours still,
 And you shall live at court an honest man too

Pont That little meat and means we have, we'll
 share it

Fear not to be as we are, what we told ye
 Were but mere trials of your truth y'are worthy, 85
 And so we'll ever hold ye, suffer better,
 And then you are a right man, Pontius
 If my good master be not ever angry,
 Ye shall command again

Pont I have found two good men Use my life, 90
 For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III

A room in the house of MAXIMUS

Enter MAXIMUS

Max There's no way else to do it, he must die,
 This friend must die, this soul of Maximus
 Without whom I am nothing but my shame,

81 *The way of your offences*] “a [emphasis for ‘your offences’]”—Dyce
 87 *you] ye* FI

This factness, that keeps me from opinion,
 Must die, or I must live thus branded ever 5
 A hard choice and a fatal! Gods, ye have given me
 A way to credit but the ground to go on
 Ye have level'd with that precious life I love most,
 Yet I must on, and through for if I offer
 To take my way without him like a sea 10
 He bears his high command 'twixt me and vengeance,
 And in my own road sinks me He is honest,
 Or a most constant loyalty to Cæsar,
 And when he shall but doubt I dare attempt him,
 But make a question of his ill but say 15
 "What is a Cæsar that he dare do this?"
 Dead sure he cuts me off Accius dies,
 Or I have lost myself—Why should I kill him?
 Why should I kill myself? for 'tis my killing,
 Accius is my root, and, wither him, 20
 Like a decaying branch I fall to nothing
 Is he not more to me than wife? than Cæsar,
 Though I had now my safe revenge upon him?
 Is he not more than rumour, and his friendship
 Sweeter than the love of women? What is honour, 25
 We all so strangely are bewitch'd withal?
 Can it relieve me if I want? he has,
 Can honour, 'twixt the incensed prince and envy,
 Bear up the lives of worthy men? he has
 Can honour pull the wings of fearful cowards, 30
 And make 'em turn again like tigers? he has,
 And I have liv'd to see this, and preserv'd so
 Why should this empty word incite me, then,
 To what is ill and cruel? Let her perish
 A friend is more than all the world, than honour, 35
 She is a woman, and her loss the less,
 And with her go my griefs!—But, hark ye, Maximus,
 Was she not yours? Did she not die to tell ye

4 *factness* = *factness from opinion* "the that prevents me from acting in a right manner as may preserve my reputation"—M., quoted by Dyce

12 *factness* = *factness*

19 *factness* = *factness* "the killing of Accius is, in fact, killing myself"—Mason, quoted by Dyce

24 *factness* = *factness* Colm. substituted *honour*

25 *factness* = *factness* etc.] It is scarcely necessary to suppose that Fletcher had in view Falstaff's comic Catechism concerning Honour. See also Kneppel's proposal

She was a ravish'd woman? Did not justice
 Nobly begin with her, that not deserv'd it? 40
 And shall he live that did it? Stay a little
 (Can this abuse die here? Shall not men's tongues
 Dispute it afterward, and say I gave
 (Affecting dull obedience and tame duty
 And led away with fondness of a friendship)
 The only virtue of the world to slander?
 Is not this certain was not she a chastity?
 And such a one, that no compare dwelt with her?
 One of so sweet a virtue, that Accius,
 (Even he himself, this friend that holds me from it 50
 Out of his worthy love to me and justice,
 Had it not been on Caesar had reveng'd her?
 By Heaven he told me so! What shall I do
 then?
 Can other men affect it, and I could?
 I fear he must not live

Enter a Servant

Serv My lord the general 55
 Is come to seek ye
Max Go, entreat him to enter — [*Last Serv*
 Oh, brave Accius, I could wish thee now
 As far from friendship to me as from fears
 That I might cut thee off like that I weigh'd not
 Is there no way, without him, to come near it? 60
 For out of honesty he must destroy me
 If I attempt it — He must die as others,
 And I must lose him, 'tis necessity,
 Only the time and means is all the difference
 But yet I would not make a murder of him, 65
 Take him directly for my doubts, he shall die,
 I have found a way to do it and a safe one,
 It shall be honour to him too — I know not

41 *he*] *ye* F153 *By Heaven*] *Om* F254 *affect*] aim at, aspire to, the original meaning of the Latin *afficere*55 *s d*] In the Folios this is placed between ll. 53 and 5456 *Exit*] Not marked in F164 *all*] *Om* F2

What to determine certain, I am so troubled,
 And such a deal of conscience presses me 70
 Would I were dead myself!

Enter AECIUS

Aecius You run away well,
 How got you from me, friend?
Mar That that leads mad men,
 A strong imagination, made me wander
Aecius I thought you had been more settled
Mar I am well,
 But you must give me leave a little sometimes 75
 To have a buzzing in my brains

Aecius [*Aside*] Ye are dangerous,
 But I'll prevent it if I can—Ye told me
 You would go to th' army

Mar Why? to have my throat cut?
 Must he not be the bravest man, Aecius,
 That strikes me first?

Aecius You promised me a freedom 80
 From all these thoughts And why should any strike
 you?

Mar I am an enemy, a wicked one,
 Worse than the foes of Rome, I am a coward—
 A cuckold, and a coward, that's two causes
 Why every one should beat me

Aecius Ye are neither, 85
 And durst another tell me so, he died for't
 For thus far on mine honour I'll assure you,
 No man more lov'd than you, and, for your valour,
 And what else may be fair, no man more follow'd

Mar A doughty man, indeed! But that's all one, 90
 The emperor, nor all the princes living,
 Shall find a flaw in my coat I have suffer'd,
 And can yet, let them find inflictions,
 I'll find a body for 'em, or I'll break it

74 *pl. 11. F.*

76 *pl. 11. F.* Inserted Seward

89 *pl. 11. F.* Emendation proposed by Seward. Despite Dyce's adherence to original text, in explanation of which he quotes Heath, "and for your valour, d your great expectations, even th co istent with your honour and loyalty nom more followed" *pl* appears to me an impossible reading

'Tis not a wife can thrust me out, some look'd for t, 95
 But let 'em look till they are blind with looking
 They are but fools Yet there is anger in me,
 That I would fain disperse, and, now I think on t,
 You told me, friend, the provinces are stirring
 We shall have sport, I hope then and what's dan-
 gerous 100

A battle shall beat from me

Accus

Why do ye eye me

With such a settled look?

Mar

Pray tell me this,

Do we not love extremely? I love you so

Accus If I should say I lov'd not you as truly,

I should do that I never durst do,—lie 105

Mar If I should die, would it not grieve you much?

Accus Without all doubt

Mar

And could you live without me?

Accus It would much trouble me to live without
 ye,

Our loves, and loving souls have been so us'd
 But to one household in us but to die 110

Because I could not make you live were woman

Far much too weak, were it to save your worth,

Or to redeem your name from rooting out,

To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,

Or fetch ye off, where honour had engaged ye, 115

I ought, and would die for ye

Mar

Truly spoken!—

[*Aside*] What beast but I, that must, could hurt this
 man now?

Would he had ravish'd me! I would have paid
 him,

I would have taught him such a trick his eunuchs,

Nor all his black-eyed boys dream'd of yet 120

By all the gods, I am mad now! Now were Cæsar

Within my reach, and on his glorious top

The pile of all the world, he went to nothing!

The destinies, nor all the dames of hell,

Were I once grappl'd with him, should relieve hi , 125

117 s d] Inserted Seward

1 boys dream'd] Seward's emendation '*boys d'er dream*' w adopted by
 C. J. M. and Weber

No, not the hope of mankind, more, all perished!
But this is words and weakness

Accius Ye look strangely

Max I look but as I am, I am a stranger

Accius To me

Max To every one, I am no Roman,
Nor what I am do I know

Accius Then I'll leave ye 130

Max I find I am best so If ye meet with Maximus

Pray bid him be an honest man for my sake
You may do much upon him, for his shadow,
Let me alone

Accius Ye were not wont to talk thus,
And to your friend, ye have some danger in you, 135
That willingly would run to action
Take heed, by all our love, take heed!

Max I danger?
I willing to do anything? I dig?

Has not my wife been dead two days already?
Are not y' mournings by this time moth-eaten? 140
Are not her sins dispers'd to other women,
And many one ravish'd to relieve her?
Have I shed tears these twelve hours?

Accius Now ye weep

Max Some lazy drops that stay'd behind

Accius I'll tell ye,
(And I must tell ye truth,) were it not hazard, 145
And almost certain loss of all the empire,
I would join with ye were it any man's
But his life, that is life of us, he lost it
For doing of this mischief I would take it,
And to your rest give ye a brave revenge 150
But, as the rule now stands, and as he rules,

138 *dig*] So F1 Presumably a misprint, for which no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. Weber adopted the *die* of Colman's ed. Dyce suggested, *Ay dig* Mitford (*Cursory Notes on Dyce's Text*, 1856) would read, *I'm willing to do anything, ay, die*

142 *my e ravish'd*] Seward and Colman printed *many a one e'en ravish'd*

147 *join*] So F2 *wy* F1 *whi* Seward, Colman Says Weber, "I have no doubt that *wyne* was accidental corruption of *wy* Exactly the same error has occurred in the first folio, in the colloquy of Maximus, act V sc iii" (135 *Wintea*)

And as the nations hold, in disobedience
 One pillar failing, all must fall, I dare not
 Nor is 't just you should be suffer'd in it,
 Therefore again, take heed ! On foreign toes
 We are our own revengers, but at home,
 On princes that are eminent and our-
 'Tis fit the gods should judge us Be not rash
 Nor let your angry steel cut those ye know not
 For by this fatal blow if ye dare strike it 160
 As I see great aims in ye, those unborn yet
 And those to come of them, and those succeeding
 Shall bleed the wrath of Maximus For me,
 As ye now bear yourself, I am your friend-still
 If ye fall off I will not flatter ye 165
 And in my hands were ye my soul, you perish'd
 Once more, be careful, stand, and stur' be worthy
 I'll leave you for this hour [Exit
Mar Pray do—'Tis done
 And, friendship since thou canst not hold in dangers,
 Give me a certain ruin ! I must through it [Exit 170

158 *us*] Seward altered to *em*162 *those*] *these* Ff, correction made by Dyce165 *If ye fall off*, etc.] Dyce prints the line thus

" If you fall off, (I will not flatter you,

168 *ye*] F^v *ye*

ACT IV

SCENE I

*An apartment in the Palace**Enter VALENTINIAN, LICINIUS, CHILAX, and BALBUS**Val* Dead!*Chi* So tis thought, sir*Val* How?*Licin* Grief and disgrace,

As people say

Val No more, I have too much on't,

Too much by you, you whetters of my follies,

Ye angel-formers of my sins, but devils!

Where is your cunning now? You would work wonders, 5

There was no chastity above your practice,

You would undertake to make her love her wrongs,

And dote upon her rape! Mark what I tell ye,

If she be dead

Chi Alas sir!*Val* Hang ye, rascals,

Ye blasters of my youth, if she be gone, 10

'Twere better ye had been your fathers' camels,

Groan'd under daily weights of wood and water—

Am I not Caesar?

Licin Mighty, and our maker*Val* Than thus have given my pleasures to destruction!

Look she be living, slaves!

Licin We are no gods, sir, 15

If she be dead, to make her new again

Val She cannot die, she must not die, are those

I plant my love upon but common livers?

Their hours as others', told 'e? can they be ashes?

Why do ye flatter a belief into e, 20

That I am all that is,—“The world’s my creature,
 The trees bring forth their fruits when I say *Sapienter*,
 The wind, that knows no limit but his wildness
 At my command moves not a leaf, the sea
 With his proud mountain waters envying heaven, 25
 When I say *Still*, run into crystal mirrors?
 Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye bubbles,
 That with my least breath break, no more remembered
 Ye moths, that fly about my flame and perish,
 Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours, 30
 Living no longer than my spring of favour
 Why do ye make me god, that can do nothing?
 Is she not dead?

Chi All women are not with her.

Val A common whore serves you and far above
 ye,

The pleasures of a body lamed with lewdness 35
 A mere perpetual motion makes ye happy
 Am I a man to traffic with diseases?
 Can any but a chastity serve Cæsar?
 And such a one that gods would kneel to purchase?
 You think, because you have bred me up to pleasures 40
 And almost run me over all the rare ones,
 Your wives will serve the turn I care not for ‘em
 Your wives are fencers’ whores, and shall be foot-
 men’s
 Though sometimes my nice will, or rather anger,
 Have made ye cuckolds for variety 45
 I would not have ye hope, nor dream ye poor ones,
 Always so great a blessing from me—Go,
 Get your own infamy hereafter rascals!
 I have done too nobly for ye, ye enjoy
 Each one an heir, the royal seed of Cæsar, 50

25 *enzim*] ‘die-vying with, cunningly’—Dyce

26 *run*] The verb is attracted into the plural by the plural noun intervening between it and the subject. (Cf. *Henry I*, V. ii. 19—

“The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
 Have lost their quality,”

and countless other examples in Shakspere.) Seward, followed by Colman and Weber, altered to *runs*

39 *that*] *the* FI, Seward, Dyce

And I may curse ye for 't, your wanton jennets,
 That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies,
 Taught me this foul intemperance Thou, Licinius,
 Hast such a Messalina, such a Lais,
 The backs of bulls cannot content, nor stallions, 55
 The sweat of fifty men a night does nothing

Licin Your grace but jests, I hope

Val 'Tis oracle

The sins of other women, put by hers,
 Show off like sanctities Thine's a fool; Chilax,
 Yet she can tell to twenty, and all lovers, 60
 And all lien with her too, and all as she is,
 Rotten and ready for an hospital
 Yours is a holy whore, friend Balbus,—

Bal Well, sir

Val One that can pray away the sins she suffers
 But not the punishments she has had ten bastards, 65
 Five of 'em now are lictors, yet she prays,
 She has been the song of Rome, and common pasquil,
 Since I durst see a wench she was camp-mistress,
 And muster'd all the cohorts, paid 'em too
 (They have it yet to show), and yet she prays, 70
 She is now to enter old men that are children,
 And have forgot their rudiments Am I
 Left for these withered vices? and but one,
 But one of all the world that could content me,
 And snatch'd away in showing? If your wives 75
 Be not yet witches, or yourselves, now be so,
 And save your lives, raise me this noble beauty,
 As when I forc'd her, full of constancy,
 Or, by the gods

Licin

Most sacred Cæsar

Val

Slaves

51 *your wanton jennets, That are so proud the wind gets 'em with fillies*
 Weber and Dyce compare *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* (IV. iii.)—

“Do ye conceive, as our jennets do, with a west wind?”

(See the note on this line in vol. iii. of this ed., p. 438.)

50 *a night* a night, Colman, Weber, Dyce

67 *pasquil* Subject for ironical lampoons. The origin of the word is in the
 Statue of Pasquino, or Pasquillo, in Rome, to which turn of wit was used to be
 applied. The writers of such lampoons sometimes adopted Pasquil or Pasquin
 as anonym, and later the name came to be applied to the composition
 itself

Enter PROCLUS

Lucin Good Proculus—

Proc By Heaven, you shall not see it! 80
It may concern the empire

Val Ha! What saidst thou?
Is she not dead?

Proc Not any one I know, sir
I come to bring your grace a letter here,
Scatter'd belike i'th' court 'tis sent to Maximus,
And bearing danger in it

Val Danger! where? 85
Double our guard!

Proc Nay, no where but i'th' letter

Val [*Aside*] What an afflicted conscience do I live
with,

And what a beast I am grown! I had forgotten
To ask Heaven mercy for my fault and was now
Even ravishing again her memory 90

I find there must be danger in this deed
Why do I stand disputing then, and whining,
For what is not the gods' to give? they cannot
Though they would link their powers in one, do
mischief

This letter may betray me—Get ye gone, 95
And wait me in the garden, guard the house well
And keep this from the empress [*Exit*]

The name Maximus

Runs through me like a fever This may be
Some private letter, upon private business,
Nothing concerning me, why should I open't? 100
I have done him wrong enough already Yet
It may concern me too, the time so tells me,
The wicked deed I have done assures me 'tis so
Be what it will, I'll see it, if that be not
Part of my fears among my other sins, 105
I'll purge it out in prayers—How! what's this?

[*Reads*]

79 s.d.] Added F2

80 *Lucin*] So F2, *Lycias* F1 Dyce pointed out that *Lycias* a
take for *Lyc* i.e. Lycinius The s.d. in Colman and Weber reads *Enter*
PROCLUS and LYCIAS By He *en*] Om F2

87 s.d.] Added Dyce

106 *Reads*] *Letter read* Ff—Two lines in Ff (the first ending a prayer

Lord Maximus, you love Aurius,
 And are his noble friend too but him be less,
 I mean less with the people, times are dangerous,
 The army's his, the emperor in doubts, 110
 And, as some will not ~~show~~ to say, declining
 You stand a constant man in either fortune
 Persuade him he is lost else Though ambition
 Be the first sin he touches at, or never,
 Yet what the people, mad with loving him, 115
 And as they willingly desire another,
 May tempt him to, or rather force his goodness,
 Is to be devoted manly He is all
 (As he stands now) out the mere name of Caesar,
 And should the emperor enforce him lesser, 120
 Not coming from himself, it were more dangerous
 He is honest and will hear you Doubts are scatter'd,
 And almost come to growth in every household,
 Yet, in my foolish judgment, were this master'd,
 The people that are now but rage and his 125
 Might be again obedience You shall know me
 When Rome is fair again till when, I love you
 No name? This may be cunning, yet it seems not
 For there is nothing in it but is certain,
 Besides my safety Had not good Germanicus, 130
 That was as loyal and as straight as he is,
 If not prevented by Tiberius
 Been by the soldiers forc'd their emperor?
 He had, and 'tis my wisdom to remember it
 And was not Corbulo (even that Corbulo, 135
 That ever-fortunate and living Roman,
 That broke the heart-strings of the Parthians,
 And brought Arsaces' line upon their knees,
 (chain'd to the awe of Rome), because he was thought
 (And but in wine once) fit to make a C sar, 140
 Cut off by Nero? I must seek my safety,
 For 'tis the same again, if not beyond it
 I know the soldier loves him more than Heaven,
 And will adventure all his gods to raise him,
 Me he hates more than peace what this may breed, 145
 If dull security and confidence

112 *fortun*] *fortune* F1 Seward, Weber 115 *mad*] *made* F1

130] Two lines: the first ending at *safety*) in Ff

Let him grow up a fool may find, and laugh at
 But why, Lord Maximus, I injur'd so,
 Should be the man to counsel him, I know not,
 More than he has been friend, and lov'd allegiance. 146
 What now he is, I fear for his abuses
 Without the people dare draw blood — What waits
 there?

Enter a Servant

Serv. Your grace?

Val. Call Phidias and Aretius hither

[Exit Servant]

I'll find a day for him too — *There is some danger us,*
The army his, the emperor in doubt. 152
 I find it is too true. Did he not tell me,
 As if he had intent to make me odious,
 And to my face, and by a way of terror,
 What vices I was grounded in, and almost
 Proclaim'd the soldiers' hate against me? Is not 160
 The sacred name and dignity of Cæsar
 (Were this Accius more than man) sufficient
 To shake off all his honesty? He's dangerous,
 Though he be good, and, though a friend, a feared
 one,
 And such I must not sleep by — Are they come yet? — 165
 I do believe this fellow, and I thank him
 'Twas time to look about — if I must perish,
 Yet shall my fears go foremost

Enter PHIDIAS and ARETIUS

Phid. Lie to Cæsar!

Val. Is Lord Aecius waiting?

Phid. Not this morning

I rather think he's with the army

147 *in 16th lan. 16th*

153 s. 1. Added Col. n

157 *A if, e c* " At the beginning of this line both the folios have 'I,
 and at the beginning of the next line '2 — A regard direct on how a p^l
 the lines has been taken into the text — See APP. 1 — Lysa

165 *for us* '1 c. the objects of my fear' — Dyce

Val Army! 170
I do not like that 'army'—[*Aside*]
—Go unto him,
And bid him straight attend me, and—do ye hear?
Come private without any, I have business
Only for him

Phid Your grace's pleasure

Val Go [*Exit PHIDIAS*]
What soldier is the same (I have seen him often) 175
That keeps you company, Arctus?

Are Me, sir?

Val Ay, you, sir

Are One they call Pontius,
An't please your grace

Val A captain?

Are Yes, he was so,
But speaking something roughly in his want,
Especially of wars, the noble general, 180
Out of a strict allegiance, cast his fortunes

Val H'as been a valiant fellow?

Are So he's still

Val Alas! the general might have pardon'd follies
Soldiers will talk sometimes

Are I am glad of this [*Aside*]

Val He wants preferment, as I take it

Are Yes, sir, 185
And for that noble grace his life shall serve

Val I have a service for him,
I shame a soldier should become a beggar
I like the man Arctus

Are Gods protect ye!

Val Bid him repair to Proculus, and there 190
He shall receive the business, and reward for't
I'll see him settled too, and as a soldier,
We shall want such

Are The sweets of Heaven still crown ye!

[*Exit*]

Val I have a fearful darkness in my soul,
And, till I be deliver'd, still am dying! [*Exit* 195

171, 184 s.d.] I. rted Dyce
193 *Are* b, etc.] F.1 made th last three lines part of the preceding
speech

SCENE II

*Before the Palace**Enter MAXIMUS alone*

Max My way has taken all the court's in guard
 And business every where and every corner
 Full of strange whispers I am least in rumour,
 And so I'll keep myself Here comes Aecius,
 I see the bait is swallow'd if he be lost, 5
 He is my martyr and my way stands open,
 And, Honour, on thy head his blood is reckon'd

Enter AECIUS with a sword and his arm and
PHIDIAS

Aecius Why, how now, friend? what make ye here
 unarm'd?
Aecius turn'd merchant?

Max By your fair persuasions,
 And such a merchant traffics without danger 10
 I have forgotten all, Aecius,
 And, which is more, forgiven

Aecius Now I love ye,
 Truly I do ye are a worthy Roman

Max The fair repentance of my prince, to me
 Is more than sacrifice of blood and vengeance 15
 No eyes shall weep her ruins but mine own

Aecius Still ye take more love from me Virtuous
 friend,
 The gods make poor Aecius worthy of thee!

Max Only in me y'are poor, sir, and I worthy
 Only in being yours But why your arm thus? 20
 Have ye been hurt, Aecius?

Aecius Bruis'd a little,
 My horse fell with me, friend, which, till this morning,
 I never knew him do

7 s d] *Enter Aecius and Phidias* Ff, betw 11 3 and 4
 8 make] do makes f2 Com, Weber Cf III 1 152
 20] Two lin (the first ending at yours) in ff

Max Pray gods it bode well !
And, now I think on t better, ye shall back ,
Let my persuasions rule ye

Aecius Back ! why, Maximus ? 25
The emperor commands we come

Max I like not
At this time his command

Aecius I do at all times,
And all times will obey it why not now, then ?

Max I'll tell ye why, and, as I have been govern'd,
Be you so, noble friend the court's in guard, 30
Arm'd strongly for what purpose let me fear
I do not like your going

Aecius Were it fire,
And that fire certain to consume this body,
If Caesar sent, I would go Never fear, man ,
If he take me he takes his arms away 35
I am too plain and true to be suspected

Max Then I have dealt unwisely [*Aside*

Aecius If the emperor,
Because he merely may, will have my life,
That's all he has to work on, and all shall have ,
Let him , he loves me better Here I wither, 40
And happily may live till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death , nay more, dishonour
Now all my sins I dare say those of duty,
Are printed here and if I fall so happy,
I bless the grave I be in, and the gods, 45
Equal as dying on the enemy,
Must take me up a sacrifice

Max Go on then
And I'll go with ye

Aecius No, ye may not friend

Max He cannot be a friend bars me, Aecius
Shall I forsake ye in my doubts ?

Aecius Ye must 50

Max I must not, nor I will not Have I liv'd
Only to be a carpet-friend, for pleasure ?

37 s d] Added Weber

40 'c] a f r he loves me better—"That is, he shows his love to me still more by it —Mason

52 'c] 'friend] This alludes to the Carpet Knights, which are frequently

I can endure a death as well as Cato

Accius There is no death nor danger in my going
Nor none must go along

Max I have a sword too, 55
And once I could have us'd it for my friend

Accius I need no sword nor friend, in this prov
leave me,

And, as ye love me, do not over-love me

I am commanded none shall come At supper

I'll meet ye, and we'll drink a cup or two, 60

Ye need good wine, ye have been sad Farewell

Max Farewell, my noble friend let me embrace ye
Ere ye depart, it may be one of us
Shall never do the like again

Accius Yes, after

Max Farewell, good dear *Accius*!

Accius Farewell *Maximus* 65
Till night indeed you doubt too much

[*Exit* *Accius* *PHIDIAS*]

Max I do not

Go, worthy innocent, and make the number
Of Cæsar's sins so great Heaven may want mercy!

I'll hover hereabout, to know what passes,

And, if he be so devilish to destroy thee, 70

In thy blood shall begin his tragedy. *Exit*

SCENE III

Enter

Enter PROCLUS and PONTIUS

Procl Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name Patrician, more than that to o,
The friend of Cæsar ye are stv'd there's n thing

mentioned in old plays. As Mr. Gifford observes, they were such a war
made on occasion of public testimonies, marriages, births &c. a contradi-
tinction to those that were created on the field of battle after a victory. —
Weber

55 *I have a sword* 60] Is it hypercritical to remark that *Maximus* is
a armed? Cf. l. 8. 66 s.d.] simply *Exit* in l.f.

Within the hopes of Rome or present being,
But you may safely say is yours

Pont Pray stay, sir 5

What has Accius done to be destroy'd?

At least, I would have a colour

Proc Ye have more,

Nay, all that may be given, he is a traitor,

Ore any man would strike that were a subject

Pont Is he so foul?

Proc Yes, a most fearful traitor 10

Pont [*Aside*] A fearful plague upon thee, for thou
hast

I ever thought the soldier would undo him

With his too much affection

Proc Ye have hit it,

Incy have brought him to ambition

Pont Then he is gone

Proc The emperor, out of a foolish pity, 15

Would save him yet

Pont Is he so mad?

Proc He's madder,—

Would go to th' army to him

Pont Would he so?

Proc Yes, Pontius, but we consider

Pont Wisely

Proc How else, man?—that the state lies in it

Pont And your lives too?

Proc And every man's

Pont He did me 20

All the disgrace he could

Proc And scurvily

Pont Out of a mischief merely did you mark it?

Proc Yes, well enough now ye have means to
quit it

The deed done, take his place

Pont Pray let me think on't,

'Tis ten to one I do it

Proc Do, and be happy [*Exit* 25

Pont This emperor is made of nought but mischief

Sure, Murder was his mother None to lop,

11 "d" Aided Seward 16 re] 'a Fl

23 Yes, well enough] Given to Pontius in Fl quit—request

But the main link he had ? Upon my conscience,
The man is truly honest, and that kills him
For, to live here, and study to be true, 30
Is all one to be traitors—Why should he die?
Have they not slaves and rascals for their offerings
In full abundance ? bawds more than beasts for
slaughter ?
Have they not singing whores enough and knaves too,
And millions of such martyrs, to sink Charon, 35
But the best sons of Rome must sail too ? I will show
him
(Since he must die) a way to do it truly
And though he bears me hard yet shall he know,
I am born to make him bless me for a blow [If not

SCENE IV

The court of the Palace

Enter PHIDIAS, ARETUS, and AECIUS

Phid Yet ye may scape to th' camp we'll hazard
with ye

Are Lose not your life so basely, sir ye are arm'd
And many, when they see your sword out, and know
why,

Must follow your adventure

Accus Get ye from me

Is not the doom of Caesar on this body ?
Do not I bear my last hour here, now sent me ,
Am I not old Accius, ever dying ?
You think this tenderness and love you bring me ,
'Tis treason, and the strength of disobedience,
And, if ye tempt me further, ye shall feel it
I seek the camp for safety, when my death
(Ten times more glorious than my life, and lasting,
Bids me be happy ! Let the fool fear dying,
Or he that weds a woman for his humour,
Dreaming no other life to come but kisses

³⁸ bears me hard] suspects me, has an ill opinion of me Cf Jm . i . v . c
l n 317

Sc IV 1 Called Scene II in Ff

14 *humour* | *honour* Fl M n's conjecture, adopted by Dy-e

Accius is not now to learn to suffer
 If ye dare show a just affection, kill me,
 I stay but those that must Why do ye weep?
 Am I so wretched to deserve men's pities?
 Go, give your tears to those that lose their worths, 20
 Bewail their miseries for me wear garlands,
 Drunk with wine, and much, sing pæans to my praise,
 I am to triumph friends, and more than Cæsar
 For Cæsar fears to die I love to die

Phid Oh, my dear lord!

Accius No more go, go, I say! 25

Show me not signs of sorrow I deserve none

Dare any man lament I should die nobly?

Am I grown old to have such enemies?

When I am dead speak honourably of me,

That is, preserve my memory from dying, 30

There, if you needs must weep your ruin'd master,

A tear or two will seem well This I charge ye,

Because ye say you yet love old Accius.)

See my poor body burnt, and some to sing

About my pile, and what I have done and suffer'd 35

If Cæsar kill not that too, at your banquets,

When I am gone if any chance to number

The times that have been sad and dangerous,

Say how I felt, and 'tis sufficient

No more, I say! he that laments my end, 40

By all the gods, dishonours me! Be gone,

And suddenly and wisely from my dangers,

My death is catching else

Phid We fear not dying

Accius Yet fear a wilful death, the just gods hate

it

I need no company to that that children 45

Dare do alone, and slaves are proud to purchase

Live till your honesties, as mine has done,

Make this corrupted age sick of your virtues,

Then die a sacrifice, and then ye know

The noble use of dying well, and Roman 50

Arc And must we leave ye, sir?

Accius

We must all die,
 All leave ourselves, it matters not where when,

Nor how, so we die well — and can that man that does
so

Need lamentation for him? (Children weep
Because they have offended, or for fear 55

Women for want of will and anger — is ther
In noble man that truly feels both poises
Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness,
To drown a glorious death in child and woman? 60

I am ashamed to see ye — yet ye move me,
And, were it not my manhood would accuse me
For covetous to live — I should weep with ye

Phid. Oh, we shall never see you more!

Accius 'Tis true,

Nor I the miseries that Rome shall suffer,
Which is a benefit life cannot reckon 65

But what I have been, which is just and faithful,
One that grew old for Rome when Rome forgot him,

And for he was an honest man, durst die
Ye shall have daily with ye — could that die to —,
And I return no traffic of my travails, 70

No pay to have been soldier but this silver
No annals of Accius but 'he liv'd,'

My friends, ye had cause to weep, and bitterly
The common overflows of tender women,
And children new-born crying, were too little 75

To show me then most wretched — If tears must be,
I should in justice weep 'em, and for you

You are to live, and yet behold those slaughters
The dry and wither'd bones of Death would bleed
at

But, sooner than I have time to think what must be, 80
I fear you'll find what shall be — If ye love me

(Let that word serve for all), be gone and leave me
I have some little practice with my soul

And then the sharpest sword is welcomest
Go, pray be gone, ye have obey'd me living, 85

70 *travails*] *travels* H. Seward, (Colman 73) W. Weber. Gladly printed.

80] Two lines (the first ending at *leave*) in F.

84] *we come* etc.

Go pray, etc. The Folios, followed by Seward and Colman, print
thus —

as *come's*, 802,

Pray be gone, etc. Rearrang'd by Weber

Be not, for shame, now stubborn So, I thank ye,
And fare ye well, a better fortune guide ye!

[*Exeunt PHIDIAS and ARETUS*]

I am a little thirsty, not for fear,
And yet it is a kind of fear I say so
Is it to be a just man now again, 90
And leave my flesh unthought of? 'tis departed
I hear 'em come—Who strikes first? I stay for ye!

Enter BALBUS, CHILAX and LICINIUS

Yet I will die a soldier my sword drawn, [*Draws*]
But against none—Why do ye fear? come forward

Bal You were a soldier, Chilax

Chi Yes, I muster'd, 95

But never saw the enemy

Licin He's drawn,

By Heaven, I dare not do it!

Accus Why do ye tremble?

I am to die—come ye not now from Cæsar,

To that end? speak

Bal We do, and we must kill ye,

'Tis Cæsar's will

Chi I charge you put your sword up, 100
That we may do it handsomely

Accus Ha, ha, ha!

My sword up! handsomely! Where were ye bred?

Ye are the merriest murderers my masters,

I ever met withal—Come forward, fools

Why do ye stare? Upon mine honour, bawds, 105

I will not strike ye

Licin I'll not be first

Bal Nor I

Chi You had best die quietly the emperor
Sees how you bear yourself

Accus I would die, rascals,

If you would kill me quietly

Bal *Pox* of *Procule*,

He promis'd us to bring a captain hither, 110
That has been us'd to kill

92 *I 'aq. for ye* } Separate line in Ff 93 s d } Added Weber

94 *Why forwz. I* } Separate line in Ff

109 *Pox of Procule* } —of *Procule* in Ff *Pox* inserted by Colman

Accius I'll call the guards,
Unless you will kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beastly, base, and cowardly companions
The emperor has trusted with his safety
Nay I'll give out, ye fell of my side villains 115
Strike home, ye bawdy slaves!

Chi By Heaven, he will kill us!
I mark'd his hand, he waits but time to reach us
Now do you offer

Accius If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not so stagger me my senses fail me, 120
Look to yourselves!

Chi I told ye

Accius Strike me manly
And take a thousand strokes

Enter PONTIUS

Bal Here's Pontius

Pont Not kill'd him yet?

Is this the love ye bear the emperor?

Nay then I see ye are traitors all have at ye! 125

[*Wounds* CHILAX and BALBUS *LICIN runs away*]

Chi Oh, I am hurt!

Bal And I am kill'd [*Exeunt* CHILAX and BALBUS]

Pont Die, bawds,
As ye have lived and flourish'd!

Accius Wretched fellow
What hast thou done?

Pont Kill'd them that durst not kill,
And you are next

Accius Art thou not Pontius?

Pont I am the same you cast, Accius, 130
And in the face of all the camp disgrac'd

Accius Then so much nobler, as thou wert a soldier,
Shall thy death be. Is it revenge provok'd thee,
Or art thou hir'd to kill me?

113 *co paniers*] fellows

116 *slaves*] *slave* F1 *by H. en om* F2

125 *s.d.* *Wounds* Chilax and Balbus] *Added D, &c., Draws an wound*
them — Weber

Pont Both
Accius Then do it
Pont Is that all?
Accius Yes
Pont Would you not live?
Accius Why should I? 135
 To thank thee for my life?
Pont Yes if I spare it
Accius Be not deceiv'd I was not made to thank,
 For any courtesy but killing me,
 A fellow of thy fortune Do thy duty
Pont Do not you fear me?
Accius No
Pont Nor love me for it 140
Accius That's as thou dost thy business
Pont When you are dead,
 Your place is mine, Accius
Accius Now I fear thee,
 And not alone thee, Pontius, but the empire
Pont Why, I can govern, sir
Accius I would thou couldst,
 And first thyself Thou canst fight well, and bravely, 145
 Thou canst endure all dangers, heats, colds, hungers,
 Heaven's angry flashes are not sadder
 Than I have seen thee execute, nor more mortal,
 The winged feet of flying enemies
 I have stood and view'd thee mow away like rushes, 150
 And still kill the killer were thy mind
 But half so sweet in peace as rough in dangers,
 I died to leave a happy heir behind me
 Come, strike, and be a general!
Pont Prepare, then
 And, for I see your honour cannot lessen, 155
 And 'twere a shame for me to strike a dead man,
 Fight your short span out
Accius No, thou know'st I must not,
 I dare not give thee so much vantage of me
 As disobedience

151 *still kill the killer* K. Deighton (*The Old Dramatists' Conjectures*
R. dings 1896) thinks the line corrupt, and reads *still toil kill the killer*,
 which he explains thus "though you mowed them down like rushes, so great
 was their number that you were almost dead with the mere labour of slaying"

Pent. Dare ye not defend ye
Against your enemy?

Accius. Not sent from Caesar
I have no power to make such enemies
For, as I am condemn'd my naked sword
Stands but a hatchment by me only he'd
To show I was a soldier. Had not Caesar
Chain'd all defence in this doom, I let him out
Old as I am, and quench'd with scars and sorrows
Yet would I make this wither'd arm to wonder
And open in an enemy such wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.

Pent. Then have at ye!
And look upon me, and be sure ye fear not
Remember who you are and why you live,
And what I have been to you, cry not 'hold,'
Nor think it base injustice I should kill ye.

Accius. I am prepared for all.

Pent. For now *Accius*,
Thou shalt behold and find I was no traitor,
And, as I do it, bless me. Die as I do! [*Stabs himself.*]

Accius. Thou hast deceiv'd me, *Pentius*, and I
thank thee.

By all my hopes in Heaven, thou art a Roman!

Pent. To show you what you ought to do, this
is not.

For Slander's self would shame to find you coward,
Or willing to out-live your honesty
But noble sir, ye have been jealous of me,
And held me in the rank of dangerous persons,
And I must dying say, it was but justice,
Ye cast me from my credit. Yet, believe me,
For there is nothing now but truth to save me,

16, *hatchment*] "The hatchments of a sword were the different ornaments
with which it was decorated." So in *the Sword of Isaac*.

"Let there be deducted out of our number of 1,
Five ks, or *hatchments* to adorn this flag."

From this it may be fairly deduced that *Accius* means to say, that he stands,
upon which he is leaning, stands by him merely as the fitting ornament of a
soldier—not as a weapon of offence.—*Wright*, whose explanation is most
errorous as *Hatchment* means here an ornament for a helmet, emblematic of
the profession of the defender.—*Dyce*.

176 c d] *Pent.* kills himself. It 183 *same* r. *the Fl. Sewall*

- And your forgiveness) though ye held me heinous,
 And of a troubled spirit, that like fire
 Turns all to flames it meets with ye mistook me
 If I were foe to any thing, 'twas ease, 190
 • Want of the soldier's due, the enemy,
 The nakedness we found at home, and scorn,
 Children of peace and pleasures, no regard
 Nor comfort for our scars, but how we got 'em,
 To rusty time, that eat our bodies up, 195
 And even began to prey upon our honours,
 To wants at home, and, more than wants, abuses,
 To them that, when the enemy invaded,
 Made us their saints, but now the sores of Rome,
 To silken flattery, and pride plum'd over, 200
 Forgetting with what wind their feathers sail,
 And under whose protection then soft pleasures
 Grow full and numberless to this I am foe,
 Not to the state, or any point of duty
 And, let me speak but what a soldier may, 205
 (Truly I ought to be so,) yet I err'd,
 Because a far more noble sufferer
 Show'd me the way to patience, and I lost it
 This is the end I die, sir, to live basely,
 And not the follower of him that bred me 210
 In full account and virtue, Pontius dare not
 Much less to out-live what is good, and flatter
Arcius I want a name to give thy virtue, soldier,
 For only *good* is far below thee, Pontius
 The gods shall find thee one Thou hast fashion'd
 death 215
 In such an excellent and beauteous manner,
 I wonder men can live Canst thou speak once more?
 For thy words are such harmony a soul
 Would choose to fly to Heaven in
Pont A farewell
 Good noble general, your hand, forgive me, 220
 And think whatever was displeasing you,
 Was none of mine Ye cannot live
Arcius I will not
 Yet one word more

Proc. Die nobly—Rome takes you
And Valentinian? 'tall! thou hast broke thy bonds
In joy ye have given me a quiet death, 225
I would strike more wounds if I had more breath.

Th. ces.
Val. Is there an hour of goodness beyond this?
Or can man would outlive such a dying?
Would Caesar double all my honours on me
And stick me o'er with favours, like a mistress, 235
Yet would I grow to this man—I have loved,
But never doted on a face till now
Oh, death, thou art more than beauty, and thy pleasure
Beyond posterity!—Come, friends, and kill me
Caesar, be kind, and send a thousand swords 235
The more, the greater is my love—Why stay ye?
Come, and I'll kiss your weapons, fear me not
But all the gods, I'll honour ye for a long!
Appear on through the court and world, I'll search ye!
My sword is gone—*[Threats it from his hand]* Ye are
traitors if ye spare me 240
And Caesar must consume ye!—All base cowards?
I'll follow ye, and, ere I die, proclaim ye
The weeds of Italy, the dross of nature!
Where are ye, villains, traitors, slaves? *[Exit*

*Enter PROCULUS, and three Courtiers, running over
the Stage*

Proc. I knew he'd kill'd the captain
1st Court. Here's his sword 245
Proc. Let it alone—it will fight itself else friends
An hundred men are not enough to do it
I'll to the emperor, and get more aid
Accus. *[Within]* None strike a poor condemn'd
man?
Proc. He is mad
Shift for yourselves, my masters! *[Exit]*

224 *[accus.]* *others* *Exit*
240 *ed.]* *I* *ried* Colman
244 *ed.]* *Courtiers* *other* *It* *The* *ar* *ing* *ne* *t* *ed.]* 245 *ed.]* *the* *ff*
other eds. is as follow—

Proc. I knew
He'd kill'd the Captain
1. Here's his sword

Enter AECIUS

Aecius Then, Aecius, [*Takes up his sword* 250
 See what thou dar'st thyself—Hold, my good sword,
 Thou hast been kept from blood too long, I'll kiss
 thee,
 For thou art more than friend now, thy preserver
 Show me the way to happiness, I seek it
 And all you great ones, that have fallen as I do 255
 To keep your memories and honours living,
 Be present in your virtues, and assist me,
 That, like strong Cato, I may put away
 All promises, but what shall crown my ashes
 Rome, fare thee well! stand long, and know to
 conquer, 260
 Whilst there is people, and ambition—
 Now for a stroke shall turn me to a star
 I come ye blessed spirits, make me room
 To live for ever in Elysium! [*Falls on his sword*
 Do men fear this? Oh, that posterity 265
 Could learn from him but this, that loves his
 wound,
 There is no pain at all in dying well,
 Nor none are lost but those that make their hell'
 [*Dies*]

Enter PROCLUS, and two Courtiers

1st Court [*Within*] He's dead, draw in the guard
 again

Proc He's dead indeed
 And I am glad he's gone—he was a devil! 270
 His body, if his eunuchs come, is theirs,
 The emperor, out of his love to virtue,
 Has given em that let no man stop their entrance
 [*Exeunt*]

250 s d Take up his sword] Inserted Colman

264 s d 1 In the Ff this is placed after l 267 and reads *kills himself*

268 *Ver*] Weber silently printed *For* s d Dies] Inserted Seward s d
Courti] *insert* Ff

Enter PHILIP and ALICE

Phad Oh my most noble lord!—I am here Aretas
Here's a sad sight!

On, times that bring forth nothing but destruction,
And overflows of blood! Why wast thou killed?
Is it to be a just man now again,
As when Tiberius and wild Nero reigned
Only assurance of his overthrow?

Phid. It is, Arces, he that would live now,
Must like the toad feed only on corrupt ones,
And grow with those to greatness. Honest virtue
And the true Roman honour faith and valour
That have been all the riches of the empire
Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague
Are mere fore-runners of their end to be
Arc. Never-enough-lamented lord's dear master

Esau Maxims

Of whom now shall we learn to live like men?
From whom draw out our actions just and worthy? 200
Oh, thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodness,
The great example of all equity,
Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art perish'd
Faith, fortitude, and constant nobleness!
Weep, Rome! weep Italy! weep, all that knew him! 205
And you that fear'd him as a nob'le foe
(If enemies have honourable tears,
Weep this decay'd Accius, fall'n and scatter'd,
By foul and base suggestion!

Phid. Oh, lord Max, nus,
This was your worthy friend

Mark The gods forgive me! — 300
 Think not the worse, my friends I shed not tears
 Great griefs lament within yet, now I have found 'em
 Would I had never known the world, nor women,

277 ft slater, F2

257 440, 1040

2. [3] Dy transposed this to the end of Ar's speech, but evidently
1. stands for a time list going to Ar's and only by the two curr

Not what that cursed name of honour was,
 So this were once again Accius' 305
 But I am destin'd to a mighty action,
 And beg my pardon, friend, my vengeance taken,
 I will not be long from thee—Ye have a great loss
 But bear it patiently yet, to say truth,
 In justice tis not sufferable I am next, 310
 And were it now, I would be glad on 't Friends,
 Who shall preserve you now?

Are Nay, we are lost too

Max I fear ye are, for likely such as love
 The man that's fall'n and have been nourish'd by him,
 Do not stay long behind 'tis held no wisdom 315
 I know what I must do—Oh, my Accius,
 Canst thou thus perish, pluck'd up by the roots,
 And no man feel thy worthiness?—From boys
 He bred you both, I think

Phid And from the poorest

Max And lov'd ye as his own?

Are We found it, sir 320

Max Is not this a loss then?

Phid Oh, a loss of losses!

Our lives and ruins of our families,
 The utter being nothing of our names,
 Were nothing near it

Max As I take it too,
 He put ye to the emperor?

Are He did so 325

Max And kept ye still in credit?

Phid 'Tis most true, sir

Max He fed your fathers too, and made them
 means,

Your steps he preferr'd to noble wedlocks,
 Did he not, friends?

Are Oh, yes, sir

Max As I take it,
 'Tis worthy man would not be now forgotten 330
 I tell ye, to my grief, he was badly murder'd,
 And something would be done, by those that lov'd
 him,

And something may be . . . Pray stand off a little,

Let me bewail him private — Oh my dearest !

Phid Aietus, if we be not sudden, he out-does us 335

I know he points at vengeance, we are cold

And base ungrateful wretches, if we shun it

Are we to hope for more rewards or greatness

Or any thing but death, now he is dead ?

Darest thou resolve ?

Aie "I am perfect

Phid Then like flowers 340

That grew together ail, we'll fall together

And with us that that bore us when tis done

The world shall style us two deserving servants

I fear he will be before us

Aie This night, Phidias —

Phid No more 345

Mar Now, worthy friends, I have done my burn-
ings

Let's burn this noble body sweets as many

As sun-burnt Meroe breeds I'll make a flame of

Shall reach his soul in Heaven He that shall not

Ten ages hence, but to rehearse this story 350

Shall, with the sad discourse on't, darken Heaven,

And force the painful burdens from the wombs

Conceiv'd anew with sorrow even the grave

Where mighty Sylla sleeps shall rend asunder, 355

And give her shadow up, to come and groan

About our piles, which will be more and greater

Than green Olympus Ida or old Latmus

Can feed with cedar, or the east with gums,

Greece with her wines or Thessaly with flowers, 360

Or willing Heaven can weep for in her showers

[*Exeunt with the body*]

342 *And with us that that bore us* i.e. Accus though Committion referring to Valentinian Seward changed the passage considerably in an effort to make it conform to his sense of propriety

348 *Meroe*] The capital of the ancient Ethiopia. *Vol. I. p.*

350 *s. d.*] *Exeunt* &c

ACT V

SCENE I

*A gallery in the Palace**Enter PHIDIAS with his dagger in him, and ARETUS
poisoned**Arc* He has his last*Phid* Then come the worst of danger !
Accius, to thy soul we give a Casar —
How long is 't since ye gave it him ?*Arc* An hour,
Mine own two hours before him—how it boils me !*Phid* It was not to be cur'd, I hope*Arc* No, Phidias,
I dealt above his antidotes physicians
May find the cause, but where the cure ?*Phid* Done bravely,
We are got before his tyranny, Aretus*Arc* We had lost our worthiest end else Phidias*Phid* Canst thou hold out a while ?*Arc* To torture him, 10
Anger would give me leave to live an age yet
That man is poorly spirited whose life
Runs in his blood alone, and not in 's wishes
And yet I swell and burn like flaming Ætna,
A thousand new-found fires are kindled in me, 15
But yet I must not die this four hours, Phidias*Phid* Remember who dies with thee, and despise
death*Arc* I need no exhortation the joy in me,
Of what I have done and why, makes poison pleasure,
And my most killing torments, mistresses, 20
For how can he have time to die, or pleasure,
That falls as fools, unsatisfied and simple ?

Paul This that consumes my life yet does not
in me

Nor do I feel the danger of a dying
And if I but endure to hear the curses 25
Of this fell tyrant dead, I have half my Heaven.

Alc Hold thy soul fast but four not is Phidias
And thou shalt see to wishes beyond ours,
Nay, more, beyond our meanings

Paul I had last seen them
Farewell, Aretus? and the souls of good men 30
That as ours do, have left their Roman bodies
In brave revenge for virtue, guide our shadows!
I would not faint yet

Alc Farewell, Phidias,
And, as we have done nobly, gods look on us!
[Lamenting, &c.]

SCENE II

An apartment in the same

Enter LUCIAS and PROCULUS

Lucias Sicker and sicker, Proculus

Proc Oh, Lucias,
What shall become of us? Would we had died
With happy Chilax, or with Balbus, and rid
And made too lame for justice!

Enter LUCIUS

Luc The soft music,
And let one sing to fasten sleep upon him — 5
Oh, friends, the emperor!

Proc What say the doctors?

Luc For us a most sad saying, he is poison'd,
Beyond all cure too

Lucias Who?

Luc The wretch Aretus,

That most unhappy villain

Ignas How do you know it?

Lucin He gave him drink last Let's disperse, and find him,

10

And since he has opened misery to all,

Let it begin with him first Softly, he slumbers

[*Exeunt*]

VALENTINIAN *trought in in a chair, with* EUDOXIA,
Physicians, and Attendants

MUSIC AND SONG

Care charming Sleep, thou easier of all woes,
Brother to Death sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince fall, like a cloud,
In gentle showers give nothing that is load
Or painful to his slumbers, easy, sweet
And as a jurling stream, thou son of Night
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain,
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver run,
Into this prince gently oh, gently slide
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

15

20

Val Oh, gods, gods! Drink drink! colder, colder
Than snow on Scythian mountains! Oh, my heart-
strings!

y un/a-fv] wicked

12 s d j Enter Emperor sick in a Chair with Eudoxia the Empress,
10 F

13 *Care charming Sleep*] This song was no doubt, suggested by Daniel's famous sonnet beginning

"Care charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born

Daniel who was merely adapting from Desportes, made "Care charmer Sleep" one of the commonplaces of Elizabethan poetry Bartholomew Griffin, in his sonnet sequence *Fidesia* (1596) invokes

"Care charmer Sleep! Sweet ease in restless misery!"

* * * * *
Brother of quiet Death, when life is too too long!"

Cf. also Heywood's *Golden Age*, IV iv —

"Charming Sleep,
Death's younger brother"

(Sir Sidney Lee, in his *Elizabethan Sonnets*, 1904, gives the connections of Daniel's sonnet, and traces the history of the epithets "Care charming" and "brother of Death")

14 *thyself thy life* FI

17 *his*] *For* FI Weber thinks the line should end with "light"

19 *and* FI 21 *Into this prince gently*] *prince* omitted FI

Eud. How does your grace?

Phy. The empress speaks so.

Val. Dying, Eudoxia, dying. Dy. 1. 25

Phy. Good sir, patience.

Eud. What have ye given him?

Phy. Precious things, dear lady.

We hope shall comfort him.

Val. Oh, flattered fool!

See what thy god-head's come to! O Eudoxia!

Eud. Oh patience, patience, sir!

Val. Patience as 2

I'll have brought through my body.

Eud. Arms give comfort!

Val. And Volga, on whose face the north wind
freezes

I am an hundred nails! an hundred nails

Already to my funerals are flaming!

Shall I not drink?

Phy. You must not, sir.

Val. By Heaven, 35

I'll let my breath out, that shall burn ye all!

If ye deny me longer! Tempests blow me,

And inundations that have drunk up kingdoms,

Flow over me and quench me! Where's the villain?

Am I immortal now ye slaves? By Numa, 40

If he do scape—Oh! oh!

Eud. Dear sir!

Val. Like Nero,

But far more terrible and fur' of slaughter

I'll th' midst of all my flames I'll fire the empire!

A thousand fars, a thousand fars to cool me!

Invite the gentle winds, Eudoxia

Eud. Sir! 45

Val. Oh, do not flatter me! I am but flesh,

A man, a mortal man—Drink, drink ye dunces!

What can your doses now do and your scrapings

Your oil's, and mithridates? If I do die—

32 *will*] On. F1

33 *I am, I and* F1, *I for* F2. Et. readat suggested by Sewall

34 *fu' all*] "the funereal rites"—Dyce, *funeral* Col., Weber

40 *mithridates*] Mithriate w. in chief remedy composed of several

You only words of health, and names of sickness, 50
 Finding no true disease in man but money,
 That talk yourselves into revenues—oh '—
 And, ere ye kill your patients, beggar 'em,
 I'll have ye flea'd and dried '.

Enter PROCULUS and LICINIUS, with ARETUS

Proc The villain, sir,
 The most accursed wretch
Val Be gone, my queen 55
 This is no sight for thee, go to the Vestals
 Cast holy incense in the fire, and offer
 One powerful sacrifice to free thy Cæsar
Proc Go, go, and be happy ' [*Exit EUDOXIA*
Aret Go, but give no ease—
 The gods have set thy last hour, Valentinian, 60
 Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beast,
 And, like a sensual bloody thing, thou diest '
Proc Oh, damned traitor '
Aret Curse yourselves, ye flatterers,
 And howl your miseries to come, ye wretches '
 You taught him to be poison'd
Val Yet no comfort? 65
Aret Be not abused with priests nor 'pothecaries,
 They cannot help thee thou hast now to live
 A short half-hour, no more, and I ten minutes
 I gave thee poison for Accius' sake,
 Such a destroying poison would kill nature, 70
 And, for thou shalt not die alone, I took it
 If mankind had been in thee at this murder,
 No more to people earth again, the wings
 Of old Time clipt for ever, Reason lost,
 In what I had attempted, yet, oh Cæsar,
 To purchase fair revenge, I had poison'd them too 75

gredients, regarded as an antidote against the effects of poison and infectious disease so called from King Mithridates of Pontus, who was supposed to have found an antidote which rendered him immune to poison

50 *You only* *As, etc.* } I suspect so corruption

54 s d } In the Folios this occurs at l 30

63 *On, damn'd traitor* } *Oh — Traitor* F1, *Oh Traitor* F2 Colm
 printed *cursea*, *damned* supplied by Weber

Val Oh, villain!—I grow hotter, hotter

Are Yes,
But not near my heat yet—what thou lovest now
(Mark me with horror) Caesar, are but embers
Of lust and lechery thou hast committed,
But there be flames of murder

Val Fetch out tortures!

Are Do and I'll flatter thee—nay, make, I'll do
thee

Thy tortures to what now I suffer, Caesar,
At which thou must arrive too, ere thou diest,
Are lighter and more full of mirth than laughter

Val Let em a one—I must drink

Are Now be mad,
But not near me yet

Val Hold me, hold me—hold me,
Ho'd me—or I sha'n't burst else!

Are See to it, Caesar,
And see to what thou must come for thy murder
Millions of women's labours, and diseases

Val Oh, my afflicted soul too!

Are Women's fears, horrors
Despairs, and all the plagues the hot sun breeds—

Val Aecius, oh, Aecius! Oh, Lucina!

Are Are but my torments shadows!

Val Hide me, mountains!
The gods have found my sins—Now break!

Are Not yet, sir—
Thou hast a pull beyond all these

Val Oh, hell!
Oh, villain, cursed villain!

Are Oh, brave villain!
My poison dances in me at this deed
Now, Caesar, now behold me, this is torment
And this is thine before thou diest—I am wild-fire!
The brazen bull of Phalaris was termed
The miseries of souls despising Heaven
But emblems of my torments—

Val Oh, quench me, quench me, quench me!

Are Fire a battery,

And all the poets tales of sad Avernus, 105
 To my pains less than fictions Yet, to show thee
 What constant love I bore my murder'd master,
 Like a south wind I have sung through all these
 tempests
 My heart, my wither'd heart'—Fear, fear, thou mon-
 ster'
 Fear the just gods'—I have my peace' *[He dies*
Val *More drink!* 110
 A thousand April showers fall in my bosom'
 How dare ye 'et me be tormented thus?
 Away with that prodigious body' *[Attendants carry*
out the body of ARLTUS] Gods,
 Gods let me ask ye what I am ye lay
 All your inflictions on me? Hear me, hear me! 115
 I do confess I am a ravisher,
 A murderer, a hated Cæsar oh!
 Are there not vows enough and flaming altars,
 The fat of all the world for sacrifice,
 And, where that fails, the blood of thousand cap-
 tives, 120
 To purge those sins, but I must make the incense?
 I do despise ye all' ye have no mercy,
 And wanting that, ye are no gods' your parole
 Is only preach'd abroad to make fools fearful,
 And women, made of awe, believe your Heaven!— 125
 Oh, torments, torments, torments' pains above pains!—
 If ye be any thing but dreams and ghosts
 And truly hold the guidance of things mortal,
 Have in yourselves times past to come and present,
 Fashion the souls of men, and make flesh for 'em, 130
 Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reason,
 Be more than all, ye gods great in forgiveness'
 Break not the goodly frame ye build in angel,
 For you are things men teach us, without passions
 Give me an hour to know ye in' oh, save me' 135
 But so much perfect time ye make a soul in,
 Take this destruction from e'—No, ye cannot,

113 *predige* s]oman s, terrible Coim proposed *perfidious* s d inserted Dyce

132 *ye gods* the *gods* Fl, 'the original compositor having, no d bt, mis-
 taken 'ye' for 'ye' (the)'—Dyce

The more I would believe, the more I suffer
 My brains are ashes' now my heart, my eyes
 Friends

I go, I go More air, more air — I am mortal! *[He dies]* 140
Proc Take in the body *[Attendants carry out the body of VALENTINIAN]* Oh Licinius,

The misery that ye are left to suffer!
 No pity shall find us

Licin Our lives deserve none
 Would I were chain'd again to slavery,
 With any hope of life!

Proc A quiet grave, 145
 Or a consumption now, Licinius

That we might be too poor to kill, want something

Licin Let's make our best use, we have money,
Proculus,

And if that cannot save us, we have swords

Proc Yes, but we dare not die

Licin I had forgot that 150

There's other countries, then

Proc But the same hate still,

Of what we are

Licin Think any thing, I'll follow

Enter a Messenger

Proc How now what news?

Mess Shift for yourselves, ye are lost else
 The soldier is in arms for great Aecius
 And their lieutenant-general, that stopp'd 'em, 155
 Cut in a thousand pieces they march hither
 Beside, the women of the town have murder'd
 Phorba and loose Ardelia, Cæsar's she bawds

Licin Then here's no staying, Proculus

Proc Oh, Cæsar,
 That we had never known thy lusts! Let's fly 160
 And where we find no woman's an let's die *[Exeunt]*

138 *beli*, the *more*] "Mason's correction Both the *for* have *beare*
ye more,"—the original compositor having here mistaken 'ye' (the, for 'ye'
 — Dyce

141 & d] Added Dyce

SCENE III

*A street**Enter MAXIMUS*

Max Gods what a sluice of blood have I let open'
 My happy ends are come to birth, he's dead,
 And I reveng'd, the empire's all a-fire,
 And desolation every where inhabits,
 And shall I live that am the author of it, 5
 To know Rome, from the awe o' th' world, the pity?
 My friends are gone before too, of my sending,
 And shall I stay? is aught else to be liv'd for?
 Is there another friend, another wife,
 Or any trust holds half their worthiness, 10
 To linger here alive for? is not virtue,
 In their two everlasting souls, departed?
 And in their bodies' first flame fled to heaven?
 Can any man discover this, and love me?
 For though my justice were as white as truth, 15
 My way was crook'd to it, that condemns me
 And now, Accius, and my honoured lady,
 That were preparers to my rest and quiet,
 The lines to lead me to Elysium
 You that but stept before me, on assurance 20
 I would not leave your friendship unrewarded,
 First smile upon the sacrifice I have sent ye,
 Then see me coming boldly!—Stay, I am foolish,
 Somewhat too sudden to mine own destruction,
 This great end of my vengeance may grow greater 25
 Why may not I be Cæsar, yet no dying?
 Why should not I catch at it? fools and children
 Have had that strength before me, and obtain'd it,
 And, as the danger stands, my reason bids me,
 I will, I dare. My dear friends, pardon me, 30
 I am not fit to die yet, if not Cæsar
 I assure the soldier loves me, and the people,
 And I will forward, and, as goodly cedars,
 Rent from Oeta by a sweeping tempest,

Jointed again and made tall masts, defy
 In these angry words that spit 'em, so will I
 New-putted again above the fate of women
 And made more perfect far than growing cravat
 Stand and defy bad fortunes. If I rise
 My wife was ravish'd well, if then I fall
 My great attempt honours my funera

Exit

SCENE IV

*It opens before the tent**Enter FULVIUS, LUCIUS SEPTIMIUS and ATRANIUS*

Fulv Guard all the posteris to the camp, Atranius
 And see 'em fast—we shall be rifled else
 Thou art an honest and a worthy captain

Luc Promise the soldier any thing

Scmp Speak gently
 And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em,
 Labouring to choose a Caesar 'nt for them
 A soldier, and a giver

Fulv Tell 'em further
 Their free and liberal voices shall go with us

Luc Nay more, a negative say we allow 'em

Scmp And if our choice displease 'em, they shall
 name him

Fulv Promise three donatives—and large, Atranius

Luc And Caesar once elected present foes
 With distribution of all necessities
 Corn, wine, and oil

Scmp New garments, and new arms,
 And equal portions of the provinces
 To them, and to their families for ever

35 jointed again and tall masts—] S. 12. jointed again and tall masts S. 11

37 *N. Fulv* do not refuse I. A. to I. 12, correct. M. 10

SC. IV. s. d. *Enter 3 Senators, and 4 Officers of the Guard* These characters are called in simply 1, 2 and 3 in the 1st

12 *freedom* in redite

Fulv And see the city strengthen'd

Afr I shall do it [*Exit*]

Luc Sempronius, these are woful times

Semp Oh, Brutus,

We want thy honesty again! these Cæsars,
What noble consuls got with blood in blood 20
Consume again and scatter

Fulv Which way shall we?

Luc Not any way of safety I can think on

Semp Now go our wives to ruin, and our daughters,
And we beholders, Fulvius

Fulv Every thing
Is every man's that will

Luc The Vestals now 25

Must only feed the soldier's fire of lust,
And sensual gods be glutt'd with those offerings,
Age, like the hidden bowels of the earth,
Open'd with swords for treasure Gods defend us!
We are chaff before their fury, else

Fulv Away! 30
Let's to the temples

Luc To the Capitol,
'Tis not a time to pray now, let's be strengthen'd

Enter AFRANIUS

Semp How now, Afranius! What good news?

Afr A Cæsar!

Fulv Oh, who?

Afr Lord Maximus is with the soldier,
And all the camp rings, "Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!" 35
He forc'd the empress with him, for more honour

Luc A happy choice let's meet him

Semp Blessed fortune!

Fulv Away, away! Make room there, room there,
room! [*Exit Senators Flourish*]

[*Within*] Lord Maximus is Cæsar, Cæsar, Cæsar!
Hail, Cæsar Maximus!

Afr Oh, turning people! 40

Oh, people excellent in war, and govern'd!
In peace ore raging than the furious North,

When he ploughs up the sea and makes him home
Or the loud falls of Nile I must give o'er

[Cesar] *Alas!*

Although I neither love nor hated this, 15
Or, like a rotten bridge that darts a current
When he is swell'd and high, crack and renew'd.

Enter MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA, FULVUS, LUCIUS,
SIMPRONIUS, & / Soldiers

Senators Room for the emperor

Sold Long at 100 (year)

17. Hans (ca. 1870-1880)

Mar Bon-Hout Island

Lead to the palace, there my thanks to you, my general,

I'll shower among ye all. Gods give me life.

First to defend the emperor then you 'appear' --

And, valiant friends, the heirs of strength and virtue

The rampires of our Rome of us the refuge,

To you I open this day a' I have

Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchas'd,

Ye are my children, family, and friends,

And ever so respected shall be — Forward —

There's a proscription grave Sempronius,

'Gainst all the flatterers and lazy bawds

Led to use his Valentinian to his vices

See it effected P. 100. 101.

Senators Honor William C. Cress

Sold Make room for 4 each other

The first part of the book

-17- I have lost my fears.

[illegible][illegible]

47 c. 17 r. m f h, a, i d } u " u, v, t e s, H i l m l a' t
Seward

47. "The Decapod" - a collection of ten poems by the author.

59 222 492 1 20 1 Prof. 1892 12 21

Paul Yes, it must be so
And in a robe of blue too—as I take it

Licippus [*Aside*] This poet is a little smitten to the
painter 15

That could paint nothing but a stamping lion
So all his 'learned' fancies are blue Graces

Paul What think ye of a sea-nymph and a heaven?

Licippus Why, what should she do there, when
there's no water

Paul By th' mass, that's true, it must be a Grace,
and yet, 20

Methinks, a rainbow —

Licippus And in blue?

Paul Oh yes, —
Hanging in arch above him, and in th' middle —

Licippus A shower of rain?

Paul No no, it must be a Grace

Licippus Why, prithee, grace him, then

Paul O O, O, h as
Coming from hell —

Licippus In blue too?

Paul Tis the better — 25
And, as he rises full of fires —

Licippus No, bless us!
Will not that spoil his lute-strings, Paulus?

Paul Singing,
And crossing of his arms

Licippus How can he play, then?

Paul It shall be a Grace, I'll do it

Licippus Prithee, do,
And with as good a grace as thou canst possible 30

Good Fury Paulus, be 't in' morning with me
And pray take measure of his mouth that speaks it

[*Exit Paul*]

15 & d] Added Corn

20 *By th' mass*] *Om.* 12

SCENE VI

*An apartment in the Palace**Enter* MAXIMUS, EUDOXIA *and* Messenger

Max Come, my best-loved Eudoxia—Let the
 soldier
 Want neither wine nor any thing he calls for,
 And, when the senate's ready, give us notice
 In the mean time, leave us—— [*Exit* Messenger
 Oh my dear sweet!

Eud Is it possible your grace
 Should undertake such dangers for my beauty? 5
 If it were excellent——

Max By Heaven, 'tis all
 The world has left to brag of!

Eud Can a face
 Long since bequeath'd to wrinkles with my sorrows,
 Long since raz'd out o' th' book of youth and pleasure, 10
 Have power to make the strongest man o' th' empire,
 Nay, the most staid, and knowing what is woman,
 The greatest aim of perfectness men liv'd by,
 The most true, constant lover of his wedlock,
 Such a still blowing beauty earth was proud of, 15
 Lose such a noble wife, and wilfully?
 Himself prepare the way? nay, make the rape?
 Did ye not tell me so?

Max 'Tis true, Eudoxia

Eud Lay desolate his dearest piece of friendship,
 Break his strong helm he steer'd by, sink that virtue, 20
 That valour, that even all the gods can give us,
 Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthiest
 Nay more, arrive at Cæsar, and kill him too,
 And for my sake? Either ye love too dearly,

SC. VI. l. 1 and Messenger] Added Weber, as also the s. d. at l. 4

7 *By Heaven*, 1 Om. F2

14 *and lo!* 1] *the wife* So Mr. dv we have read

* Restore my matrimony undil'd

The Little French Tragedy, Act iv. sc. 6.—Dyce

Or deeply ye dissemble, sir

Mar. [Aside.] I do so. 25

And, till I am more strengthened, so I must do.

Yet would my joy and wine had fashioned out

Some safer lie! - Can these things be, and love

And I dissemble? Can there be but gyfiness

And only thine dear lady, any end, 30

Any imagination but a lost one,

Why I should run this hazard? On this a virtue

Were it to do again, and Valentine

Once more to hold thee, sinful Valentine

In whom thou wert set as pearls are in salt oysters. 35

As roses are in rank weeds, I would fain

Yet to thy sacred self a dearer danger

The gods know how I honour thee!

End. What have I said? 40

Can I return for this, but my obedience?

My life if so you please and tis to little. 45

Mar. 'Tis too much to redeem the wrong

End. I am this near 50

The sorrows for my dear lord, fire ye well!

My living lord has dried ye. And, in token

As emperor this day I honour ye,

And the great Easter-new of all my wishes. 55

The wreath of living laurel, that must compass

That sacred head, Eudoxia makes for Caesar

I am, methinks, too much in love with fortune

But with you, ever royal sir my maker,

The once-more-summer of me, more than 60

Is poor expression of my dotting

Mar. Sweetest! 65

End. Now, of my troth, ye have bought me dear, sir

Mar. No. 70

Had I at loss of mankind --

Enter a Messenger

End. Now ye flatter 75

Mess. The senate waits your grace

Mar. Let 'em come on 80

25 & d.] In cited Seneca

42 Thej. He. Quarta. Dec. 1. p. 10. l. 1.

And in a full form bring the ceremony —
 This day I am your servant dear, and proudly
 I'll wear your honoured favour

55

Exit May it prove so! [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII

*A street**Enter PAULUS and LICIPPUS*

Licippus Is your Grace done?

Paul 'Tis done

Licippus Who speaks?

Paul A boy

Licippus A dainty blue boy, Paulus?

Paul Yes

Licippus Have ye view'd
 the work above?

Paul Yes, and all up and ready

Licippus The empress does you simple honour,
Paulus

The wreath your blue Grace must present, she made 5

But, mark ye, for the soldiers?

Paul That's done too

I'll bring 'em in, I warrant ye

Licippus A Grace too?

Paul The same Grace serves for both

Licippus About it then

I must to th' cup-board and be sure, good Paulus,
 Your Grace be fasting, that he may hang cleanly 10

If there should need another voice, what then?

Paul I'll hang another Grace in

Licippus Grace be with ye [*Exeunt*

So that he may hang cleanly] alluding to the custom in the old theatres of
 'letting down gods and goddesses by ropes from 'the heavens'

SCENE VIII

*The Prisoner-Chains to Prison
A Boy and a Girl*

Sound Enter in state MAXIMUS EMPEROR, Gentlemen,
and Soldiers, then FELIX, LICTORS,
SIMPRONIUS Lictors carrying Chains, &c.,
then

Scrp. Hail to thy imperial honour, sacred Caesar!
And from the old Rome take these wishes
You holy gods, that hitherto have held
As Justice holds her balance equal poise
This glory of our nation this full Roman
And made him fit for what he is confirm
Look on this son, oh Jupiter our helper
And, Romulus, thou father of our hope
Preserve him like thyself just valiant, brave
A lover and increaser of his people
Let him begin with Numa, stand with Caius
The first five years of Nero be his wishes
Give him the age and fortune of Emilius
And his whole reign renew a great Augustus!

[A Boy descends from the clouds, habited like a God,
Gaius and sings

SONG

Honour that is ever living
Honour, that's ever giving,
Honour, that sees all, at the wars
Both the ebbs of war and flow,
Honour that rewards the brave
Sends thee thy rich labours reave
Thou hast studied all to please
Therefore now she calls thee best

SCENE VIII The soldiers—Enter in state Maximus, Felix, and
Souldiers and Gentlemen of Rome, the Senators, and Romans and
before them

[A Synnet with] [With a Pail, prepared with Hobbies,
[Trumpets] [Musick, Song, Wreath]

13 *Amicus*] Presumably Lucius Iminius Papius conqueror of Spain,
Liguria and Macedonia

14 *scd*] Supplied Weber, as also the four following

Chorus Hail hail Cæsar, hail and stand,
And thy name out live the land!
Not a father's blood flows
And this wreath with thousand vows! 25

[*The Boy sings a wreath which the Senators place
on the head of MAXIMUS*]

Al. Stand to eternity!

Max. I thank ye fathers,
And, as I rule may it still grow or wither!
Now, to the banquet ye are all my guests,
This day be liberal friends, to wine we give it, 30
And smiling pleasures Sit, my queen of beauty
Fathers your places These are fair wars, soldiers,
And thus I give the first charge to ye all [*Drinks*]
You are my second sweet To every cup,
I add unto the senate a new honour, 35
And to the sons of Mars a donative [*The Boy sings*]

SONG

God Lykes ever young,
Ever nonour'd, ever sung,
Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
In a thousand luscious shapes, 40
Dance upon the mazer's brim,
In the crimson liquor swim,
From thy plentiful hand divine,
I let a river run with wine
God of youth, let this day here 45
Enter neither care nor fear!

Boy *Furlona's seed the glory of old Rome,
Enter of conquer'd nations, nobly come,
And to the fulness of your warlike noise,
Let your feet move, make up this hour of joys, 50
Come come, I say, range your fair troop at large,
And your high measure turn into a charge*

[*A martial dance by the soldiers, during which
MAXIMUS falls back upon his couch*]

Semp. The emperor's grown heavy with his wine

Afr. The senate stays, sir, for your thanks

Semp. Great Cæsar!

End I have my wish!

37 *Lykes* = *Lives* H. F. Seward

41 *luscious* = *luscious* cups, the word was originally used of a goblet made of maple wood

And' Yes - but he will not hear words

he said must have thought

[illegible]

For Dad I just told you I was well. He said

Some Dead--Trees & guard to court at o
in a pass

So, I see your (a) is murdered

I do Make no tithing to

No harm the court we have his order with ye

And the just cause, if ye can stop the hearing

It was his death—that wraith that walked in C's

Has made him earth

Sold October 14th 1891 \$1000

And Wisemen vote in the election first I do
Is that I wish for, Thomas, one year more.

The heavenliest wa

(That was your empress once and her name is Lyse)

But so much time to reflect on what I killed and

And weigh my reasons well if man be you,

Then, if we dare do cruelly, condemn me

Aff Hear her ye noble Romans! tis a woman.

A subject not for swords, but pity. Heaven,

If he be guilty of malicious murder

Has given us laws to make example of her

If only of revenge and blood hid from us

Let us consider first then execute

Scmp Speak bloody woman'

End Yes This Maxim is

That was your Caesar lords and noble soldiers

And if I wrong the dead, Heaven perish me. So

Or speak, to win your favours, but the truth's

Was to his country, to his friends and Caesar.

A most malicious traitor

Semp Take heed, woman

End I speak not for compassion. Brave Accius.

50 7 8 or 11 and 1 One are 4 1 0

(7 sentence) sent. of H. Seward competition sent. of Joyce - 1st
the whole was suggested by H. and a 2nd sent. W. C.

68 MON. P. 2 P. 1 F. 1

71 dare i' tuch, wende sie dar wo es ist, die in ne Sande,
 72 n W r de f r u l e t r i n g

'Whose blessed soul if I lie, shall afflict me) 85
 The man that all the world lov'd, you ador'd,
 That was the master-piece of arms and bounty,
 (Mine own grief shall come last—this friend of his,
 This soldier, this your right arm, noble Romans,
 By a base letter to the emperor, 90
 Stuffed full of tears and poor suggestions,
 And by himself unto himself directed
 Was cut off basely, basely, cruelly!
 Oh loss! Oh innocent! Can ye now kill me?
 And the poor stale my noble lord, that knew not 95
 More of this villain than his forced fears,
 Like one foreseen to satisfy, died for it
 There was a murder too Rome would have blush'd at!
 Was this worth being Cæsar? or my patience?
 Nay, his wife—— 100
 By Heaven, he told it me in wine and joy,
 And swore it deeply—he himself prepar'd
 To be abus'd, how let me grieve, not tell ye,
 And weep the sins that did it—and his end
 Was only me and Cæsar—but me he lied in 105
 These are my reasons, Romans, and my soul
 Tells me sufficient—and my deed is justice
 Now, as I have done well or ill, look on me,
 What less could nature do? what less had we
 done,
 Had we known this before? Romans, she is righteous, 110
 And such a piece of justice Heaven must smile on
 Bend all your swords on me if this displease ye,
 For I must kneel and on this virtuous hand
 Seal my new joy and thanks—Thou hast done truly
Senp Up with your arms, ye strike a saint else,
 Romans—— 115
 May'st thou live ever spoken our protector!
 Rome yet has many noble heirs, let's in,
 And pray before we choose, then plant a Cæsar
 Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder
Afr Take up the body nobly to his urn, 120
 And may our sins and his together burn

[*Exeunt A dead arch*]

95 *stale*] dupe

96 *for ef*] *for 'd* F1

98 *blush'd*] *blush'* F1

100 *Nay his wife*] Part of preceding line in F¹

104 *it*] *ye'* F1

EPILOGUE

We would fain please ye and as fain be pleas'd,
 'Tis but a little liking, both are eas'd
 We have your money and you have our wares,
 And to our understanding, good and fair
 For your own wisdom's sake be not so mad
 To acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad
 Let not a brack in th' stuff, or here and there
 The fading gloss a general loss appear,
 We know ye take up these commodities
 And dearer pay, yet think your bargains wise,
 We know, in meat and wine ye dangle away
 More time and wealth, which is our dearer prey
 And with the reckoning all the pleasure lost
 We bid ye not unto repenting cost
 The price is easy, and so light the pay,
 That ye may new-digest it every day
 Then, noble friends, as ye would choose a miss
 Only to please the eye a while and kiss,
 Till a good wife be got, so let this play
 Hold ye a while, until a better may

7 *na 1*] A flavio elen [*N.F.D.*]

9 *na 1*] *apre me omne the*] *maxe* is *maxe* was

12 *a uth*] *nealth* Seward, Colman

17 *mis*] *Mistis* *Fi*. The earliest use of *Mis* (*mis*) in *N.F.D.* is in 1540, but it is there stated that "it is not quite certain that *Mis* is a new *guy* or abbreviation" (for *Mistis*). It was used originally as a *guy* or *guy* in those the first undoubted example in *N.F.D.* is in 1540, *guy* or *guy* in 1545. It is probably Fletcher wrote "*Mistis* or *mis* abbreviation *Mis*," which would perhaps be scanned

Then noble friends, as ye would choose a miss

MONSIEUR THOMAS

3111 JEFFERSON GARDENS,

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90024, USA

Stationers' Register, January 22, 1638-9 "Master Waterson Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of Master Wvkes and Master Rothwell warden a Comedy called Monsieur Thomas by master John fletcher vjd" [Arber's Transcript, iv 451]

(Q) *Monsieur Thomas A Comedy Acted at the Private House in Blacke Fryers The Author, John Fletcher, Gent London, Printed by Thomas Harper, for John Waterson, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church yard, at the signe of the Crowne 1639*

(F) In the Folio of 1679

In Theobald's edition (1750) vol iv (*curavit* Seward), in Colman's (1778) vol iv, in Weber's (1812) vol vi, in Dyce's (1843) vol vii. In the edition by A. R. Waller in the *Cambridge English Classics* (vol iv, 1906), the text of the Folio is reproduced, most of the variants in the Quarto being given in an Appendix

MONSIEUR THOMAS

DATE AND AUTHORSHIP — Fleay, supposing that the play was written for the Children of the Revels, and inferring from the reference to the Spaniards at Mile end in both *Monsieur Thomas* (III iii) and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (II ii), and the fact that one or two snatches of the same songs are found in both plays, that they were composed about the same time, put the date of *Monsieur Thomas* c 1609. A. H. Thorndike (*Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher on Shakspeare*, Worcester, Mass., 1901) places it still earlier, c 1607-8. The only thing of which we can be certain is that the date must have been after Feb. 1610, when Part II of d'Urfé's *Astrée* was published (see Introduction to *Valentinian*). The use of the same source gives some reason for conjecturing that *Monsieur Thomas* was written in the same period as *Valentinian*, i.e. 1610-14.

Fletcher is, without dissent, considered to be the sole author.

ARGUMENT — Valentine, a middle aged gentleman, returns from a journey, bringing with him a newly found and greatly loved friend, the young Francisco. They are welcomed home by Valentine's sister Alice, his niece Mary, and his ward Cellide, the last of whom he is to marry shortly. Francisco falls in love with Cellide, but a sense of his obligations to Valentine prevents him from declaring his passion, and under the strain of pent up emotion he falls ill. Valentine, on discovering the cause of the illness, generously decides to sacrifice love to friendship, and bids Cellide transfer her affections to the younger man. Though her love and pride are outraged by what she regards as base shallowness on Valentine's part, she promises to do what she can for the sick man's recovery, but warns Valentine that she will hereafter scorn both these her lovers. She goes to Francisco's chamber, and with Valentine as an unseen witness, offers the youth her love. Instead of accepting, Francisco bitterly upbraids her for her falsity to Valentine. Such honourable dealing changes Cellide's feigned affection into real admiration, and confirms Valentine in his resolution that Cellide must be Francisco's.

In order to escape from the difficulties in which they are involved, Francisco and Cellide separately resolve to flee. Francisco is caught as he is on the point of boarding a vessel bound for the Straits, while Cellide takes refuge in a nunnery. She is persuaded to leave its shelter for an hour to hear Valentine's explanation, and to the scene of the interview Francisco is brought on the charge of stealing some jewels from Valentine. By means of these gems the discovery is made that Francisco is Valentine's long-lost son. In the rejoicing over this happy event Valentine is reconciled to losing Cellide as his wife, and the youthful lovers are made happy by their betrothal.

This fortunate solution is brought about with the assistance of the persons of the comic sub plot, which is more closely connected with the main plot than is the case with many of Fletcher's plays. It is concerned with the mad pranks of the gay fripon Thomas, who nearly loses his mistress Mary by his wildness, while at the same time he disgusts his lusty old father Sebastian by an assumed sanctimonious manner. In a duel of wits between Mary and Thomas the victory rests every time with the lady. She detects an attempt to delude her by a prearranged conversation wherein Thomas professes repentance, she foils a well nigh successful effort of his to get into the house by

feigning a broken leg after a serenade, while her crowning feat is to get him into bed with a negro wench in the belief that it is she herself, after he has gained entrance to her chamber disguised as his own sister. Eventually Thomas confesses himself beaten, and offers to give over his efforts, whereupon Mary relents, while at the same time Tom's sister is awarded to his friend Hylas.

SOURCE —The question of sources was considerably complicated by two articles by H. Guskar (*Anglia*, xxviii 397-430, and xxix 1-54), in which he assigns no fewer than twenty nine separate sources for various lines, incidents and scenes of *Monsieur Thomas*. This is surely *Quellenforschung* gone mad. No play was ever composed by so helpless a process of patchwork, and Fletcher, the facile, brilliant, resourceful Fletcher, was one of the last men who would be likely to employ it. A sensible reply to Guskar was made by A. L. Stiefel (*Englische Studien*, xxi 238-43), when he pointed out Fletcher's indebtedness to d'Urfé's *Astrée* (*Histoire de Cellide, Thamyre et Calidon*, pt. II bk. 1 and 2 Ed. of 1647, Rouen, ii 37-123) for the main plot and the character of Hylas, and expressed his belief that the sub-plot was taken from some one source yet undiscovered. Proof positive of the use of the *Astrée* is furnished by the borrowing of the names Cellide and Hylas, and by a line in the last scene which much puzzled early editors —

“Take her, Francisco, now no more young Callidon,”

Calidon being Francisco's counterpart in the *Astrée*. Finally, O. L. Hatcher (*Anglia*, xxx 89-102) is of the opinion that truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. He argues that Fletcher drew for the main plot not only upon the *Astrée*, but also upon Painter's version of the Plutarchian story in the *Palace of Pleasure* (I 27), and is inclined to favour the following suggestions of Guskar's that *Monsieur Thomas*, III 1 was modelled upon *Measure for Measure*, III 1, and was influenced by the *Looking Glass for London* of Greene and Lodge, that the *Decameron*, I 1 and II 1 furnished hints for Tom's pretended repentance, and that in Hylas Fletcher was imitating the character of Nymphodoro in Marston's *Parasitaster*. The influence of Painter is, indeed, very probable, and there is a strong family resemblance between Hylas and Nymphodoro, the other arguments carry no conviction.

HISTORY —If we may judge by what Brome says in his dedication and commendatory verses the play seems to have been unsuccessful in its early days. Originally acted at the Blackfriars, and presumably by the King's Men (because the Children of the Revels, for whom Fleay thought the play to have been written, had, by Jan. 4, 1610, given up the Blackfriars to the King's Men, who continued to act there and at the Globe till 1642), in 1639 it was in the possession of a children's company known as “Beeston's Boys,” or the “King and Queen's Company,” which had been formed by Christopher Beeston in 1637, and was playing at the Cockpit (J. T. Murray *English Dramatic Companies, 1558-1642*, i 367-8). On Aug. 10, 1639, an order was issued confirming them in the possession of a considerable number of plays, among these was *Father's Own Son*, by which name *Monsieur Thomas* seems to have been commonly known in the middle of the seventeenth century. It was under this title that Pepys saw it on Sept. 28, 1661. “At the office in the morning, dined at home, and then Sir W. Pen and his daughter and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw ‘Father's Own Son,’ a very good play, and the first time I ever saw it.” Pepys witnessed a second performance, Nov. 13, 1661. From *Father's Own Son*, too, was taken that one of the drolls in Francis Kirkman's volume of 1672, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*, called *The Doctors of Dull head College*.

In 1678 Tom D'Urfey made the play over as *Trick for Trick*. It was performed at Drury Lane, with a cast which included Hart as Thomas, Mohun, the famous comedian Joe Haynes, Mrs Boutel, and Mrs Knipp (Genest, i 236-7), but, according to *Biographia Dramatica*, this version had not much success. The title page of the quarto reads as follows: "Trick for Trick or, The Debauch'd Hypocrite A Comedy, As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal, By His Majestie's Servants Written by Tho Durfey, Gent Licensed, April 30th, 1678 Roger L'Estrange London, Printed for Langley Curtiss, in Goat Court upon Ludgate Hill, 1678" D'Urfey's only acknowledgment of his indebtedness is in the epilogue—

" He bids me say, the less to show his Guilt,
On the Foundation *Fletcher* laid, he built,
New drest his Modish Spangle to be shown
And made him more Debauch'd, to oblige the Town

D'Urfey does away with the serious interest of the main plot by making Cellide instead of Mary the object of Thomas's pursuit, and, banishing the rivalry of Valentine and Frank (Francisco) for her love, replaces wit with obscenity verse with prose, and subjects the play to a general and woful process of mutilation.

TEXT —Q presents a fairly accurate text, and has been taken as the basis of this edition. F corrects a number of obvious errors, but adds a few of its own. The usage of Q with regard to *you* and *ye*, and to the form of the past participle in 'd or ed has been followed, except in words like *tried*, which are spelled in Q with *y'd*. Statements of locality were first made by Weber, Dyce made a few changes. Stage directions, other than those of the original editions, have been duly accredited in the foot-notes to the editor who inserted them, though not all those added by Dyce have been adopted here.

The numbering of the lines has been a matter of some difficulty. Although some passages sound considerably like prose, the whole of the play has always been printed as verse, and the metrical arrangement of previous editions has been, in the main, adhered to. Fletcher's loose use of redundant syllables makes it necessary to consider a line from the standpoint of accents rather than of syllables. Changes from Dyce's arrangement have been introduced in the following instances: II i 1-3, III iii 76-83 (where the original arrangement has been restored), V viii 18, V x 60 V x 99.

TO THE NOBLE HONOURER OF THE DEAD AUTHOR'S
WORKS AND MEMORY, MASTER CHARLES COTTON

SIR,

My directing of this piece unto you, renders me obvious to many censures, which I would willingly prevent by declaring mine own and your right thereto. Mine was the fortune to be made the unworthy preserver of it, yours is the worthy opinion you have of the Author and his Poems: neither can it easily be determined whether your affection to them hath made you, by observing, more able to judge of them, than your ability to judge of them hath made you to affect them deservedly, not partially. In this presumptuous act of mine I express my two-fold zeal to him, and your noble self, who have built him a more honourable monument in that fair opinion you have of him than any inscription subject to the wearing of time can be. You will find him in this poem as active as in others, to many of which the dull apprehensions of former times gave but slender allowance, from malicious custom more than reason, yet they have since, by your candid self and others, been clearly vindicated. You shall oblige by your acceptance of this acknowledgment (which is the best I can render you, mine own weak labours being too unworthy your judicious perusal) him that is ambitious to be known.

Your most humble servant,

RICHARD BROME

[*Master Charles Cotton*] "Charles Cotton, Esq. of Beresford, in Staffordshire, was a gentleman of considerable fortune. His character is drawn by Lord Clarendon in very favourable colours. The latter part of his life was rendered gloomy by some severe misfortunes. He died in 1658. He was father to the more celebrated person of the same name, who is well known for his burlesque poetry, but his miscellaneous poems deserve more attention than they have hitherto obtained"—Weber

Cotton numbered among his friends Jonson, Donne, Selden, Sir Henry Wotton and Walton, and to him Herrick addressed one of the poems in the *Hesperides*.

This dedication appears in both Q and F

IN PRAISE OF THE AUTHOR, AND HIS FOLLOWING
POEM

'Tis both the life of action and 'of wit,
 When actors so the fancied humours hit,
 As if 'twixt them and th' author there were strife
 How each to other should give mutual life
 The last this wanted not Invention strays 5
 Here in full many pleasant turning ways,
 That, like meanders, their curl'd circles bend,
 Yet in a smooth stream run to crown the end
 Then 'tis authoriz'd by the author's name,
 Who never writ but with such sprightly flame, 10
 As if the Muses jointly did inspire
 His raptures only with their sacred fire
 And yet perhaps it did participate,
 At first presenting, but of common fate ,
 When Ignorance was judge, and but a few 15
 What was legitimate, what bastard, knew
 The world's grown wiser now each man can say,
 If Fletcher made it 'tis an excellent play
 Thus poems, like their authors, may be said
 Never to live till they have first been dead 20

RICH BROME

Commendatory Verses] In Q only

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VALENTINE	ALICE, sister to VALENTINE
FRANCISCO, his son	MARY, niece to VALENTINE
SEBASTIAN	CELLIDE, ward to VALENTINE
THOMAS, his son	DOROTHEA, daughter to SEBASTIAN
HYLAS	Abbess of St Katherine's, aunt to THOMAS and DOROTHEA
SAM, his friend	Nuns
MICHAEL, friend to VALENTINE	MADGE, KAT a blackamoor, and other Maids
LAUNCELOT, servant to THOMAS	
Fiddler	
Three Physicians	
Apothecary, Barber, Sailors, Officers, Servants	

SCENE — *The neighbourhood of London, London, and the Sea coast*

DRAM PLKS] Not given in Q or F

Francisco] Called also Francis and Frank by Q and F

Cellide] Usually pronounced as a trisyllable, printed Cellide by Weber and Dyce

SCENE] So Dyce Seward's choice was Fiance, Colman declared for England, Weber confined the action to London

MONSIEUR THOMAS

ACT I

SCENE I

*A hall in VALENTINE'S house**Enter ALICE and VALENTINE**Alice* How dearly welcome you are !

Val I know it ,
 And, my best sister, you as dear to my sight,
 And pray let this confirm it [*Kisses her*] How you
 have govern'd

My poor state in my absence, how my servants,
 I dare and must believe (else I should wrong ye) 5
 The best and worthiest

Alice As my woman's wit, sir,
 Which is but weak and crazy

Val But, good Alice,
 Tell me how fares the gentle Cellide,
 The life of my affection, since my travel,
 My long and lazy travel ? Is her love still 10
 Upon the growing hand ? does it not stop
 And wither at my years ? has she not view'd
 And entertain'd some younger smooth behaviour,
 Some youth but in his blossom, as herself is ?
 There lies my fears

Alice They need not, for, believe e, 15

2 *you as dear*] *you are as dear* F, *you're* Seward

3 s d] Inserted Dyce

4 *state*] estate, and often hereafter

15 *lies*] So F, and *lies* Q Needlessly altered by editors to *he*

So well you have manag'd her, and won her mind,
 Even from her hours of childhood to this ripeness,
 (And, in your absence, that by me enforc'd still,)
 So well distill'd your gentleness into her,
 Observ'd her, fed her fancy, liv'd still in her, 20
 And, though Love be a boy, and ever youthful,
 And young and beauteous objects ever aim'd at,
 Yet here, ye have gone beyond Love, better'd nature,
 Made him appear in years, in grey years, fiery,
 His bow at full bent ever. Fear not, brother, 25
 For though your body has been far off from her,
 Yet every hour your heart, which is your goodness,
 I have forc'd into her, won a place prepar'd too,
 And willingly, to give it ever harbour,
 Believe she is so much yours, and won by miracle 30
 (Which is by age), so deep a stamp set on her
 By your observances, she cannot alter
 Were the child living now ye lost at sea
 Among the Genoa galleys, what a happiness!
 What a main blessing!

Val Oh, no more, good sister! 35
 Touch no more that string, 'tis too harsh and jarring
 With that child all my hopes went, and, you know,
 The root of all those hopes, the mother too,
 Within few days

Alice 'Tis too true, and too fatal,
 But peace be with their souls!

Val For her loss, 40
 I hope, the beauteous Cellide

Alice You may, sir,
 For all she is, is yours

Val For the poor boy's loss,
 I have brought a noble friend I found in travel,
 A worthier mind, and a more temperate spirit,
 If I have so much judgment to discern 'em, 45
 Man yet was never aster of

Alice What is he?

Val A gentleman, I do assure myself,
 And of a worthy breeding, though he hide it
 I found him at Valentia, poor and needy,
 Only his mind the master of a treasure 50

I sought his friendship, won him by much violence,
 His honesty and modesty still fearing
 To thrust a charge upon me How I love him
 He shall now know, where want and he hereafter
 Shall be no more companions Use him nobly , 55
 It is y will, good sister , all I have
 I make him free companion in, and partner,
 But only

Alice I observe ye , hold your right there
 Love and high rule allows no rivals, brother
 He shall have fair regard, and all observance 60

Enter HYLAS

Hylas Ye are welcome, noble sir

Val What, Monsieur Hylas !
 I'm glad to see your merry body well yet

Hylas I' faith y' are welcome home ! What news
 beyond seas ?

Val None, but new men expected, such as you are,
 To breed new admirations 'Tis my sister , 65
 Pray ye, know her, sir

Hylas With all my heart Your leave, lady ?

Alice Ye have it, sir [*He kisses her*]

Hylas [*Aside*] A shrewd smart touch ! which does
 prognosticate

A body keen and active , so ewhat old,
 But that's all one age brings experience 70
 And knowledge to dispatch —I must be better,
 And nearer in my service, with your leave, sir,
 To this fair lady

Val What, the old Squire of Dames still ?

Hylas Still the admirer of their goodness —[*Aside*]

With all my heart now,
 I love a woman of her years, a pacer, 75
 That, lay the bridle on her neck, will travel
 Forty, and somewhat fulsome, is a fine dish ,
 These young colts are too skittish

59 *allows*] So Q and F, *allow* all eds but Seward

61 *Ye*] *You* F, do 1 67.

67 s d] Added Dyce

74 s d] Added Weber

76 *That, lay the bridle on her neck*] Colman, Weber, Dyce *That lay the
 bridle in her neck* Q, *That lays the bridle in her Neck* F, Seward

63 *I' faith*] *Yf' aith* Q, *'Faith* F

68 s d] Added Weber

Enter MARY

Alice My cousin Mary,
In all her joy, sir, to congratulate
Your fair return
Val My loving and kind cousin, 80
A thousand welcomes!
Mary A thousand thanks to Heaven, sir,
For your safe voyage and return!
Val I thank ye
But where's my blessed Cellide? Her slackness
In visitation
Mary Think not so, dear uncle,
I left her on her knees, thanking the gods 85
With tears and prayers
Val Ye have given me too much comfort
Mary She will not be long from ye
Hylas Your fair cousin?
Val It is so, and a bait you cannot balk, sir,
If your old rule reign in you Ye may know her
Hylas A happy stock ye have — Right worthy lady, 90
The poorest of your servants vows his duty
And obliged faith
Mary Oh, 'tis a kiss you would, sir?
Take it, and tie your tongue up
Hylas [*Aside*] I am an ass,
I do perceive now, a blind ass, a blockhead,
For this is handsomeness, this that that draws us, 95
Body and bones Oh, what a mounted forehead,
What eyes and lips, what every thing about her!
How like a swan she swims her pace, and bears
Her silver breasts! This is the woman, she,
And only she, that I will so much honour 100
As to think worthy of my love, all older idols
I heartily abhor, and give to gunpowder,
And all complexions besides hers, to gypsies

78 *cousin*] used in its more general signification of any relative more distant than brother or sister

90 *A happy stock*, etc.] Part of preceding speech in Q and F

93 s d.] Inserted Dyce

96 *mounted*] i e high

Enter FRANCISCO at one door, and CELLIDE at another

Val Oh, my dear life, my better heart! all dangers,
Distresses in my travel, all misfortunes, 105
Had they been endless like the hours upon me,
In this kiss had been buried in oblivion
How happy have ye made me, truly happy!

Cel My joy has so much overmastered me,
That, in my tears for your return

Val Oh, dearest!— 110
My noble friend too? What a blessedness
Have I about me now! how full my wishes
Are come again! A thousand hearty welcomes
I once more lay upon ye! all I have,
The fair and liberal use of all my servants 115
To be at your command, and all the uses
Of all within my power—

Fran Ye are too munificent,
Nor am I able to conceive those thanks, sir—

Val Ye wrong my tender love now—even my
service,
Nothing excepted, nothing stuck between us 120
And our entire affections, but this woman,
This I beseech ye, friend

Fran It is a jewel,
I do confess, would make a thief, but never
Of him that's so much yours, and bound your servant
That were a base ingratitude

Val Ye are noble! 125
Pray, be acquainted with her Keep your way, sir,
My cousin, and my sister

Alice Ye are most welcome

Mary If anything in our poor powers, fair sir,
To render ye content and liberal welcome,
May but appear, com and it

Alice Ye shall find us 130
Happy in our performance

Fran The poor servant
Of both your goodnesses presents his service

Val Come, no more compliment, custom has
made it

Dull, old, and tedious ye are once more welcome
 As your own thoughts can make ye, and the same
 ever 135
 And so we'll in to ratify it
Hylas Hark ye, Valentine
 Is Wild-Oats yet come over?
Val Yes, with me, sir
Mary How does he bear himself?
Val A great deal better
 Why do you blush? The gentleman will do well
Mary I should be glad on 't, sir
Val How does his father? 140
Hylas As mad a worm as e'er he was
Val I look'd for 't,
 Shall we enjoy your company?
Hylas I'll wait on ye
 Only a thought or two
Val We bar all prayers [*Exeunt all but HYLAS*
Hylas This last wench—ay, this last wench was a
 fair one,
 A dainty wench, a right one A devil take it, 145
 What do I ail, to have fifteen now in liking?
 Enough, a man would think, to stay my stomach
 But what's fifteen, or fifteen score, to my thoughts?
 And wherefore are mine eyes made, and have lights,
 But to increase my objects? This last wench 150
 Sticks plaguy close unto me, a hundred pound
 I were as close to her! If I lov'd now,
 As many foolish men do, I should run mad [*Exit*

SCENE II

A room in SEBASTIAN'S house

Enter old SEBASTIAN and LAUNCELOT

Seb Sirrah, no more of your French shrugs, I advise
 you,
 If you be lousy, shift yourself

Laun May it please your worship

Seb Only to see my son, my son, good Launcelot,
Your master and my son Body o' me, sir,
No money, no more money, Monsieur Launcelot, 5
Not a denier, sweet signior! Bring the person,
The person of my boy, my boy Tom, Monsieur
Thomas,

Or get you gone again! *Du gata whee, si!*
Bassa mi cu, good Launcelot! valetote!
My boy, or nothing!

Laun Then, to answer punctually,— 10

Seb I say to th' purpose

Laun Then I say to th' purpose,
Because your worship's vulgar understanding
May meet me at the nearest —your son, my master,
Or Monsieur Thomas (for so his travel styles him),
Through many foreign plots that virtue meets with, 15
And dangers, (I beseech ye give attention,)
Is at the last arriv'd

To ask your (as the Frenchman calls it sweetly)

Benediction de jour en jour

Seb Sirrah, do not conjure me with your French
furies 20

Laun *Che ditt' a vous, monsieur?*

Seb *Che dogo vou, rascal!*

Leave me your rotten language, and tell me plainly,
And quickly, sirrah, lest I crack your French crown,
What your good master means I have maintain'd
You and your monsieur, as I take it, Launcelot, 25
These two years at your *ditty vous*, your *jours*
Jour me no more, for not another penny
Shall pass my purse

Laun Your worship is erroneous,
For, as I told you, your son Tom or Thomas,
My master and your son, is now arriv'd 30

8 *Du gata whee*] Explained by Colman as a corruption of the Welsh *Duw cadw chw*, God bless you, the phrase is used in *The Custom of the Country* (I 11) and *The Night-Walker*

9 *valetote*] "Was explained by the editors of 1778, 'A corruption of *vola tout*', and Weber reprinted their note as a just interpretation!" I am therefore compelled to state that it is the imperative of the Latin word *valere*—"Dyce (In spite of Dyce's notes of exclamation, the editors of 1778 may be right —A H B)

20 *furies*] Seward altered to *juries* 21 *Che ditt' a vous*] *Q dites-vous* Dyce

To ask ye (as our language bears it nearest)
Your quotidian blessing, and here he is in person

Enter THOMAS

Seb What, Tom, boy! welcome with all my heart,
boy,
Welcome! faith, thou hast gladdened me at soul,
boy!

Infinite glad I am, I have pray'd too, Thomas, 35
For you, wild Thomas, To, I thank thee heartily
For coming home

Tho Sir, I do find your prayers
Have much prevail'd above my sins

Seb How's this?

Tho Else certain I had perish'd with my rudeness,
Ere I had won myself to that discretion 40
I hope you shall hereafter find

Seb Humh, humh!
Discretion? is it come to that? the boy's spoil'd

Tho Sirrah, you rogue, look for 't, for I will make
thee

Ten times more miserable than thou thought'st thyself
Before thou travelledst thou hast told my father 45
(I know it, and I find it) all my rogueries,
By mere way of prevention, to undo me

Laun Sir, as I speak eight languages, I only
Told him you came to ask his *benediction*

De jour en jour

Tho But that I must be civil, 50
I would beat thee like a dog — Sir, howsoever
The time I have spent may make you doubtful,
Nay, harden your belief 'gainst my conversion —

Seb A pox o' travel, I say!

Tho Yet, dear father,
Your own experience in my after-courses 55

Seb Prithce, no more, 'tis scurvy! There's thy
sister —

31 ye] you F

38 much] much much Q

47 prevention] Dyce takes this in the sense of "prejudice," but the common
seventeenth century meaning of "anticipation" seem more appropriate

50 civil] grave, sober, as frequently hereafter

51 howsoever] however F

Enter DOROTHEA

[*Aside*] Undone, without redemption! he eats with
picks,
Utterly spoil'd, his spirit baffled in him!
How have I sinn'd, that this affliction
Should light so heavy on me? I have no more sons, 60
And this no more mine own, no spark of nature
Allows him mine now, he's grown tame My grand
curse
Hang o'er his head that thus transform'd thee! Travel!
I'll send y horse to travel next *We, Monsieur!*
Now will y most canonical dear neighbours 65
Say I have found my son, and rejoice with me
Because he has mew'd his mad tricks off I know not,
But I am sure this monsieur, this fine gentleman,
Will never be in y books like ad Tho as
I must go seek an heir for y inheritance 70
Must not turn secretary, y name and quality
Has kept my land three hundred years in adness
An it slip now, may it sink! [*Exit.*]

Tho Excellent sister,
I am glad to see thee well But where's y father?
Dor Gone discontent, it seems
Tho He did ill in it, 75
As he does all, for I was uttering
A handso e speech or two I have been studying
E'er since I came from Paris How glad to see thee!
Dor I a gladder to see you (with ore love too,
I dare maintain it) than my father's sorry 80
To see (as he supposes) your conversion,
And I am sure he is vex'd, nay, ore, I know it,
He has pray'd against it mainly but it appears, sir,
Ye had rather blind hi with that poor opinion

57 s d] Added Dyce *he eats with picks*] The use of toothpicks, wh
they were first introduced into England, was considered a foreign affectation

67 *mew'd*] put off, cast away, as a hawk moults its feathers Cf *Valen-
tinian*, I iii 174

69 *in my books*] The various theories of the origin of this phr e may be
found in the note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, I i 66, in Furness's *Variorum
Shakespeare*

70 *my inheritance Must not turn secretary*] i e my land must not desc d
to a person with the sober manners of a clerk Cf IV ii 126

72 *Has*] So Q and F, *Have* Colman, Weber, Dyce

74 *my*] *thy* F 84 *Ye*] *Y* F.

Than in yourself correct it Dearest brother,
Since there is in our uniform resemblance
No more to make us two but our bare sexes,
And since one happy birth produced us hither,
Let one more happy mind

85

Tho It shall be, sister,
 For I can do it when I list, and yet, wench,
 Be mad too when I please, I have the trick on't
 Beware a traveller!

Dor Leave that trick too

Tho Not for the world But where's my mistress?
And, prithee, say how does she? I melt to see her,
And presently I must away

Dor Then do so 95
For, o' my faith, she will not see you, brother

Tho Not see me? I'll——

Dor Now you play your true self
How would my father love this! I'll assure ye
She will not see you, she has heard (and loudly)
The gambols that you play'd since your departure 100
In every town ye came, your several mischiefs,
Your rouses and your wenches, all your quarrels,
And the no-causes of 'em, these, I take it,
Although she love ye well, to modest ears,
To one that waited for your reformation, 105
To which end travel was propounded by her uncle,
Must needs, and reason for it, be examined,
And by her modesty, and fear'd too light too,
To file with her affections ye have lost her,
For any thing I see, exil'd yourself 110

Tho No more of that, sweet Doll, I will be civil

Dor But how long?

Tho Wouldst thou have me lose my birthright?
For yond old thing will disinherit me,
If I grow too demure Good sweet Doll, prithee,
Prithee, dear sister, let e see her!

Dor No 115

Tho Nay, I beseech thee! By this light,
Dor Ay, swagger

98 *ye*] *you* F

102 *rouses*] bumpers, and hence, carouses, drinking bouts

109 *file with*] keep pace with, adapt themselves to

Tho Kiss me, and be my friend, we two were twins,
And shall we now grow strangers?

Dor 'Tis not my fault

Tho Well, there be other women, and remember
You were the cause of this, there be more lands too, 120
And better people in 'em, (fare ye well,)
And other loves. What shall become of me,
And of my vanities, because they grieve ye?

Dor Come hither, come Do you see that cloud
that flies there?

So light are you, and blown with every fancy 125
Will ye but make me hope ye may be civil?

I know your nature's sweet enough, and tender,
Not grated on, nor curb'd Do you love your mistress?

Tho He lies that says I do not

Dor Would ye see her?

Tho If you please, for it must be so

Dor And appear to her 130

A thing to be belov'd?

Tho Yes

Dor Change, then,

A little of your wildness into wisdom,

And put on a more smoothness

I'll do the best I can to help ye, yet

I do protest she swore, and swore it deeply, 135

She would never see you more Where's your man's
heart now?

What, do you faint at this?

Tho She is a woman

But him she entertains next for a servant

I shall be bold to quarter

Dor No thought of fighting

Go in, and there we'll talk more, be but rul'd, 140

And what lies in my power ye shall be sure of

[*Exeunt*]

119 *and remember You were*, etc] Q and F print as follows—

and remember

You, you were, so Seward Colman and Dyce prefer—

and remember you,

You were Weber has—

and remember you

You, you were

138 *him*] So F, *le Q*, Colman, Weber

138 *entertains next for a servant*] “engages or accep'ts for a lover”—Weber

SCENE III

A room in the lodge belonging to VALENTINE'S house

Enter ALICE and MARY

Alice He cannot be so wild still

Mary 'Tis most certain,
I have now heard all, and all the truth

Alice Grant all that,
Is he the first that has been giv'n a lost man,
And yet come fairly home? He is young and tender,
And fit for that impression your affections

Shall stamp upon him Age brings on discretion,
A year hence these ad toys that now possess him
Will show like bugbears to him, shapes to fright him,
Marriage dissolves all these like mists

Mary They are grounded
Hereditary in him from his father,
And to his grave they will haunt him

Alice 'Tis your fear,
Which is a wise part in you, yet your love,
However you may seem to lessen it
With these dislikes, and choke it with these errors,
Do what you can, will break out to excuse him
Ye have him in your heart, and planted, cousin,
From whence the power of reason nor discretion
Can ever root him

Mary Planted in my heart, aunt?
Believe it, no, I never was so liberal
What though he show a so so comely fellow,
Which we call pretty, or say, it may be handsome?
What though his proportions are sturdy
The power of goodness in him, sometimes use too—

Alice How willingly thy heart betrays thee, cousin!
Cozen thyself no more thou hast no more power
To leave off loving him, than he that's thirsty

Has to abstain from drink standing before him
 His mind is not so monstrous, for his shape,
 If I have eyes, I have not seen his better,
 A handsome brown complexion,

Mary Reasonable, 30
 Inclining to a tawny

Alice Had I said so,
 You would have wish'd my tongue out Then his
 making——

Mary Which may be mended, I have seen legs
 straighter,
 And cleaner made

Alice A body too
Mary Far neater,
 And better set together

Alice God forgive thee! 35
 For against thy conscience thou liest stubbornly

Mary I grant 'tis neat enough
Alice 'Tis excellent,
 And where the outward parts are fair and lovely,
 (Which are but moulds o' th' mind,) what must the
 soul be?

Put case, youth has his swing, and fiery nature 40
 Flames to mad uses many times

Mary All this
 You only use to make me say I love him
 I do confess I do, but that my fondness
 Should fling itself upon his desperate follies——

Alice I do not counsel that, see him reclaim'd first, 45
 Which will not prove a miracle yet, Mary,
 I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly
 To stay so long

Mary No, no, aunt, no, believe me
Alice What was your dream to-night? for I
 observ'd ye

Hugging of me, with, "Good, dear, sweet Tom!"
Mary Fie, aunt! 50

Upon my conscience——
Alice On my word 'tis true, wench,
 And then ye kiss'd me, Mary, more than once too,

To my desires, such an antipathy,
That I must sooner see my grave

Dor

Dear friend,

He was not so before he went

Mary

I grant it,

For then I daily hop'd his fair conversion 80

Alice Come, do not mask yourself, but see him freely,
Ye have a mind

Mary

That mind I'll master, then

Dor And is your hate so mortal?

Mary

Not to his person,

But to his qualities, his mad-cap follies,
Which still, like Hydra's heads, grow thicker on him 85

I have a credit, friend, and maids of my sort
Love where their modesties may live untainted

Dor I give up that hope, then Pray, for your
friend's sake,

If I have any interest within ye,
Do but this courtesy, accept this letter 90

Mary From him?

Dor

The same 'Tis but a minute's reading

And, as we look on shapes of painted devils,
Which for the present may disturb our fancy,
But with the next new object lose 'em, so,
If this be foul, ye may forget it Pray! 95

Mary Have ye seen it, friend?

Dor

I will not lie, I have not,

But I presume, so much he honours you,
The worst part of himself was cast away
When to his best part he writ this

Mary

For your sake,

Not that I any way shall like his scribbling 100
[*Takes letter and reads it*

Alice A shrewd dissembling quean!

Dor

I thank ye, dear friend

I know she loves him

Alice

Yes, and will not lose him,

Unless he leap into the moon, believe that,
And then she'll scramble too Young wenches' loves
Are like the course of quartans, they may shift, 105
And seem to cease sometimes, and yet we see

The least distemper pulls 'e back again,
And seats 'em in their old course Fear her not,
Unless he be a devil

Mary Now Heaven bless me !

Dor What has he writ ?

Mary Out, out upon him ! 110

Dor Ha ! what has the madman done !

Mary Worse, worse, and worse still !

Alice Some northern toy, a little broad

Mary Still fouler !

Hey, hey, boys ! Goodness keep me ! Oh !

Dor What ail ye ?

Mary Here, take your spell again, it burns my
fingers

Was ever lover writ so sweet a letter, 115

So elegant a style ? Pray, look upon 't

The rarest inventory of rank oaths

That ever cut-purse cast

Alice What a mad boy is this !

Mary Only 'i th' bottom

A little julep gently sprinkled over 120

To cool his mouth, lest it break out in blisters

" Indeed la, yours for ever "

Dor I am sorry

Mary You shall be welcome to me, come when you
please,

And ever may command me virtuously ,

But for your brother, you ust pardon me 125

Till I am of his nature, no access, friend,

No word of visitation, as ye love me

And so for now I'll leave ye [Exit

Alice What a letter

Has this thing written ! how it roars like thunder !

With what a state he enters into style ! 130

" Dear mistress ! "

Dor Out upon him, bedlam !

Alice Well, there be ways to reach her yet such
likeness

As you two carry, methinks

Dor I am mad too,

And yet can apprehend ye Fare ye well

The fool shall now fish for himself

Alice

Be sure then

135

His tew be tith and strong, and next, no swearing,

He'll catch no fish else Farewell, Doll

Dor Farewell, Alice

[*Exeunt*

136 *tew*] *tewgh* Q, F "Nares gives '*Tew* or *Teugn*' A rope or chain by which vessels were drawn along,' and cites the present passage as an instance of the word with that meaning.' But here '*tew*' evidently is equivalent to tackle (fishing tackle)." —Dyce

136 *tith*] tight, strong, a favourite form with Fletcher

ACT II

SCENE I

*A room in VALENTINE'S house**Enter VALENTINE, ALICE, and CELLIDE*

Cel Indeed he's much chang'd, extremely alter'd,
His colour faded strangely too

Val The air,
The sharp and nipping air of our new climate,
I hope, is all, which will as well restore
To health again th' affected body by it, 5
And make it stronger far, as leave it dangerous
How does my sweet? Our blessed hour comes on now
Apace, my Cellide, (it knocks at door.)
In which our loves and long desires, like rivers
Rising asunder far, shall fall together 10
Within these two days, dear

Cel When Heaven and you, sir,
Shall think it fit, for by your wills I am govern'd.

Alice 'Twere good some preparation——

Enter FRANCISCO

Val All that may be,
It shall be no blind wedding and all the joy
Of our friends, I hope —He looks worse hourly —— 15
How does my friend? myself?—He sweats too coldly,
His pulse, like the slow dropping of a spout,
Scarce gives his function —How is't, man? alas, sir,
You look extreme ill! is it any old grief,
The weight of which——

Fran None, gentle sir, that I feel, 20
Your love is too, too tender Nay, believe, sir——

Cel You cannot be the master of your health
Either some fever lies in wait to catch ye,

Whose harbingers already in your face
 We see preparing, or some discontent, 25
 Which, if it lie in this house—I dare say,
 Both for this noble gentleman and all
 That live within it—shall as readily
 Be purg'd away, and with as much care soften'd,
 And where the cause is

Fran 'Tis a joy to be ill, 30
 Where such a virtuous fair physican
 Is ready to relieve your noble cares
 I must and ever shall be thankful for,
 And would my service—[*Aside*] I dare not look upon
 her—

But be not fearful, I feel nothing dangerous, 35
 A grudging, caus'd by th' alteration
 Of air, may hang upon me my heart's whole—
 [*Aside*] I would it were!

Val I knew the cause to be so
Fran [*Aside*] No, you shall never know it
Alice Some warm broths
 To purge the blood, and keep your bed a day, sir, 40
 And sweat it out

Cel I have such cordials,
 That, if you will but promise me to take 'em,
 Indeed you shall be well, and very quickly
 I'll be your doctor, you shall see how finely
 I'll fetch ye up again

Val He sweats extremely, 45
 Hot, very hot his pulse beats like a drum now,
 Feel, sister, feel feel, sweet

Fran [*Aside*] How that touch stung me!

Val My gown there!

Cel And those juleps in the window!

Alice Some see his bed made!

Val This is most unhappy
 Take courage, man, 'tis nothing but an ague 50

Cel And this shall be the last fit

Fran [*Aside*] Not by thousands!
 Now what 'tis to be truly miserable,
 I feel at full experience

Alice He grows fainter
Val Come, lead him in, he shall to bed a vomit,
 I'll have a vomit for him
Alice A purge first, 55
 And if he breath'd a vein——
Val No, no, no bleeding,
 A clyster will cool all
Cel Be of good cheer, sir
Alice He's loth to speak
Cel How hard he holds my hand, aunt!
Alice I do not like that sign
Val Away to 's chamber!
 Softly, he's full of pain, be diligent, 60
 With all the care ye have Would I had 'scused him!
[Exeunt

SCENE II

A room in SEBASTIAN'S house

Enter DOROTHEA and THOMAS

Dor Why do you rail at me? do I dwell in her,
 To force her to do this or that? Your letter!
 A wild-fire on your letter, your sweet letter!
 You are so learned in your writs! Ye stand now
 As if ye had worried sheep You must turn tippet, 5
 And suddenly, and truly, and discreetly,
 Put on the shape of order and humanity,
 Or you must marry Malkyn the May-lady,
 You must, dear brother Do you make me carrier
 Of your "confound- e's" and your culverins? 10

56 *breath'd a vein*] Bleeding a vein was often called breathing it

II 3 *your sweet letter*] *our sweet letter* Q

5 *turn tippet*] make a complete change in conduct Cf Jonson's *The Case is Altered*, III iii —

"One that for a face
 Would put down Vesta, in whose looks doth swim
 The very sweetest cream of modesty—
 You to turn tippet!"

8 *Malkyn the May lady*] i.e. the village girl who takes the part of the Queen of the May in the May-day games

Am I a seemly agent for your oaths?
Who would have writ such a debosh'd——

Tho

Your patience,

May not a man profess his love?

Dor

In blasphemies?

Rack a maid's tender ears with damns and devils?

Out, out upon thee!

Tho

How would you have me write? 15

Begin with "My love premised, surely,

And by my truly, mistress?"

Dor

Take your own course,

For I see all persuasion's lost upon ye,

Humanity all drown'd from this hour fairly

I'll wash my hands of all ye do Farewell, sir 20

Tho Thou art not mad?

Dor

No, if I were, dear brother,

I would keep you company Get a new mistress,

Some suburb saint, that sixpence and some oaths

Will draw to parley, carouse her health in cans

And candles' ends, and quarrel for her beauty, 25

Such a sweetheart must serve your turn your old love

Releases ye of all your ties, disclaims ye,

And utterly abjures your memory,

Till time has better manag'd ye Will ye com and

e——

Tho What, bobb'd of all sides?

Dor

Any worthy service 30

Unto my father, sir, that I may tell him,

Even to his peace of heart, and much rejoicing,

Ye are his true son Tom still? Will it please ye

To beat some half a dozen of his servants presently,

12 *debosh'd*] Old spelling of *debauch'a*

15 *Out, out upon thee*] Included in the following speech in both Q and F, transposed by Seward

20 *I'll wash my hands of all ye do Farewell, sir*] Given to Thomas in Q

23 *suburb saint*] The suburbs were the favourite resort of prostitutes, the ankside, Turnbull Street in Clerkenwell, and Shoreditch were especially in famous for the character of their inhabitants The merry lord Valerius, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, has a song "of all the pretty suburbians" (II iii)

25 *oaths*] others Q, F, Seward's emendation

26 *candles' ends*] To toss off a candle end on top of a large bumper see to have been a favourite method for gallants to show their devotion to their mistresses The practice is alluded to in 2 *Henry IV*, II iv

30 *bobb'd*] made a fool of, mocked, flouted

That I may testify you have brought the same faith 35
 Unblemish'd home ye carried out? Or, if it like you,
 There be two chambermaids within, young wenches,
 Handsome, and apt for exercise you have been good,
 sir,

And charitable, though I say it, signior,
 To such poor orphans And now, by th' way, I think 40
 on 't, . ,

Your young real admiral, I mean your last bastard,
 Don John, ye had by Lady Blanch the dairymaid,
 Is by an academy of learned gypsies,
 Foreseeing some strange wonder in the infant, 45
 Stol'n from the nurse, and wanders with those prophets
 There is plate in the parlour, and good store, sir,
 When you want, shall supply it So most humbly
 (First rend'ring my due service) I take leave, sir

Tho Why, Doll! why, Doll, I say!—My letter 5
 fubb'd too,

And no access without I mend my manners? 50
 All my designs in limbo? I will have her,
 Yes, I will have her, though the devil roar,
 I am resolv'd that, if she live above ground,
 I'll not be bobb'd i' th' nose with evcry bobtail
 I will be civil too, now I think better, 55
 Exceeding civil, wondrous finely carried,
 And yet be mad upon occasion,
 And stark ad too, and save my land my father,
 I'll have my will of him, howe'er my wench goes

[*Exit*

42 *Don John*] An allusion to the famous Don John of Austria, bastard son of Charles V of Spain, who won the battle of Lepanto from the Turks in 1571

45 *prophets*] In scornful allusion to the fortune telling of the gypsies

47 *You want, shall*] *your wants shall* Q and F, corrected by Seward

49 *fubb'd*] The original meaning of *fub* is to deceive, to cheat, but here it seems rather to have the meaning "to reject with scorn"

SCENE III

*Before SEBASTIAN'S house**Enter SEBASTIAN and LAUNCELOT*

Seb Sirrah, I say^a still you have spoil'd your
 master,—
 Leave your stitches,—
 I say thou hast spoil'd thy master

Laun I say, how, sir?

Seb Marry, thou hast taught him, like an arrant
 rascal,

First, to read perfectly, which on my blessing 5
 I warn'd him from for I knew if he read once,
 He was a lost man Secondly, Sir Launcelot,
 Sir lousy Launcelot, ye have suffer'd him,
 Against my power first, then against my precept,
 To keep that simpering sort of people company, 10
 That sober men call civil mark ye that, sir?

Laun An't please your worship

Seb It does not please y worship,
 Nor shall not please my worship Third and lastly,
 Which, if the law were here, I would hang thee for
 (However, I will lame thee) like a villain, 15
 Thou hast wrought him

Clean to forget what 'tis to do a mischief,
 A handsome mischief, such as thou knew'st I lov'd
 well

My servants all are sound now, my drink sour'd,
 Not a horse pawn'd, nor play'd away, no warrants 20
 Come for the breach of peace,
 Men travel with their money, and nothing meets 'em

Sc III.] Not marked in Q or F

² *Leave your stitches*] Part of l r in previous eds *Stitches* explained by
 Mason as "grimaces, contortions of the face" Weber quotes *The Captain*,
 Act II —

"If you talk,
 Or pull your face into a stitch again "

Colman proposed *speeches*

¹³ *third*] *thirdly* F

¹⁹ *sour'd*] Turned sour from lack of any one to drink it

I was accurs'd to send thee^t ! thou wert ever
 Leaning to laziness, and loss of spirit ,
 Thou slept'st still like a cork upon the water 25
Laun Your worship knows I ever was accounted
 The most debosh'd , and, please you to remember,
 Every day drunk too, for your worship's credit ,
 I broke the butler's head, too
Seb No, base palliard,
 I do remember yet that onslaught , thou wast beaten, 30
 And fled'st before the butler, a black jack
 Playing upon thee furiously , I saw it ,
 I saw thee scatter'd, rogue Behold thy master !

Enter THOMAS, with a book

Tho What sweet content dwells here !
Laun Put up your book, sir ,
 We are all undone else
Seb Tom, when is the horse-race? 35
Tho I know not, sir
Seb You will be there?
Tho Not I, sir ,
 I have forgot those journeys
Seb Spoil'd for ever !—
 The cocking holds at Derby, and there will be
 Jack Wild-Oats and Will Purser
Tho I am sorry, sir,
 They should employ their time so slenderly , 40
 Their understandings will bear better courses
Seb [*Aside*] Yes, I will marry again !—But,
 Monsieur Thomas,
 What say ye to the gentleman that challenged ye
 Before ye went, and the fellow ye fell out with ?

25 *slept'st*] *sleep'st* Weber

26 *your worship knows*, etc.] In Q this is part of the preceding speech

29 *palliard*] dissolute fellow, Fr *paillard*

30 *onslaught*] spelled *anslaught* in Q and F, and so printed by Dyce

31 *black jack*] a large leathern tankard lined with pitch

34 *sweet content*] Possibly an echo of the beautiful lyric—

“ Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers,”

usually ascribed to Dekker, in *Patient Grissil* by Dekker, Chettle and Houghton, of which the refrain is “ Oh sweet content !”

42 s d.] Inserted Weber

44 *ye went*] *he went* Q, F

Tho Oh, good sir,
Remember not those follies Where I have wrong'd, sir, 45
(So much I have now learn'd to discern myself,) *;*
My means and my repentance shall make even,
Nor do I think it any imputation
To let the law persuade me

Seb [*Aside*] Any woman, . . . 50
I care not of what colour, or complexion,
Any that can bear children — Rest ye merry ! [*Exit*
Laun Ye have utterly undone, clean discharg'd me,
I am for the ragged regiment

Tho Eight languages,
And wither at an old man's words ?

Laun Oh, pardon me ! 55
I know him but too well Eightscore, I take it,
Will not keep me from beating, if not killing
I'll give him leave to break a leg, and thank him
You might have sav'd all this, and sworn a little,
What had an oath or two been ? or a head broke, 60
Though 't had been mine, to have satisfied the old man ?

Tho I'll break it yet

Laun Now 'tis too late, I take it
Will ye be drunk to-night, (a less entreaty
Has serv'd your turn,) and save all yet ? not mad
drunk,

For then ye are the devil, yet the drunker 65
The better for your father still your state is desperate,
And with a desperate cure ye must recover it
Do something, do, sir, do some drunken thing,
Some mad thing, or some any thing to help us

Tho Go for a fiddler then, the poor old fiddler 70
That says his songs But first, where lies my mistress ?
Did ye inquire out that ?

Laun I' th' lodge alone, sir,
None but her own attendants

Tho 'Tis the happier
Away then, find this fiddler, and do not miss me
By nine o'clock

Laun *Via* !

[*Exit*

49 *imputation*] i e reflection upon my credit

50 s d] added Dyce

71 *lies*] lodges, lives

75 *Via*] Away !

Tho My father's mad now, 75
 And ten to one will disinherit me
 I'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry

Enter HYLAS and SAM

What, Ribabald!
Hylas Don Thomasio!
De bene venew
Tho I do embrace your body —
 How dost thou, Sam?
Sam The same Sam still, your friend, sir 80
Tho And how is't, bouncing boys?
Hylas Thou art not alter'd,
 They said thou wert all Monsieur
Tho Oh, believe it,
 I am much alter'd, much another way,
 The civil'st gentleman in all your country
 Do not ye see me alter'd? "Yea and nay," gentlemen, 85
 A much-converted man Where's the best wine, boys?
Hylas A sound convertite!
Tho What, hast thou made up twenty yet?
Hylas By'r Lady,
 I have giv'n a shrewd push at it, for, as I take it,
 The last I fell in love with scor'd sixteen 90
Tho Look to your skin, Rambaldo the sleeping giant

77 *put him to his plunge*] embarrass him

78 *Ribabald*] "A name formed for the occasion from *ribald*"—Dyce

79 *De bene venew*] So Q, F *Le bien venu* Dyce

85 *Yea and nay*] Yea and-nay was often derisively applied to the Puritans, who followed the Biblical injunction to let their communication be "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay" Thus Thomas implies that his reformation has made him a veritable Puritan for soberness Timothy Thunbeard, the embezzling Puritan factor in Heywood's *If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody*, pt 2, always swears "By yea and nay," and the young rascal Jack Gresham, who calls him a "wainscot face yea and-nay," voices the popular opinion as to Puritan hypocrisy as follows (*Works*, 1874, i 271)—

"Under the yea and nay men often buy
 Much cozenage, find many a lie
 He that with yea and nay makes all his sayings, (? sealings)
 Yet proves a Judas in his dealings,
 Shall have this written o'er his grave
 'Thy life seemed pure, yet died a knave'"

91 *Rambaldo*] "Evidently a well-known personage in some popular romance but where, is not clear"—Quoted from Nares by Dyce

Will rouse and rent thee piece meal

Sam He ne'er perceives 'em

Longer than looking on

Tho Tho never mean'st then

To marry any that thou lov'st?

Hylas No, surely,

Nor any wise man, I think Marriage! 95

Would you have me now begin to be pientice,

And learn to cobble other men's old boots?

Sam Why, you may take a maid

Hylas Where? can you tell me?

Or, if 'twere possible I might get a maid,

To what use should I put her? look upon her, 100

Dandle her upon my knee, and give her sugar-sops?

All the new gowns i' th' parish will not please her,

If she be high bred, (for there's the sport she aims
at.)

Nor all the feathers in the Friars

Tho Then take a widow,

A good staunch wench, that's tith

Hylas And begin a new order? 105

Live in a dead man's monument? Not I, sir

I'll keep mine old road, a true mendicant,

What pleasure this day yields me, I never covet

To lay up for the morrow, and methinks ever

Another man's cook dresses my diet neatest 110

Tho Thou wast wont to love old women, fat and
flat-nosed,

And thou wouldst say they kiss'd like flounders, flat

All the face over

Hylas I have had such damsels,

I must confess

Tho Thou hast been a precious rogue

Sam Only his eyes, and, o' my conscience, 115

They lie with half the kingdom

92 *perceives*] K Deighton (*The Old Dramatists Conjectural Readings*, 1896) suggests *pursues*

96 *be pientice*] *be a Prentice* Seward

104 *the Friars*] "1 e Black friars, which formerly abounded with Purit s, many of whom followed there the business of dealers in feathers, to this our early dramatists very frequently allude"—Dyce

105 *tith*] Cf I iii 136

107 *old*] *own* F, Seward

Enter over the Stage Physicians and others

Tho What's the matter?
Whither go all these men-menders, these physicians?
Whose dog lies sick o' th' nulligrubs?

Sam Oh, the gentleman,
The young smug signior Master Valentine
Brought out of travel with him, as I hear, 120
Is fall'n sick o' th' sudden, desperate sick,
And likely they go thither,

Tho Who? young Frank?
The only temper'd spirit, scholar, soldier,
Courtier, and all in one piece? 'tis not possible

Enter ALICE

Sam There's one can better satisfy you

Tho Mistress Alice, 125
I joy to see you, lady

Alice Good Monsieur Thomas,
You're welcome from your travel I am hasty,
A gentleman lies sick, sir

Tho And how dost thou?
I must know, and I will know

Alice Excellent well,
As well as may be, thank ye

Tho I am glad on't, 130
And, prithee, hark

Alice I cannot stay

Tho A while, Alice

Sam Never look so narrowly, the mark's in her
mouth still

Hylas I am looking at her legs, prithee, be quiet

Alice I cannot stay

118 *nulligrubs*] A fit of megrims or spleen, hence jocularly, stomach ache or colic [N E D]

132 *the mark's in her mouth still*] An allusion to the practice of judging a horse's age by a certain mark in the incisor tooth, the disappearance of which indicates that the animal has reached a certain age. Hence, Sam implies that Alice is still young enough to be marriageable Cf *Wit without Money*, IV v —

"Biscuit

That bawds have rubb'd their gums upon, like corals,
To bring the mark again" [N E D]

Tho Oh, sweet Alice—
Hylas A clean instep,
 And that I love a' life I did not mark 135
 This woman half so well before how quick
 And nimble like a shadow, there her leg show'd!
 By th' mass, a neat one! the colour of her stocking
 A much inviting colour
Alice My good Monsieur,
 I have no time to talk now
Hylas Pretty breeches; 140
 Finely becoming too
Tho By Heaven
Alice She will not,
 I can assure you that, and so——
Tho But this word!
Alice I cannot, nor I will not Good Lord! [*Exit*
Hylas Well, you shall hear more from me
Tho We'll go visit,
 'Tis charity, besides, I know she is there, 145
 And under visitation I shall see her
 Will ye along?
Hylas By any means
Tho Be sure, then,
 I be a civil man I have sport in hand, boys,
 Shall make mirth for a marriage day
Hylas Away, then!
 [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV

A room in VALENTINE'S house

Enter three Physicians, with an urinal

1 *Phys* A pleurisy, I see it
 2 *Phys* I rather hold it
 For *tremor cordis*

135 *a' life*] as my life, a contraction for on my life, or of my life [*Dyce*]
as life Seward, Colman

144 *We'll go visit*] *Dyce* inserts *Frank* after *visit*

SC IV] Called Sc in Q and F

3 *Phys* Do you mark the *faces*?
 'Tis a most pestilent contagious fever,
 A surfeit, a plaguy surfeit, he must bleed
 1 *Phys* By no means
 3 *Phys* I say, bleed
 1 *Phys* I say, 'tis dangerous, 5
 The person being spent so much beforehand,
 And nature drawn so low, clysters, cool clysters
 2 *Phys* Now, with your favours, I should think a
 vomit,
 For, take away the cause, the effect must follow,
 The stomach's foul and furr'd, the pot's unphlegm'd
 yet 10
 3 *Phys* No, no, we'll rectify that part by mild
 means,
 Nature so sunk must find no violence

Enter a Servant

Serv Will't please ye draw near? the weak gentle-
 man
 Grows worse and worse still
 1 *Phys* Come, we will attend him
 2 *Phys* He shall do well, my friend
Serv My master's love, sir 15
 1 *Phys* Excellent well, I warrant thee, right and
 straight, friend
 3 *Phys* There's no doubt in him, none at all, ne'er
 fear him [Exeunt

10 *unphlegm'd*] *unflam'd* Q, F "Seward printed 'unclean'd' (informing us that '*the pot*' means here the stomach), and proposed in a note another alteration, 'enflam'd,' which was adopted by the editors of 1778 'Suffice it to say, that the Second Doctor means that the *phlegm* is not discharged into the vessel, and must therefore still be in the stomach of the patient '—WEBER"
 —Dyce

SCENE V

*Another room in the same**Enter VALENTINE and MICHAEL*

Mich That he is desperate sick, I do believe well,
 And that without a speedy cure it kills him ,
 But that it lies within the help of physic
 Now to restore his health, or art to cure him,
 Believe it you are cozened, clean beside it 5
 I would tell ye the true cause too, but 'twould vex ye,
 Nay, run ye mad

Val May all I have restore him,—
 So dearly and so tenderly I love him
 (I do not know the cause why),—yea, my life too?

Mich Now I perceive ye so well set, I'll tell you 10
Her mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!

Val 'Twas that I only fear'd, good friend, go
 from me

I find y heart too full for further conference
 You are assur'd of this?

Mich 'Twill prove too certain ,
 But bear it nobly, sir , youth hath his errors 15

Val I shall do, and I thank ye , pray ye, no words on't

Mich I do not use to talk, sir

- Val Ye are welcome [*Exit MICHAEL*]
 Is there no constancy in earthly things,
 No happiness in us but what must alter ?
 No life without the heavy load of fortune ? 20
 What miseries we are, and to ourselves !
 Even then when full content seems to sit by us,
 What daily sores and sorrows !

Enter ALICE

Alice Oh, dear brother !
 The gentleman, if ever you will see him
 Alive, as I think

Sc V] Sc iv in Q and F

11 *Her mihi*] Ovid, *Met* 1 523 [Dyce]

17 *I do not use to talk, sir*] Given to Valentine in Q

Enter CELLIDE

Cel Oh, he faints ! For Heaven sake, 25
For Heaven sake, sir

Val Go comfort him, dear sister [*Exit ALICE*
And one word, sweet, with you , then we'll go to him
What think you of this gentleman?

Cel My pity thinks, sir,
'Tis great misfortune that he should thus perish

Val It is, indeed , but, Cellide, he must die 30

Cel That were a cruelty, when care may cure him
Why do you weep so, sir ? he may recover

Val He may, but with much danger My sweet
Cellide,
You have a powerful tongue

Cel To do you service

Val I will betray his grief, he loves a gentle-
woman, 35
A friend of yours, whose heart another holds ,
He knows it too yet such a sway blind fancy,
And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they must undo him
Never so hopeful and so sweet a spirit 40
Misfortune fell so foul on

Cel Sure she's hard-hearted
That can look on and not relent, and deeply,
At such a misery She is not married ?

Val Not yet

Cel Nor near it ?

Val When she please

Cel And pray, sir, 45
Does he deserve her truly, that she loves so ?

Val His love may merit much, his person little,
For there the match lies mangled

Cel Is he your friend ?

Val He should be, for he is near me

Cel Will not he die then,
When th' other shall recover ?

Val Ye have pos'd me

Cel Methinks he should go near it, if he love her 50

If she love him

Val She does, and would do equal

Cel 'Tis a hard task you put me, yet, for your sake,

I will speak to her all the art have,

My best endeavours, all his youth and person,

His mind ore full of beauty, all his hopes, 55

The memory of such a sad example,

Ill spoken of, and never old, the curses

Of loving aids, and what may be alleg'd,

I'll lay before her What's her name? I am ready

Val But will you deal effectually?

Cel Most truly, 60

Nay, were it myself, at your entreaty

Val And could ye be so pitiful?

Cel So dutiful,

Because you urge it, sir

Val It may be, then,

It is yourself

Cel It is indeed, I know it,

And now know how ye love me

Val Oh, my dearest, 65

Let but your goodness judge your own part's pity,

Set but your eyes on his afflictions

He is mine, and so becomes your charge but think

What ruin Nature suffers in this young man,

What loss humanity and noble manhood, 70

Take to your better judgment my declining,

My age hung full of impotence and ills,

My body budding now no more,—sear winter

Hath seal'd that sap up, at the best and happiest

I can but be your infant, you my nurse, 75

And how unequal, dearest! where his years,

His sweetness, and his ever spring of goodness,

My fortunes growing in him, and myself too,

52 *you put me*] Weber prints *you put upon me*

55 *beauty*] So F and Seward, *beautis* Q, and *beauties* Colman, Weber and Dyce But the s of the Q is much blured, and was probably an error for e anyway

61 *were it myself*] *were it I myself* Seward

66 *your own part's pity*] So F, and eds to Dyce, *your own part pity* Q Dyce proposed *your own heart pity*, which is tempting, but since one of the original readings is perfectly intelligible, to adhere to it is perhaps the safer plan

76 *w! ere*] whereas

Which makes him all your old love—Misconceive not,
 I say not this as weary of my bondage, 80
 Or ready to infringe my faith, bear witness,
 Those eyes that I adore still, those lamps that light me
 To all the joy I have!

Cel You have said enough, sir,
 And more than e'er I thought that tongue could utter,
 But ye are a man, a false man too!

Val Dear Cellide! 85

Cel And now, to show you that I am a woman
 Robb'd of her rest, and fool'd out of her fondness,
 The gentleman shall live, and, if he love me,
 Ye shall be both my triumphs I will to him,
 And, as you carelessly fling off your fortune, 90
 And now grow weary of my easy winning,
 So will I lose the name of Valentine,
 From henceforth all his flatteries, and, believe it,
 Since ye have so slightly parted with affection,
 And that affection you have pawn'd your faith for, 95
 From this hour no repentance, vows, nor prayers,
 Shall pluck me back again what I shall do,
 (Yet I will undertake his cure,) expect it,
 Shall minister no comfort, no content,
 To either of ye, but hourly more vexations 100

Val Why, let him die then

Cel No, so much I have loved
 To be commanded by you, that even now,
 Even in my hate, I will obey your wishes

Val What shall I do?

Cel Die like a fool unsoirow'd,
 A bankrupt fool, that flings away his treasure! 105
 I must begin my cure

Val And I my crosses [Exeunt

85 ye] you F

94 so slightly] so so slightly Q

ACT III

SCENE I

A room in VALENTINE'S House

FRANCISCO *discovered in bed, the three Physicians
and an Apothecary*

1 Phys Clap on the cataplasme

Fran Good gentlemen,
Good learned gentlemen

2 Phys And see those broths there,
Ready within this hour—Pray keep your arms in,
The air is raw, and ministers much evil 5

Fran Pray leave me, I beseech ye, leave me, gentle-
men,

I have no other sickness but your presence
Convey your cataplasms to those that need 'em,
Your vomits, and your clysters

3 Phys Pray be rul'd, sir

1 Phys Bring in the lettuce cap You must be
shaved, sir, 10

And then how suddenly we'll make you sleep!

Fran Till dooms-day—[*Aside*] What unnecessary
nothings

Are these about a wounded mind!

2 Phys How do ye?

Fran [*Aside*] What questions they propound too!—
How do you, sir?

III 1] The droll mentioned in the Introduction was taken mainly from this scene, with II iv as an introduction

Francisco discovered, etc] The old sd ran—*Enter Frank sick, Physicians,*
etc

3 those] *these F*

10 lettuce cap] a cap made of the grey fur called lettuce, worn as a means of
inducing sleep [*N E D*] Cf *Thierry and Theodoret*, V ii —

“Physicians,
Some with glisters, some with lettuce caps,
Some posset drinks, some pills”

Dyce took the term to mean “certain applications of the plant lettuce, as a soporific”

12 sd] Inserted Dyce, also those at ll 14 and 20

I am glad to see you well 15
3 Phys A great distemper, it grows hotter still
1 Phys Open your mouth, I pray, sir
Fran And can you tell me
 How old I am then? There's my hand, pray show
 me
 How many broken shins within this two year—
 [*Aside*] Who would be thus in fetters?—Good master
 doctor, 20
 And you, dear doctor, and the third sweet doctor,
 And precious master apothecary, I do pray ye
 To give me leave to live a little longer
 Ye stand before me like my blacks
2 Phys 'Tis dangerous,
 For now his fancy turns too

Enter CELLIDE

Cel By your leave, gentlemen, 25
 And, pray ye, your leave a while too, I have some-
 thing
 Of secret to impart unto the patient
1 Phys With all our hearts
3 Phys Ay, marry, such a physic
 May chance to find the humour Be not long, lady,
 For we must minister within this half-hour 30
Cel You shall not stay for me
 [*Exeunt Physicians and Apothecary*]
Fran Would you were all rotten,
 That ye might only intend one another's itches!
 Or would the gentlemen, with one consent,
 Would drink small beer but seven year, and abolish
 That wildfire of the blood, unsatiate wenching, 35
 That your two Indies, springs and falls, might fail ye!
 What torments these intruders into bodies—
Cel How do you, worthy sir?
Fran [*Aside*] Bless me, what beams
 Flew from these angel eyes! Oh, what a misery,

24 *blacks*] mourning weeds [Weber]32 *intend*] attend to [Dyce]34 *year*] years F39 *these*] those Colman, Weber

What a most studied torment 'tis to me now
To be an honest man!—Dare ye sit by me? 40

Cel Yes, and do more than that too, comfort ye,
I see ye have need

Fran You are a fair physician
You bring no bitterness guilt o'er to gull us,
No danger in your looks—yet there my death lies 45

Cel I would be sorry, sir, my charity,
And my good wishes for your health, should merit
So stubborn a construction Will it please ye
To taste a little of this cordial?

Enter VALENTINE, behind

For this I think must cure ye

Fran Of which, lady?— 50
[*Aside*] Sure she has found my grief—Why do you
blush so?

Cel Do you not understand? of this, this cordial
[*Kisses him*]

Val [*Aside*] Oh, my afflicted heart! She is gone
for ever

Fran What Heaven ye have brought me, lady!

Cel Do not wonder
For 'tis not impudence, nor want of honour, 55
Makes me do this, but love, to save your life, sir,
(Your life too excellent to lose in wishes)
Love, virtuous love

Fran A virtuous blessing crown ye!—
Oh, goodly sweet, can there be so much charity,
So noble a compassion in that heart, 60
That's fill'd up with another's fair affections?
Can mercy drop from those eyes?
Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power ye have, and perfect object,

51 s d] Added Dyce

52 s d] Added Weber

53 s d] Added Dyce

54 *ye have*] *have ye* F

55 *'tis not*] *'tis* F

64 *When all the power, etc*] "i.e. When all the power you have, and the perfect object of that power, lies in the light of another, who deserves the exercise of that power"—Weber Heath proposed *another's right*

Lies in another's light, and his deserves it? 65

Cel Do not despair, nor do not think too
boldly

I dare abuse my promise ('twas your friend's,
And so fast tied I thought no time could ruin.
But so much has your danger, and that spell,
The powerful name of *friend*, prevail'd above him 70
To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command, to cure ye,
Nay more, for ever, by his full resignmen^t,
And willingly I ratify it

Fran Hold, for Heaven sake!
Must my friend's misery make me a triumph? 75
Bea^t I that noble name, to be a traitor?
Oh, virtuous goodness, keep thyself untainted,
You have no power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take I am resolv'd to die first

Val [*Aside*] Ha! say'st thou so? Nay, then, thou
shalt not perish 80

Fran And though I love ye above the light shines
on me,
Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free content,
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing offer'd
Than at my pardon'd life by the law forfeited,
Yet, yet, oh, noble beauty, yet, oh, Paradise, 85
(For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it,)
Yet is a gratitude to be preserv'd,
A worthy gratitude, to one most worthy
The name and nobleness of friend

Cel Pray tell me,
If I had never known that gentleman, 90
Would you not willingly embrace my offer?

Fran Do you make a doubt?

Cel And can ye be unwilling,
He being old and i^mpotent? his aim, too,
Levell'd at you for your good? not constrain'd,
But out of cure and counsel? Alas, consider, 95

66 too] So F, to Q Dyce reads so

80 s d] Added Weber

82 free content] Seward took *content* as an adjective, and printed *free*,
content

89 friend] friends Q and F, Mason's correction

91 you not] not you F

Play but the woman with me, and consider,
As he himself does, and I now dare see it,
Truly consider, sir, what misery

Fran For virtue's sake, take heed'

Cel What loss of youth,
What everlasting banishment from that 100
Our years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal affections, [aim'd] and shot together?
What living name can dead age leave behind him,
What act of membry, but fruitless doting?

Fran This cannot be

Cel To you, unless ye apply it 105
With more and firmer faith, and so digest it,
I speak but of things possible, not done,
Nor like to be, a posset cures your sickness,
And yet I know ye grieve this, and howsoever
The worthiness of friend may make ye stagger 110
(Which is a fair thing in ye), yet, my patient,
My gentle patient, I would fain say more,
If you would understand

Val [*Aside*] Oh, cruel woman'

Cel Yet sure your sickness is not so forgetful,
Nor you so willing to be lost'

Fran Pray, stay there 115
Methinks you are not fair now, methinks more,
That modest virtue, men delivered of you,
Shows but like shadow to me, thin and fading

Val [*Aside*] Excellent friend'

Fran Ye have no share in goodness,

96 *Play but the woman with me*] "1 e Suppose yourself, as I am, a woman"—Colman

102 *Equal affections, [aim'd] and shot together*] *Equal affections and shot together* Q and F Seward printed thus *Equal Affections, and shot up together* Colman suggested *born and shot together*, which was adopted by Weber and Dyce The present reading is that of Mr K Deighton (*op cit*), who says, "The metaphor does not seem to me from plants but from arrows levelled and discharged together From its resemblance to *and*, aim'd might easily have been dropped by the transcriber"

104 *act*] *art* Q, F, Seward, Weber Colman printed *act*, on Theobald's conjecture, which Dyce adopted For other examples of this question between *art* and *act*, see *The Custom of the Country*, V v 225 (vol 1 of this ed, p 586), and *Beggar's Bush*, II iii 156 (vol II, p 384)

113 s d] Added Dyce

117 *delivered*] reported

119 s d] Added Weber

Ye are belied, you are not Cellide, 120
 The modest, [the] immaculate Who are ye?
 For I will know! What devil, to do mischief
 Unto my virtuous friend, hath shifted shapes
 With that unblemished beauty?

Cel Do not rave, sir,
 Nor let the violence of thoughts distract ye 125
 You shall enjoy me, I am yours, I pity,
 By those fair eyes I do

Fran Oh, double-hearted!
 Oh, woman, perfect woman! what distraction
 Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!
 What an inviting hell invented! Tell me, 130
 And, if you yet remember what is goodness,
 Tell me by that, and truth, can one so cherish'd,
 So sainted in the soul of him whose service
 Is almost turn'd to superstition,
 Whose every day endeavours and desires 135
 Offer themselves like incense on your altar,
 Whose heart holds no intelligence but holy
 And most religious with his love, whose life
 (And let it ever be remember'd, lady,)
 Is drawn out only for your ends

Val [*Aside*] Oh, miracle!— 140

Fran Whose all, and every part of man (pray
 mark me)

Like ready pages wait upon your pleasures,
 Whose breath is but your bubble—Can ye, dare ye,
 Must ye cast off this man, (though he were willing,
 Though in a nobleness to cross my danger, 145
 His friendship durst confirm it,) without baseness,
 Without the stain of honour? Shall not people
 Say liberally hereafter, "There's the lady
 That lost her father, friend, herself, her faith too,
 To fawn upon a stranger,"—for aught you know, 150
 As faithless as yourself, in love as fruitless?

Val [*Aside*] Take her with all my heart! Thou
 art so honest

121 *The modest, [the] immaculate*] *modest, unaculate* Q, *modest, immaculate* F Article inserted by Seward

140 s d] Added Weber

145 to] so Q, F

141 *mark*] *make* Q, F

152 s d] Added Weber

That 'tis most necessary I be un lone
With all my soul possess her !

[Exit

Cel Till this minute,
I scorn'd and hated ye, and came to cozen ye , 155
Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,
To make ye mad

Fran • Good Heaven, what is this woman ?

Cel Nor did your danger, but in charity,
Move me a whit, nor you appeal unto me
More than a common object yet now truly, 160
Truly, and nobly, I do love ye dearly,
And from this hour ye are the man I honour ,
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,
The only friend and I am glad your sickness
Fell so most happily at this time on ye, 165
To make this truth the world's

Fran Whither do you drive me ?

Cel Back to your honesty, make that good ever,
'Tis like a strong built castle, seated high,
That draws on all ambitions, still repair it,
Still fortify it there are thousand foes, 170
Besides the tyrant Beauty, will assail it
Look to your sentinels that watch it hourly,—
Your eyes—let them not wander

Fran [Aside] Is this serious,
Or does she play still with me ?

Cel Keep your ears,
The two main poits that may betray ye, strongly 175
From light belief first, then from flattery,
Especially where woman beats the parley ,
The body of your strength, your noble heart,
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
Ridg'd round about with virtue, that no breaches, 180
No subtle mines may meet ye

Fran [Aside] How like the sun
Labouring in his eclipse, dark and prodigious,
She show'd till now ! when having won his way,

154 With all my soul possess her !] Given to Cellide in Q and F

173 s d] Added Dyce

174 Or does she play still with me ?] Given to Cellide in Q

180 Ridg'd] Spelled Rig'd in Q, F

181 mines] minds F s d] Added Dyce

183 his] her Q, F, corrected by Seward

How full of wonder he breaks out again,
 And sheds his virtuous beams '—Excellent angel, 185
 For no less can that heavenly mind proclaim thee,
 Honour of all thy sex, let it be lawful
 (And like a pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
 Not with profane lips now, nor burnt affections,
 But, reconcil'd to faith, with holy wishes,) 190
 To kiss that virgin hand!

Cel Take your desire, sir,
 And in a nobler way, for I dare trust ye,
 No other fruit my love must ever yield ye,
 I fear, no more yet your most constant memory
 (So much I am wedded to that worthiness) 195
 Shall ever be my friend, companion, husband
 Farewell, and fairly govern your affections,
 Stand, and deceive me not!—[*Aside*] Oh, noble
 young man,
 I love thee with my soul, but dare not say it!—
 Once more, farewell, and prosper! [*Exit*

Fian Goodness guide thee! 200
 My wonder, like to fearful shapes in dreams,
 Has wakened me out of my fit of folly,
 But not to shake it off a spell dwells in me,
 A hidden charm, shot from this beauteous woman,
 That fate can ne'er avoid, nor physic find, 205
 And, by her counsel strengthen'd, only this
 Is all the help I have, I love fair virtue
 Well, something I must do, to be a friend,
 Yet I am poor and tardy, something for her too,
 Though I can never reach her excellence, 210
 Yet but to give an offer at a greatness

Enter VALENTINE, THOMAS, HYLAS, and SAM

Val Be not uncivil, Tom, and take your pleasure

Tho Do you think I am mad? you'll give me leave
 To try her fairly?

Val Do your best

Tho Why, there, boy!

But where's the sick man?

Hylas Where are the gentlewomen 215

That should attend him ' there ' the patient
Methinks these women——

Tho Thou think'st nothing else
Val Go to him, friend, and comfort him, I'll lead
ye—

Oh, my best joy, my worthiest friend ! pray, pardon me,
I am so overjoy'd I want expression 220

I may live to be thankful Bid your friends welcome [*Exit*

Tho How dost thou, Frank? how dost thou, boy?
Bear up, man!

What, shrink i' th' sinews for a little sickness?

Diavolo morte !

Fran I am o' th' mending hand

Tho How like a flute thou speak'st! "O' th'
mending hand," man! 225

"Gogs bores, I am well!" Speak like a man of worship

Fran Thou art a mad companion, never staid, Tom

Tho Let rogues be staīd that have no habitation,

A gentleman may wander Sit thee down, Frank,
And see what I have brought thee Come, discover, 230
Open the scene and let the work appear

[¹Draws out a bottle

A friend, at need, you rogue, is worth a million

Fran What hast thou there, a julep?

Hylas He must not touch it,

'Tis present death

Tho Ye are an ass, a twirepipe,

224 *Diavolo morto*! "The devil is dead" seems to have been a proverbial saying of jocular encouragement in several languages. Hazlitt cites it in his *English Proverbs*, and cf. Denys's "Courage, le diable est mort!" in *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

226 *Gogs bores*] Weber took this for a corruption of "Gogs (God's) bones," but Dyce gave the true reference to Christ's wounds. *NED* cites Brome's *Asparagus Garden*, IV in *bores*.

228 *Let rogues be staid*] "Thomas here quibbles on the word *staid*, and uses it in the sense of stopped or arrested, alluding to the power vested in magistrates of stopping vagabonds"—Mason

230 *discover*, *Open the scene*] Both terms used in the theatrical parlance of the day, as applied to the drawing of the traverse, or curtain at the back of the stage, to reveal a setting in the space under the stage balcony.

234 *twinepipe*] To twine was to leer, to peer Cf Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, II iii "Which maids will twine at 'tween their fingers thus," and *Wom Pleased*, IV 1 "I saw the wench that twird and twinkled at thee" *Twinepipe* and *Jeffery John Bo peep* are probably both equivalent to our

A Jeffery John Bo-peep¹ & Thou minister?² 235
 Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle?³ Out, puppy!—
 My friend, Frank, but a verry foolish fellow
 Dost thou see that bottle? view it well

Fran I do, Tom

Tho There be as many lives in 't as a cat carries,
 'Tis everlasting liquor

Fran What?

Tho Old sack, boy, 240
 Old reverend sack, which, for aught that I can read yet,
 Was that philosopher's stone the wise king Ptolomeus
 Did all his wonders by

Fran I see no harm, Tom,
 Drink with a moderation

Tho Drink with suga,
 Which I have ready here, and here a glass, boy 245
 [*Draws out sugar and a glass*]

Take me without my tools?

Sam Pray, sir, be temperate,
 You know your own state best

Fran Sir, I much thank ye,
 And shall be careful yet a glass or two,
 So fit I find my body, and that so needful——

Tho Fill it, and leave your fooling Thou say'st
 true, Frank—— 250

Hylas Where are these women, I say?

Tho 'Tis most necessary,
 Hang up your juleps, and your Portugal possets,
 Your barley broths, and soriel sops¹ they are mangy,
 And breed the scratches only give me sack!¹
 I wonder where this wench is though—Have at thee! 255

Hylas So long, and yet no bolting?

Fran Do, I'll pledge thee

"peeping Tom," alluding, no doubt, to Hylas's fondness for peeping about the ladies (cf II iii toward the end) Dyce, taking from Nares a meaning for *lure* of to chirp, to sing, considers that *twinepipe* is "some sort of pipe for alluring birds (as *quail pipe*, etc.)"

235 *Thou minister?* [i.e. Thou prescribe for a sick man? *minister* Q and F

236 *Thou mend a left handed pack saddle?* No precise meaning need be attached to all of Thomas's ejaculations, but perhaps this may be taken as meaning something like—Are you capable of dealing with a difficult case such as this?

245 s d] Added Dyce

Tho Take it off thrice, and then cry "heigh!" like
a huntsman,
With a clear heart, and no more fits I warrant thee
The only cordial, Frank

[Physicians and Servants within

I Phys Are the things ready?
And is the barber come?

Serv An hour ago, sir . . . 260

I Phys Bring out the oils then

Fran Now or never, gentlemen,

• Do me a kindness, and deliver me

Tho From whom, boy?

Fran From these things that talk within there,
Physicians, Tom, physicians, scouring-sticks
They mean to read upon me

Enter three Physicians, Apothecary, and Barber

Hylas Let 'em enter 265

Tho And be thou confident we will deliver thee
For, look ye, doctor, say the devil were sick now,
His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a biggin,
Sick of a calenture, taken by a surfeit
Of stinking souls at his nephew's at St Dunstan's, 270
What would you minister upon the sudden?
Your judgment short and sound

I Phys A fool's head

Tho No, sir,

It must be a physician's, for three causes
The first, because it is a bald head likely,
Which will down easily without apple-pap 275

3 Phys A main cause!

Tho So it is, and well consider'd
The second, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, sir,

259 s d] So Q and F

264 *scouring sticks*] rods for cleaning the barrels of guns

265 *read upon me*] apparently to lecture upon me as a subject in anatomy,
Cf *The Elder Brother*, IV iii 219-20

"For, if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect you,
And read upon your phlegmatic dull carcasses"

268 *biggin*] a tight fitting cap, used originally of that put on the head of a
new born child

270 *ar*] Seward's substitution for the *and* of Q and F, adopted by all
the editors

Which will so tumble in his stomach, doctor,
 And work upon the crudities, (conceive me,)
 The fears and the fiddle-strings within it, 280
 That those damn'd souls must disembody again

Hylas Or meeting with the Stygian humour—

Tho Right, sir

Hylas Forc'd with a cataplasm of crackers—

Tho Ever

Hylas Scour all before him, like a scavenger

Tho *Satisfacisti, domine*—My last cause, 285

My last is, and not least, most learned doctors,

Because in most physicians' heads—I mean those

That are most excellent, and old withal,

And angry, though a patient say his prayers,

And Paracelsians that do trade with poisons— 290

We have it by tradition of great writers

There is a kind of toad-stone bred, whose virtue,

The doctor being dried——

r Phys We are abus'd, sirs

Hylas I take it so, or shall be —For say the belly
 ache,

Caus'd by an inundation of pease-porridge, 295

Are we therefore to open the port vein,

Or the Port Esquiline?

Sam A learned question!

Or grant the diaphragma by a rupture,

The sign being then in the head of Capricorn—

Tho Meet with the passion Hyperchondriaca, 300

And so cause a carnosity in the kidneys,

Must not the brains, being butter'd with this humour—

Answer me that

Sam Most excellently argued!

2 Phys The next fit you will have, my most fine
 scholar,

280 *fears*] So F, *fears* Q Dyce conjectures *fevers*

292 *toad-stone*] It was a popular belief that in the toad's head was to be found a stone endowed with miraculous virtues Cf *As You Like It*, II 1—

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head”

294 *belly ache*] Dyce's correction of the *belly ache* of other editions

296-7 *Are we Port Esquiline?*] i.e. are we to bleed or to purge the patient? For *Port Esquiline* see Marston's *Works*, ed Bullen, I xlii, III 351, 361—A H B

SCENE I] MONSIEUR THOMAS 377

Bedlam shall find a salve for — Fare ye well, sir, 305

We came to do you good, but these young doctors,

It seems, have bor'd our noses

3 *Phys* Drink hard, gentlemen,

And get unwholesome drabs 'tis ten to one then

We shall hear further from ye, your note alter'd

, [*Exeunt Phys Apoth and Barber*]

Tho [*sings*] And wilt thou be gone, says one? 310

Hylas And wilt thou be gone, says t'other?

Tho Then take the odd crown

To mend thy old gown,

Sam And we'll be gone all together

Fran My learned Tom!

Enter Servant

Serv Sir, the young gentlewomen 315

Sent me to see what company ye had with ye,

They much desire to visit ye

Fran Pray ye, thank em,

And tell 'em my most sickness is their absence

Ye see my company

Tho Come hither, Crab,
What gentlewomen are these? my mistress?

Serv Yes, sir 320

Hylas And who else?

Serv Mistress Alice

Hylas Oh!

Tho Hark ye, sirrah,

No word of my being here, unless she know it

Serv I do not think she does

Tho Take that, and mum then

Serv You have tied my tongue up [*Exit*

Tho Sit you down, good Francis,

And not a word of me till ye hear from me, 325

And, as you find my humour, follow it —

You two come hither, and stand close, unseen, boys,

And do as I shall tutor ye

Fran What new work?

307 bor'd our noses] made dupes of us, mocked us

310 s d] *They sing* Weber, Dyce

Tho Prithee, no more, but help me now
Hylas I would fain
 Talk with the gentlewomen
Tho Talk with the gentlewomen? 330
 Of what, forsooth? whose maidenhead the last masque
 Suffe'r'd impression? or whose clyster wrought best?
 Take me as I shall tell thee
Hylas To what end,
 What other end came we along?
Sam Be rul'd though
Tho Your weasel face must needs be ferreting 335
 About the farthingale do as I bid ye,
 Or by this light——
Hylas Come, then
Tho Stand close, and mark me
 [Exit, with HYLAS and SAM, behind the arras
Fran All this forc'd foolery will never do it

Enter ALICE and MARY

Alice I hope we bring ye health, sir how is't with
 ye?
Mary You look far better, trust me—The fresh
 colour 340
 Creeps now again into his cheeks
Alice Your enemy,
 I see, has done his worst Come, we must have ye
 Lusty again, and frolic, man, leave thinking
Mary Indeed it does ye harm, sir
Fran My best visitants,
 I shall be govern'd by ye
Alice You shall be well, then, 345
 And suddenly, and soundly well
Mary This air, sir,
 Having now season'd ye, will keep ye ever
Tho No, no, I have no hope nor is it fit, friends,
 (My life has been so lewd, my loose condition,
 Which I repent too late, so lamentable,) 350

337 s d] So Dyce *They stand apart*, Weber

348 *Tho* *No, no*, etc] It is to be understood that from here to l 387,
 Thomas, Hylas and Sam speak from within Dyce inserts a stage direction
 to that effect at each of their speeches

That anything but curses light upon me ,
Exorbitant in all my ways—

Alice Who's that, sir ?

Another sick man ?

Mary Sure I know that voice well

Tho In all my courses cureless disobedience—

Fran [*Aside*] What a strange fellow's this !

Tho No counsel, friends, 355

No look before I leapt

Alice Do you know the voice, sir ?

Fran Yes, 'tis a gentleman's that's much afflicted
In's mind great pity, ladies

Alice Now Heaven help him !

Fran He came to me, to ask free pardon of me
For some things done long since, which his distemper 360
Made to appear like wrong, but 'twas not so

Mary Oh, that this could be truth !

Hylas Persuade yourself

Tho To what end, gentlemen ? when all is perish'd
Upon a wreck, is there a hope remaining
The sea, that ne'er knew sorrow, may be pitiful ? 365
My credit's split, and sunk, nor is it possible,
Were my life lengthened out as long as—

Mary I like this well

Sam Your mind is too mistrustful

Tho I have a virtuous sister, but I scorn'd her ,
A mistress too, a noble gentlewoman, 370
For goodness all out-going—

Alice Now I know him

Tho Which these eyes, friends, my eyes, must ne'er
see more

Alice This is for your sake, Mary take heed,
cousin ,

A man is not so soon made

Tho Oh, my fortune !

But it is just, I be despis'd and hated 375

354 *cureless*] *careless* F, Seward

355 s d] Inserted Dyce

366 *split*] *spilt* Q

372 *Which these eyes*, etc] In Q the line reads *With these eyes friends, my eyes must ne'er see more*, F *never* for *ne'er*, otherwise the same The present reading is Seward's, adopted by following editors It is not altogether satisfactory, the repetition of *eyes* suggests a corruption in one or the other case, but I am unable to make a better conjecture

Hylas Despair not, 'tis not manly one hour's goodness

Strikes off an infinite of ill^s

Alice Weep truly

And with compassion, cousin

Fran [*Aside*] How exactly

This cunning young thief plays his part ' *Mary* Well, Tom,

My Tom again, if this be truth

Hylas She weeps, boy 380

Tho Oh, I shall die !

Mary Now Heaven defend !

Sam Thou hast her

Tho Come, lead me to my friend, to take his farewell,

And then what fortune shall befall me, welcome !—

[*Aside to HYLAS*] How does it show ?

Hylas Oh, rarely well

Mary Say you so, sir ?

Fran Oh, ye grand ass !

Mary And are ye there, my juggler ? 385

Away ! we are abus'd, Alice

Alice Fool be with thee !

[*Exeunt MARY and ALICE*]

Tho Where is she ?

Fran Gone, she found you out, and finely,

In your own noose she halter'd ye you must be whispering,

To know how things show'd, not content to fare well,
But you must roar out roast meat Till that suspicion, 390

You carried it most neatly, she believed, too,

And wept most tenderly, had you continu'd,

Without doubt you had brought her off

Tho This was thy roguing,

For thou wert ever whispering fie upon thee !

Now could I break thy head

Hylas You spoke to me first 395

Tho Do not anger me,

For, by this hand, I 'll beat thee buzzard-blind, then !

378 s d] Added Weber, also that at l 384

397 *buzzard blind*] The buzzard was regarded as a stupid, lumpish bird, the name was sometimes applied to an ignorant, loutish person *Buzzard blind* is, then, a superlative degree of blindness

She shall not scape me thus Farewell for this time
Fran Good night—[*Aside*] 'Tis almost bed time,
yet no sleep
Must enter these eyes till I work a wonder [Exit 400
Tho Thou shalt along, too, for I mean to plague
thee
For this night's sins, I will ne'er leave walking of thee
Till I have worn thee out
Hylas Your will be done, sir
Tho You will not leave me, Sam?
Sam Not I
Tho Away, then!
I'll be your guide Now, if my man be trusty, 405
My spiteful dame I'll pipe ye such a hunts-up
Shall make ye dance a tipvaes Keep close to me
[*Event*

SCENE II

A room in SEBASTIAN'S house

Enter SEBASTIAN and DOROTHEA

Seb Never persuade me, I will marry again
What, should I leave my state to pins and poking-
sticks,
To farthingales and frounces? to fore-horses,

399 s d] Added Ed

400 *eyes*] Om F

406 *hunts up*] Originally a tune played to rouse huntsmen in the morning, then of any stirring tune, and, specifically, as the name of a dance tune, finally, of any disturbance or commotion The word occurs constantly in the drama of the period

407 *tipvaes*] Colman suggests that this is a misprint for "tiptoes", Dyce, that it may be "akin to *try*"

II 2 *What*] Dyce takes this as meaning *why*, the ejaculation seems preferable

2 *poking sticks*] "1 e sticks or unions for setting the plaits of ruffs Those of wood or bone were originally employed, but, as Stow informs us 'about the sixteenth year of the queen [Elizabeth] began the making of steel poking-sticks,' which, of course, were used hot"—Dyce

3 *frounces*] The old and more correct spelling of *frounces*

And an old leather bawdy-house behind 'em ?
To thee ?

Dor You have a sor^r, sir

Seb Where ? What is he ? 5
Who is he like ?

Dor Yourself

Seb Thou liest, thou hast marr'd him,
Thou and thy prayer-books I do disclaim him
Did not I take him singing yesternight
A godly ballad, to a godly tune too,
And had a catechism in's pocket, damsel ? 10
One of your dear disciples, I perceive it
When did he ride abroad since he came over ?
What tavern has he us'd to ? what things done
That shows a man, and mettle ? When was my house
At such a shame before, to creep to bed 15
At ten o'clock, and twelve, for want of company ?
No singing, nor no dancing, nor no drinking ?
Thou think'st not of these scandals When, and where,
Has he but show'd his sword of late ?

Dor Despair not,
I do beseech you, sir, nor tempt your weakness, 20
For, if you like it so, I can assure you
He is the same man still

Seb Would thou wert ashes
On that condition ! But, believe it, gossip,
You shall know you have wrong'd——

Dor You never, sir, 25
So well I know my duty And, for Heaven sake,
Take but this counsel with ye ere you marry
(You were wont to hear me), take him and confess him,
Search him to th' quick, and if you find him false,
Do as you please, a mother's name I honour

Seb He is lost and spoil'd, I am resolv'd my roof 30
Shall never harbour him and for you, minion,
I'll keep you close enough, lest you break loose,
And do more mischief get ye in ! [*Exit DOROTHEA*
Who waits ?

11 *your dear disciples*] those fine Puritans of yours Weber prints *our*

14 *shows*] *shew* Dyce

25 *we'll*] *will* Q

31 *you*] *your* Q

24 *wrong'd*] *wrong* Q

29 *you please*] *please you* Q

*Enter Servant**Serv* Do you call, sir?

Seb Seek the boy, and bid him wait
 My pleasure in the morning mark what house 35
 He is in, and what he does, and truly tell me

Serv I will not fail, sir*Seb* If ye do, I'll hang ye, [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III

*Before the lodge belonging to VALENTINE'S house**Enter THOMAS, HYLAS, and SAM*

Tho Keep you the back door there, and be sure
 None of her servants enter, or go out,
 If any woman pass, she is lawful prize, boys,
 Cut off all convoys

Hylas Who shall answer this?

Tho Why, I shall answer it, you fearful widgeon, 5
 I shall appeal to th' action

Hylas May we discourse too,
 On honourable terms?

Tho With any gentlewoman
 That shall appeal at window ye may rehearse too,
 By your commission safely, some sweet parcels
 Of poetry to a chambermaid

Hylas May we sing too? 10
 For there's my master-piece

Tho By no means, no, boys,
 I am the man reserved for air, 'tis my part,
 And if she be not rock, my voice shall reach her
 Ye may record a little, or ye may whistle,
 As time shall minister, but, for main singing, 15
 Pray ye satisfy yourselves Away! be careful

Hylas But haik ye, one word, Tom, we may be
 beaten

III 5 *widgeon*] fool, the widgeon was regarded as a particularly stupid
 bird

14 *record*] practise a tune in an undertone, as birds repeat their songs

Tho That's as ye think good yourselves if you
deserve it,
Why, 'tis the easiest thing, to compass Beaten !
What bugbeas dwell in thy brains ? who should beat
thee ?

20

Hylas She has men enough

Tho Art not thou man enough too ?

Thou hast flesh enough about thee if all that mass
Will not maintain a little spirit, hang it,
And dry it too for dog's meat Get you gone ,
I have things of moment in my mind That door,
Keep it as thou wouldst keep thy wife from a serving-
man

25

No more, I say — Away, Sam !

Sam

At your will, sir
[*Exeunt HYLAS and SAM*]

Enter LAUNCELOT and Fiddler

Laun I have him here , a rare rogue Good sweet
master,

Do something of some savour suddenly,
That we may eat, and live I am almost starv'd ,
No point maneur, no point devein, no Signieur
Not by the virtue of my languages ,
Nothing at my old master's to be hoped for ,
Oh, Signieur Du ' nothing to line my life with,
But cold pies with a cudgel, till you help us

30

35

Tho Nothing but famine frights thee — Come hither,
fiddler ,

What ballads are you seen in best ? Be short, sir

Fid Under your mastership's correction, I can sing
The Duke of Norfolk , or The merry ballad

31 *No point maneur, etc*] So Q and F *No point manger, no point de vin,*
no Seigneu Dyce

34 *Oh, Signieur Du '*] So Q and F *Oh, Seigneu Dieu Dyce*

39 *The Duke of Norfolk*] The first stanza of this ballad is given in *Roxburghe*
Ballads (iv 355) —

“ I am the Duke of Norfolk, newly come to Suffolk ,
Say, shall I be attended, or, no, no, no ? ”

“ Good Duke, be not offended, and you shall be attended,
And you shall be attended, now, now, now ”

“ I am the Duke of Norfolk, ” or “ Paul's Steeple, ” was a well known tune

Of Diverus and Lazarus, The Rose of England, 40

In Crete when Dedimus first began,

Jonas his Crying-out against Coventry

Tho

Excellent!

Rare matters all

Fid

Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter,

The Devil, and Ye dainty Dames—

Tho

Rare still!

Fid The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow, 45

40 *Diverus and Lazarus*] A version of the popular ballad *Dives and Lazarus*. The S R contains entries on the subject in 1557-8 (Arber's Transcript 1 76) and 1570-1 (Arber, 1 436). In Child's collection the B version (vol II, pp 10-11) replaces *Dives* with *Diverus*, thus the form is not an error on the fiddler's part.

40 *The Rose of England*] Not, as Weber and Dyce considered, a ballad dealing with the story of Fair Rosamond, but one upon the winning of the crown from Richard III by Henry VII, to be found under this title in Percy's *Reliques* (and Child, III 330-3).

41 *In Crete when Dedimus first began*] Two verses of this long-lost ballad were recovered by Mr F Sidgwick and printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (Aug 1906, vol cccci pp 179-81). The first stanza, as it is given in the MS (Harley 7578), is as follows—

"In crete when dedylus fyrst began
his stait and long exile to wayle
when mynus wrath had shutt upp then
yche way by land eche way by sayle
the love of creett hyme pricked so
that he devysed away to goe"

Thomas sings the last two lines at ll 87-8 below

42 *Jonas his Crying out against Coventry*] Perhaps a burlesque title

43 *Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter*] In *Roxburghe Ballads* (II 87) is quoted "The First Part of the Marchant's Daughter of Bristow To the tune The Maiden's Joy

Behold the touchstone of true love,
Maudlin the Marchant's Daughter of Bristow towne,
Whose firme affection nothing could move
Such favour beares the lovely browne," etc

44 *The Devil*] "Though the devil figures in several old ditties, I can recollect no ballad to which he gives the title"—Dyce

44 *Ye dainty Dames*] These are the opening words of "A Warning for Maidens To the Tune of The Ladies Fall

You dantie Dames so finehe fram'd
In beauties chiefest mold," etc

(*Roxburghe Ballads*, III 193) According to Chappell (*Old English Popular Music* New ed H E Woodbridge, 1893 2 vols I 90) *You dainty Dames* was sometimes referred to as a tune. It is possible that the whole line refers to a single ballad.

45 *The Landing of the Spaniards*, etc.] Weber notes the reference in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, II II, to the action, and others in the epilogue to *A Wife for a Month*

With the bloody Battle at Mile-End

Tho All excellent !
 No tuning, as ye love me ; let thy fiddle
 Speak Welch, or any thing that's out of all tune ,
 The vilder still the better, like thyself,
 For I presume thy voice will make no trees dance 50

Fid Nay truly, ye shall have it ev'n as homely—

Tho Keep ye to that key Are they all abed,
 trow ?

Laun I hear no stirring any where, no light
 In any window , 'tis a night for the nonce, sir

Tho Come, strike up then, and say *The Merchant's*
Daughter, 55
 We'll bear the burthen proceed to incision, fiddler
 [Song]

Enter Servant, above

Serv Who's there ? what noise is this ? what rogue
 at these hours ?

Tho [Sings] Oh, what is that to you, my fool ?

Oh, what is that to you ?
 Pluck in your face, you bawling ass, 60
 Or I will break your brow
 Hey down, down, a down

A new ballad, a new, a new !

Fid The twelfth of April, on May day,
 My house and goods were burnt away, etc 65

Enter Maid above

Maid Why, who is this ?

Laun Oh, damsel dear,
 Open the door, and it shall appear ,
 Open the door !

Maid Oh, gentle squire, 70
 I'll see thee hang first, farewell, my dear !—

49 *vilder*] *vild* and *vile* were used indifferently
 50 *thy voice will make no trees dance*] as Orpheus's music did
 58 s d] Added Weber
 70 *Oh, gentle squire*] given to Launcelot in Q and F
 71 *hang*] *hang'd* F

Enter MARY above

'Tis Master Thomas, there he stands

Mary

'Tis strange

That nothing can redeem him Rail him hence,

Or sing him out in 's own way, any thing

To be deliver'd of him

Maid

Then have at him!

75

My man Thomas did me promise,

He would visit me this night

Tho I am here, love, tell me, dear love,

How I may obtain thy sight

Maid Come up to my window, love, come, come, come,

80

Come to my window, my dear,

The wind nor the rain shall trouble thee again,

But thou shalt be lodged here

Tho And art thou strong enough?

Lawn

Up, up, I warrant ye

Mary What dost thou mean to do?

Maid

Good mistress, peace, 85

I'll warrant ye we'll cool him Madge!

Madge [*Above*]

I am ready

Tho The love of Greece, and it tickled him so,

That he devised a way to go

Now sing *The Duke of Northumberland*

Fid And climbing to promotion,

90

He fell down suddenly

MADGE, with a devil's vizard, roaring, offers to
kiss him, and he falls down

Maid Farewell, sir!

Mary What hast thou done? Thou hast broke his
neck

76 *My man Thomas*] The lineation of this song was altered by Colman, whose arrangement is followed by Dyce and Weber, the present arrangement is that of Q d F

80 *Come up to my window*] Chappell (i 146-7) cites other fragments of the same ballad in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, III v, *The Woman's Prize*, I iii, Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable*, and Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*

89 *The Duke of Northumberland*] Perhaps connected with *The Rising in the North* (Child, iii 401-8, or *Northumberland betrayed by Douglas* (Child, iii 408-16), both to be found in Percy, and both dealing with the rebellion of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland in 1569

91 s d] So Q and F, Dyce amplifies thus *As THOMAS is attempting to scale the window, MADGE appears at it, with, etc*

Mard Not hurt him ,
 He pitch'd upon his legs like a cat
Tho Oh, woman !
 Oh, miserable woman ! I am spoil'd ! 95
 My leg, my leg, my leg ! Oh, both my legs !
Mary I told thee what thou hadst done , mischief
 go with thee ! [*Those above withdraw*]
Tho Oh, I am lam'd for ever ! Oh, my leg,
 Broken in twenty places ! Oh, take heed,
 Take heed of women, fiddler ! Oh, a surgeon, 100
 A surgeon, or I die ! Oh, my good people !
 No charitable people ? all spiteful ?
 Oh, what a misery am I in ! O, my leg !
Laun Be patient, sir, be patient let me bind it

Enter SAM, and HYLAS with his head broken

Tho Oh, do not touch it, rogue !
Hylas My head, my head ! 105
 Oh, my head's kill'd !
Sam You must be courting wenches
 Through key-holes, Captain Hylas ! Come, and be
 comforted ,
 The skin is scarce broke
Tho Oh, my leg !
Sam How do ye, sir ?
Tho Oh, maim'd for ever with a fall He's spoil'd
 too,
 I see his brains
Hylas Away with me, for God's sake ! 110
 A surgeon !
Sa Here's a night indeed
Hylas A surgeon !
 [*Exeunt all but THOMAS and Fiddler*]

Enter MARY and Servant, below

Mary Go, run for help
Tho Oh !
Mary Run all, and all too little.

Oh, cursed beast that hurt him ! Run, run, fly !

He will be dead else [Exit Servant

Tho Oh !

Mary Good friend, go you too

Fid Who pays me for my music ?

Mary Pox o' your music ! 115

There's twelvence for ye

Fid There's two groats again, forsooth,
I never take above, and rest ye merry ! [Exit

Mary A grease-pot gild your fiddle-strings !—How
do you ?

How is my dear ?

Tho [Rises] Why, well, I thank ye, sweetheart
Shall we walk in, for now there's none to trouble
us ? 120

Mary [Aside] Are ye so crafty, sir ? I shall meet
with ye—

I knew your trick, and I was willing, my Tom,
Mine own Tom, now to satisfy thee Welcome,
welcome !

Welcome, my best friend, to me, all my dearest !

Tho Now ye are my noble mistress We lose time,
sweet 125

Mary I think they are all gone

Tho All, ye did wisely

Mary And you as craftily

Tho We are well met, mistress

Mary Come, let's go in, then, lovingly—Oh, my
scarf, Tom !

I lost it thereabout, find it, and wear it

As your poor mistress' favour [Exit into the house

Tho I am made now, 130

I see no venture is in no hand—I have it—

How now ! the door lock'd, and she in before ?

A I so trimm'd ?

Mary [Above] One parting word, sweet Thomas
Though, to save your credit, I discharg'd your fiddler,

114 s d] Added Dyce

119 s d] Added Weber

121 s d] Added Weber

131 *no venture is in no hand*] “equivalent, as Mason observes, to the
more modern form of the proverb *Nothing venture, nothing have*”—Dyce

133 s d] Inserted Colman

I must not satisfy your folly too, sir 135

Ye are subtle, but, believe it, fox, I'll find ye
The surgeons will be here straight, roar again, boy,
And break thy legs for shame, thou wilt be sport
else

Good night! [*Withdraws from the window*]

Tho She says most true, I must not stay she has
bobb'd-me, 140

Which, if I live, I'll recompense, and shortly
Now for a ballad to bring me off again [*Sings*]

All young men, be warn'd by me,
How you do go a wooing,
Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall,
Thereby comes your undoing, etc 145

[*Exit*]

ACT IV

SCENE I

A room in VALENTINE'S house.

Enter VALENTINE, ALICE, and Servant

Val He cannot go, and take no farewell of me
Can he be so unkind? he's but retir'd
Into the garden or the orchard See, sirs

Alice He would not ride there, certain, those were
planted
Only for walks, I take it

Val Ride? nay, then—— 5
Had he a horse out?

Serv So the groom delivers,
Somewhat before the break of day

Val He's gone,
My best friend's gone, Alice! I have lost the noblest,
The truest, and the most man, I e'er found yet

Alice Indeed, sir, he deserves all praise
Val All, sister, 10

All, all, and all too little Oh, that honesty,
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever,
That perfect goodness!

Alice Sure he will return, sir,
He cannot be so harsh

Val Oh, never, never,
Never return! thou know'st not where the cause lies 15

Alice He was the worthiest welcome—

Val He deserv'd it

Alice Nor wanted, to our knowledge——

Val I will tell thee,
Within this hour, things that shall startle thee
He never must return

Enter MICHAEL

Mich Good morrow, signior

Val Good morrow, Master Michael

Mich My good neighbour, 20
Methinks you are stirring early, since your travel,
You have learn'd the rule of health, sir Where's your
mistress?

She keeps her warm, I warrant ye, abed yét

Val I think she does

Alice 'Tis not her hour of waking

Mich Did you lie with her, lady?

Alice Not to-night, sir, 25

Nor any night this week else

Mich When last saw ye her?

Alice Late yesternight

Mich Was she abed then?

Alice No, sir

I left her at her prayers Why do ye ask me?

Mich I have been strangely haunted with a dream 30
All this long night, and, after many wakings,
The same dream still methought I met young Cellide
Just at St Katherine's gate, the nunnery,—

Val Ha!

Mich Her face slubber'd o'er with tears and troubles,
Methought she cried unto the lady abbess,
"For charity receive me, holy woman, 35
Aid that has forgot the world's affections,
Into thy virgin order," methought she took her,
Put on a stole and sacred robe upon her,
And there I left her

Val Dream?

Mich Good mistress Alice, 40
Do me the favour (yet to satisfy me)
To step but up and see

Alice I know she's there, sir,
And all this but a dream

Mich You know not my dreams,
They are unhappy ones, and often truths
But this, I hope yet—

Alice I will satisfy ye [Exit

Mich Neighbour, how does the gentleman?

Val I know not — 45
Dream of a nunnery?

Mich How found ye my words
About the nature of his sickness, Valentine?

Val Did she not cry out 'twas my folly too
That forc'd her to this nunnery? did she not curse me?
For God sake, speak! did you not drea of me too? 50
How basely, poorly, tamely, like a fool,
Tir'd with his joys——

Mich Alas, poor gentleman!
Ye pro is'd e, sir, to bear all these crosses

Val I bear 'em till I break again!

Mich But nobly,
Truly to weigh——

Val Good neighbour, no more of it, 55
Ye do but fling flax on my fire——

Enter ALICE

Where is she?
Alice Not yonder, sir, nor has not this night certain
Been in her bed

Mich It must be truth she tells ye,
And now I'll show ye why I came This morning
A man of mine, being employed about business, 60
Came early home, who, at St Katherine's nunnery,
About day-peep, told me he met your mistress,
And, as I spoke it in a dream, so troubled,
And so received by the abbess, did he see her
The wonder made me rise and haste unto ye, 65
To know the cause

Val Farewell I cannot speak it [*Exit*

Alice For Heaven sake, leave him not!

Mich I will not, lady

Alice Alas, he's much afflicted!

Mich We shall know shortly more Apply your
own care
At home, good Alice, and trust him to my counsel 70
Nay, do not weep, all shall be well, despair not

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II

*A room in SEBASTIAN'S house**Enter SEBASTIAN and a Servant**Seb* At Valentine's house so merry?*Serv* As a pie, sir*Seb* So gamesome, dost thou say?*Serv* I am sure I heard it*Seb* Ballads, and fiddles too?*Serv* No, but one fiddle,

But twenty noises

Seb Did he do devices?*Serv* The best devices, sir Here's my fellow
Launcelot,

5

Enter LAUNCELOT

He can inform ye all, he was among 'em,

A mad thing too, I stood but in a corner

Seb Come, sir, what can you say? is there any hope
yet

Your master may return?

Laun He went far else

I will assure your worship, on my credit,

By the faith of a traveller and a gentleman,

Your son is found again, the son, the Tom

Seb Is he the old Tom?*Laun* The old Tom,*Seb* Go forward*Laun* Next, to consider how he is the old Tom*Seb* Handle me that*Laun* I would ye had seen it handled 15Last night, sir, as we handled it *cap-à-pie*!*Foutra* for leers and leerings! oh, the noise,

The noise we made!

Seb Good, good!*Laun* The windows clattering,
And all the chambermaids in such a whobub,19 *whobub*] An old spelling of hubbub

One with her smock half off, another in haste 20
With a serving-man's hose upon her head

Seb Good still !

Laun A fellow railing out of a loop-hole there,
And his mouth stopt with dirt——

Seb I' faith, a fine boy !

Laun Here one of our heads broke——

Seb Excellent good still !

Laun The gentleman himself, young Master
Thomas, 25

• Environ'd with his furious myimids
(The fiery fiddler and myself), now singing,
Now beating at the door, there parleying,
Courting at that window, at the other scaling,
And all these several noises to two trenchers, 30
Strung with a bottom of brown thread, which show'd
admirable

Seb There, eat, and grow again I am pleas'd
[*Gives him money*]

Laun Nor here, sir,

Gave we the frolic over, though at length
We quit the lady's sponce on composition ,
But to the silent streets we turn'd our furies 35
A sleeping watchman here we stole the shoes fro ,
There made a noise, at which he wakes, and follows ,
The streets are dirty, takes a Queenhithe cold,
Hard cheese, and that, chokes him o' Monday next ,
Windows and signs we sent to Erebus , 40
A crew of bawling curs we entertain'd last,
When having let the pigs loose in out-parishes,
Oh, the brave cry we made as high as Aldgate !
Down comes a constable, and the sow his sister
Most traitorously tiamples upon authority , 45
There a whole stand of rug gowns routed mainly,

31 *bottom*] "an end properly a ball"—Dyce

32 *s d*] Added Weber

34 *sponce*] stronghold

38 *a Queenhithe cold*] "The inhabitants near Queenhithe, which is situated at the bottom of Queen street, Cheapside, and where a square piece of ground is still left muddy and damp at the ebbing of the tide, were not unlikely to be peculiarly subject to agues and severe catarrhs"—Weber

46 *stand of rug gowns*] company of townsmen, rug go were g ents
of a rough, heavy cloth worn mostly by people of the lower classes

46 *mainly*] *manly* all eds to Dyce, who adopted this alteration, proposed by

And the king's peace put to flight, a purblind pig
here

Runs me his head into the admiral's lanthorn,
Out goes the light, and all turns to confusion,
A potter rises, to inquire this passion 50
A boar imboast takes sanctuary in his shop,
When twenty dogs rush after, we still cheering,
Down goes the pots and pipkins, down the pudding-
pans,
The cream-bowls cry revenge here, there the candle-
sticks!

SEB [*Sings*]

If this be true, thou little tiny page, 55
This tale that thou tell'st me,
Then on thy back will I presently hang
A handsome new livery,

But if this be false, thou little tiny page,
As false it well may be, 60
Then with a cudgel of four foot long
I'll beat thee from head to toe

Mason and Gifford If *manly* could be applied to the behaviour of the pigs it might be defended, but the adverb must rather describe the manner of the rout—violently

48 *admiral's*] *Admirable* Q, F “There can be no doubt that Seward was right in making this alteration. The allusion is to the lantern carried by the admiral (i.e. capital ship) so Falstaff says to Bardolph, ‘Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop’ (1 *Henry IV*, III iii).”—Dyce

51 *imboast*] foaming at the mouth, a hunting term

53 *goes*] So Q, *goe* F

54 s d] Added Weber

55 *If this be true*, etc.] Reed, in Colman's ed., quotes two stanzas from the ballad of *Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard* in Percy's *Reliques*. In version A of the ballad in Child's collection (ii 242) these verses stand as follows

“If this be true, thou little tunny page,
This thing thou tellest to me,
Then all the land in Bucklesfordbery
I freely will give to thee
But if it be a ly, thou little tunny page,
This thing thou tellest to me,
On the hiest tree in Bucklesfordbery
Then hanged shalt thou be”

Another stanza of the same ballad is quoted in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, V iii, and yet another in *Bonduca*, V ii

62 *I'll beat thee from head to toe*] Seward altered *from head to toe* to *from Cap à pie*. *From head to toe I'll beat thee* Dyce queries

Enter Servant

Seb Will the boy come?

Serv He will, sir

Seb Time tries all then

Laun Here he comes now himself, sir

Enter THOMAS

Seb To be short, Tho as,
Because I feel a scruple in my conscience 65

Concerning thy demeanour, and a main one,
And therefore, like a father, would be satisfied,
Get up to that window there, and presently,

Like a most complete gentleman, come from Tripoly

Tho Good lord, sir, how are you misled! what
fancies— 70

Fitter for idle boys and drunkards, let me speak't,
And with a little wonder, I beseech you—
Choke up your noble judgment!

Seb You rogue, Launcelot,
You lying rascal!

Laun Will ye spoil all again, sir?
Why, what a devil do you mean?

Tho Away, knave!— 75
Ye keep a company of saucy fellows,

Debosh'd, and daily drunkards, to devour ye,
Things, whose dull souls tend to the cellar only
Ye are ill advis'd, sir, to commit your credit—

Seb Sirrah, sirrah!

Laun Let me never eat again sir, 80
Nor feel the blessing of another blue coat,
If this young gentleman, sweet Master Thomas,
Be not as mad as heart can wish, your heart, sir,

63 *Time*] *Times* Dyce

69 *co* *from Tripoly*] Dyce quotes Nares "*Tripoly, to come from* To vault and tumble with activity It was, I believe, first applied to the tricks of an ape or monkey, which might be supposed to come from that part of the world" Cf. Jonson's *Silent Woman*, V. 1 "I protest, Sir John, you e as high from Tripoly as I do"

81 *blue coat*] the usual colour of a servant's coat

If yesternight's discourse—Speak, fellow Robin,
And if thou speakest less than truth

Tho 'Tis strange these varlets— 85

Serv By these ten bones, sir, if these eyes and ears
Can hear and see

Tho Extreme strange—should thus boldly,
And in your sight, unto your son

Laun Oh, *Deu guin*!
Can ye deny ye beat a constable
Last night?

Tho I touch authority, ye rascal! 90
I violate the law!

Laun Good master Thomas—

Serv Did you not take two wenches from the watch
too,
And put 'em into Pudding-Lane?

Laun We mean not
Those civil things you did at Master Valentine's,
The fiddle, and the *fa las*?

Tho Oh, strange impudence!— 95
I do beseech you, sir, give no such licence
To knaves and drunkards, to abuse your son thus
Be wise in time, and turn 'em off We live, sir,
In a state govern'd civilly and soberly,
Where each man's actions should confirm the law, 100
Not crack, and cancel it

Seb Launcelot du Lake,
Get you upon adventures! cast your coat,
And make your exit

Laun *Pour l'amour de Dieu!*

Seb *Pur* me no *purs*, but *pur* at that door, out,
sirrah!

86 *ten bones*] '1 e fingers"—Weber

88 *And*] *Bud* all eds to Dyce Mason wished to read *Boude*, from *fr boudier*, to pout or look gruffly Weber remarked, "the sense is sufficiently obvious, meaning to upbraid or calumniate."

88 *Deu guin*] Welsh for "white God," according to Colman Seward printed *Dieu garde*!

93 *Pudding-Lane*] The irregularity of this treatment of the wenches may be gathered from Stow's description of Pudding Lane "Then have ye one other lane called Rother Lane or Red Rose Lane, of such a sign there, row commonly called Pudding Lane, because the butchers of Eastcheap have their scalding houses for hogs there, and their puddings with other filth of beasts are voided down that way to their dung boats on the Thames"

104 *Pur me no purs*, etc.] Part of Launcelot's speech in Q

I'll beat ye purblind else, out, ye eight languages ! 105
Laun [*To* THOMAS] My blood upon your head !

Tho Purge me 'em all, sir [*Exit*

Seb And you too, presently

Tho Even as you please, sir

Seb Bid my maid-servants come, and bring my daughter,

I will have one shall please me [*Exit* Servant

Tho 'Tis most fit, sir

Seb Bring me the money there — Here, Master Thomas,

110

Enter two Servants, with two bags,

I pray, sit down, ye are no more my son now,
 Good gentleman, be cover'd

Tho At your pleasure

Seb This money I do give ye, because of whilom
 You have been thought my son, and by myself too,
 And some things done like me, ye are now another 115
 There is two hundred pound, a civil sum

For a young civil man much land and lordship
 Will, as I take it, now but prove temptation
 To dread ye from your settled and sweet carriage

Tho You say right, sir

Seb Nay, I beseech ye cover 120

Tho At your dispose And I beseech ye too, sir,
 For the word civil, and more settled course,
 It may be put to use, that on the interest,
 Like a poor gentleman

Seb It shall, to my use,
 To mine again, do you see, sir ? good fine gentleman, 125
 I give no brooding money for a scrivener,
 Mine is for present traffic, and so I'll use it

Tho So much for that, then

106 s d] Added Dyce

108 *maid servants*] *maid servant* Q, F

119 *at ead*] Used in an active sense, to frighten

122 *word civil*] Qy *more civil* ?

123 *use*] usury, interest, as very often

Enter DOROTHEA and four Maids

Seb For the main cause, Monsieur,
I sent to treat with you about, behold it,
Behold that piece of story work, and view it 130
I want a right hen to inherit me,
Not my estate alone, but my conditions,
From which you are revolted, therefore dead,
And I will break my back, but I will get one

Tho Will you choose there, sir?

Seb There, among those damsels, 135
In mine own tribe I know their qualities,
Which cannot fail to please me, for their beauties,
A matter of a three farthings makes all perfect,
A little beer, and beef-broth, they are sound too—
Stand all a-breast—Now, gentle Master Thomas, 140
Before I choose, you having liv'd long with me,
And happily sometimes with some of these too
(Which fault I never frown'd upon), pray show me
(For fear we confound our genealogies)
Which have you laid aboard, speak your mind
freely 145

Have you had copulation with that damsel?

Tho I have

Seb Stand you aside then—How with her, sir?

Tho How, is not seemly here to say

Dor [*Aside*] Here's fine sport!

Seb Retire you too—Speak forward, Master

Thomas

Tho I will, and to the purpose, even with all, sir 150

Seb With all! that's somewhat large

Dor [*Aside*] And yet you like it

Was ever sin so glorious?

Seb With all, Thomas!

Tho All surely, sir

Seb A sign thou art mine own yet—
In again all, and to your several functions!

[*Exeunt Maids*]

What say you to young Luce, y neighbour's daughter? 155

132 *conditions*] qualities, disposition

148 s d] Inserted Dyce, as also that at l 151

152 *glorious*] "In the French sense of *glorieux*, proud, bo tful"—Weber

She was too young, I take it, when you travelled
Some twelve year old

Tho Her will was fifteen, sir

Seb A pretty answer! To cut off long discourse,
For I have many yet to ask ye of,
Where I can choose, and nobly, hold up your finger 160
When ye are right What say ye to Valeria,
Whose husband lies a-dying now?—Why two,
And in that form?

Tho Her husband is recover'd

Seb A witty moral! Have at ye once more,
Thomas!

The sisters of St Albans?—All five! dat, boy! 165
Dat's mine own boy!

Dor [*Aside*] Now out upon thee, monster!

Tho Still hoping of your pardon

Seb There needs none, man,
A straw on pardon! prithee, need no pardon
I'll ask no more, nor think no more of marriage,
For o' my conscience, I shall be thy cuckold — 170
[*Aside*] There's some good yet left in him—Bear
yourself well,

You may recover me, there's twenty pound, sir—

[*Aside*] I see some sparkles which may flame again—

You may eat with me when you please, you know
me

Dor Why do you lie so damnably, so foolishly? 175

Tho Dost thou long to have thy head broke? Hold
thy peace,

And do as I would have thee, or, by this hand,

I'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy small hound,

And drink away thy dowry to a penny

Dor Was ever such a wild ass?

Tho Prithee, be quiet! 180

Dor And dost thou think men will not beat thee
monstrously

For abusing their wives and children?

Tho And dost thou think

157 year] years F

163 in that form] Thomas had made the sign of the horn

166 s d] Inserted Dyce, as also those at ll 171 and 173

178 hound] hand Q, F, Seward's conjecture, accepted by all eds

Men's wives and children can be abus'd too much?

Dor. I wonder at thee

Tho Nay, thou shalt adjure me

Before I have done

Dor How stand ye with your mistress? 185

Tho I shall stand nearer

Ere I be twelve hours older there's my business

She is monstrous subtle, Doll

Dor The devil, I think,

Cannot out-subtle thee

Tho If he play fan play

Come, you must help me presently

Dor I discard ye 190

Tho Thou shalt not sleep nor eat

Dor I'll no hand with ye,

No bawd to your abuses

Tho By this light, Doll,

Nothing but in the way of honesty

Dor Thou never knew'st that road I hear your
vigils

Tho Sweet honey Doll—if I do not marry her, 195

Honestly marry her, if I mean not honourably—

Come, thou shalt help me—take heed how you vex me!

I'll help thee to a husband too, a fine gentleman,

(I know thou art mad) a tall young man, a brown man,

I swear he has his maidenhead, a rich man— 200

Dor You may come in to dinner, and I'll answer ye

Tho Nay, I'll go with thee, Doll Four hundred a
year, wench! [*Exeunt*

SCENE III

A street

Enter MICHAEL and VALENTINE

Mich Good sir, go back again, and take my counsel
Sores are not cur'd by sorrows, nor time broke from us
Pull'd back again by sighs

Val

What should I do, friend?

Mich Do that that may redeem ye, go back quickly
 Sebastian's daughter can prevail much with her, 5
 The abbess is her aunt too

Val But my friend, then,
 Whose love and loss is equal tied ?

Mich Content ye,
 That shall be my task if he be alive,
 Or where my travel and my care may reach him,
 I'll bring him back again

Val Say he come back 10
 To piece his poor friend's life out, and my mistress
 Be vow'd for ever a recluse ?

Mich So suddenly
 She cannot, haste ye therefore instantly away, sir,
 To put that danger by First, as to a father,
 Then as a friend, she was committed to ye, 15
 And all the care she now has, by which privilege
 She cannot do herself this violence,
 But you may break it, and the law allows ye

Val Oh, but I forc'd her to it !

Mich Leave disputing
 Against yourself if you will needs be miserable, 20
 Spite of her goodness, and your friend's persuasions,
 Think on, and thrive thereafter

Val I will home then,
 And follow your advice, and, good, good Michael—

Mich No more, I know your soul's divided,
 Valentine
 Cure but that part at home with speedy marriage, 25
 Ere my return, for then those thoughts that vex'd her,
 While there ran any stream for loose affections,
 Will be stopt up, and chaste-ey'd honour guide her
 Away ! and hope the best still I'll work for ye,
 And pray, too, heartily, away ! no more words 30

[*Exeunt*

14 *danger*] *daughter* Q F, corrected by Seward

17 *herself*] *her* Q, F

SCENE IV

*Another street**Enter* HYLAS *and* SAM

Hylas I care not for my broken head,
 But that it should be his plot, and a wench too,
 A lousy, lazy wench prepar'd to do it!

Sam Thou hadst as good be quiet, for, o' my
 conscience,
 He'll put another on thee else

Hylas I am resolv'd 5
 To call him to account Was it not manifest
 He meant a mischief to me, and laughed at me,
 When he lay roaring out his leg was broken,
 And no such matter? Had he broke his neck,
 Indeed 'twould ne'er ha' griev'd me Gallows gall
 him! 10
 Why should he choose out me?

Sam Thou art ever ready
 To thrust thyself into these she-occasions,
 And he as full of knavery to accept it

Hylas Well, if I live, I'll have a new trick for him

Sam That will not be amiss, but to fight with him 15
 Is to no purpose besides, he's truly valiant,
 And a most deadly hand, thou never fought'st yet,
 Nor, o' my conscience, hast no faith in fighting

Hylas No, no, I will not fight

Sam Beside the quarrel,
 Which has a woman in 't to make it scurvy,
 Who would lie stinking in a surgeon's hands 20
 A month or two this weather? for, believe it,
 He never hurts under a quarter's healing

Hylas No, upon better thought, I will not fight,
 Sam,
 But watch my time

Sam To pay him with a project, 25
 Watch him too, I would wish ye Prithee, tell me,

Dost thou affect these women still?

Hylas Yes, faith, Sam,
I love 'em ev'n as well as e'er I did,
Nay, if my brains were beaten out, I must to 'em

Sam Dost thou love any woman?

Hylas Any woman, 30
Of what degree, or calling

Sam Of any age too?

Hylas Of any age, from fourscore to fourteen, boy,
Of any fashion

Sam And defect too?

Hylas Right,
For those I love, to lead me to repentance
A woman with no nose, after my surquedry, 35
Shows like King Philip's moral, *Memento mori*,
And she that has a wooden leg demonstrates,
"Like hypocrites, we halt before the gallows,"
An old one, with one tooth, seems to say to us,
"Sweet meats have sour sauce," she that's full of
aches, 40
"Crumb not your bread before you taste your
porridge,"

And many morals we may find

Sam 'Tis well, sir,
Ye make so worthy uses But, *quid igitur*?
What shall we now determine?

Hylas Let's consider
An hour or two how I may fit this fellow 45

Sam Let's find him first, he'll quickly give
occasion

But take heed to yourself, and say I warn'd ye,
He has a plaguy pate

Hylas That at my danger [*Exeunt*

35 *surquedry*] overweening pride

48 s d *Exeunt*] Q and F add *Musick*, in preparation for the sailors' song of
the next scene

SCENE V

A harbour

Enter Sailors singing, to them, MICHAEL and FRANCISCO severally

Sail Aboard, aboard! the wind stands fair

Mich [*Aside*] These call for passengers, I'll stay
and see

What men they take aboard

Fran A boat, a boat, a boat!

Sail Away, then!

Fran Whither are ye bound, friends?

Sail Down to the Straits

Mich [*Aside*] Ha, 'tis not much unlike him 5

Fran May I have passage for my money?

Sail And welcome too

Mich [*Aside*] 'Tis he, I know 'tis he now

Fran Then merrily aboard!—[*Aside*] and, noble
friend,

Heaven's goodness keep thee ever, and all virtue

Dwell in thy bosom, Cellide! my last tears 10

I leave behind me thus, a sacrifice,

For I dare stay no longer to betray ye

Mich Be not so quick, sir—Sailors, I here charge ye,

By virtue of this warrant, as you will answer it

(For both your ship and merchant I know perfectly), 15

Lay hold upon this fellow

Fran Fellow!

Mich Ay, sir

Sail No hand to sword, sir, we shall master ye—
Fetch out the manacles!

Fran I do obey ye

Sc V s d] Dyce changes to *Enter on one side, Sailors singing, on the other, MICHAEL*, and brings Francisco in three lines below. The present s d is that of Q and F, with the addition of *severally*. The s d's through the scene are Dyce's, with the exception of the one at l 28, supplied by Weber. The arrangement of the first few lines is not very satisfactory, but is, perhaps, as good as can be made without actual alteration of lines as they stand in Q and F.

But, I beseech ye, sir, inform me truly
How I am guilty

Mich Ye have robb'd a gentleman, 20
One that ye are bound to for your life and being,
Money and horse unjustly ye took from him,
And something of more note, but, for y'are a
gentleman,

Fran [*Aside*] It shall be so, and here I'll end all 25
miseries,
Since friendship is so cruel—I confess it,
And, which is more, a hundred of these robberies
This ring I stole too from him, and this jewel,
The first and last of all my wealth—[*Aside*] Forgive 30
me,

My innocence and truth, for saying I stole 'em,
And may they prove of value but to recompense 30
The thousandth part of his love, and bread I have
eaten!—

Pray see 'em render'd, noble sir! and so
I yield me to your power

Mich Guard him to th' water,
I charge you, sailors, there I will receive him,
And back convey him to a justice

Sail Come, sir, 35
Look to your neck, you are like to sail i' th' air now
[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI

A room in SEBASTIAN'S house

THOMAS *discovered in woman's clothes*, DOROTHEA,
and Maid

Tho Come, quickly, quickly! paint me handsomely,
Take heed my nose be not in grain too
Come, Doll, Doll, dizen me

19 *ye*] you F, so also ll 20 and 21

VI s d] Enter Thomas, Dorothy and Maid, Q F

1 *Come, quickly, quickly!* So F, Seward and Dyce Q has *quintly* three
times, and so Colman and Weber

2 *in grain*] thoroughly dyed

Dor If you should play now
Your devil's parts again——

Tho "Yea and nay," Dorothy

Dor If ye do any thing, but that ye have sworn to,
Which only is access—— 5

Tho As I am a gentleman !
Out with this hair, Doll, handsomely

Dor You have your breeches ?

Tho I prithee, away ! thou know'st I am monstrous
ticklish

What, dost thou think I love to blast my buttocks ?

Dor [*Aside*] I'll plague ye for this roguery, for I 10
know well

What ye intend, sir

Tho On with my muffler

Dor Ye are a sweet lady ! Come, let's see you
curtsey

~~What~~ broke i' th' bum ? Hold up your head

Tho Plague on't,
I shall bepiss my breeches if I cower thus !
Come, am I ready ?

Maid At all points as like, sir, 15
As if you were my mistress

Dor Who goes with ye ?

Tho None but my fortune and myself [*Exit*

Dor Bless ye !—

Now run thou for thy life, and get before him

(Take the by-way), and tell my cousin Mary

In what shape he intends to come to cozen her, 20
I'll follow at thy heels myself Fly, wench !

Maid I'll do it [*Exit*

Enter SEBASTIAN and THOMAS

Dor My father has met him, this goes excellent,
And I'll away in time Look to your skin, Thomas

[*Exit*

Seb What, are you grown so corn-fed, goody Gillian,
You will not know your father ? What vagaries 25

4 *Yea and nay*] Cf II iii 85

10 *s d*] Added Colman

15 *am I*] *I am* F

18 *run thou*] *thou* om I

25 *vagaries*] *vagaries* Q

Have you in hand ? what out-leaps, dirty-hee's,
That at these hours of night ye must be gadding,
And through the orchard take your private passage ?
What, is the breeze in your breech ? Or has your
brother

Appointed you an hour of meditation 30

How to demean himself ? Get ye to bed, drab,
Or I'll so crab your shoulders ! ye demure slut,
Ye civil dish of sliced beef, get ye in !

Tho I wi' no^a that I wi' not

Seb Is it ev'n so, dame ?

Have at ye with a night-spell then !

Tho Pray hold, sir ! 35

Seb St George, St George, our Lady's knight,
He walks by day, so does he by night,
And when he had her found,
He her beat and her bound,
Untill to him her troth she plight,
She would not stir from him that night 40

Tho Nay then, have at ye with a counter-spell !

From elves, hobs, and fairies,
That trouble our duries,
From fire drakes and fiends, 45
And such as the devil sends,
Defend us, Heaven !

[*Knocks down* SEBASTIAN, and *exit*

29 *breeze*] gadfly

32 *crab*] beat with a crab stick, cudgel

36 *St George*, etc.] Weber quotes Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*
(Bk iv ch 7, Scot is talking of night mare) "Howbeit, there are magicall
cures for it, as for example

S George, S George, our ladies knight,
He walkt by day, so did he by night
Untill such time as he hir found,
He hir beat and he hir bound,
Untill hir troth she to him plight,
She would not come to hir (him ?) that night "

Part of the same charm figures in *King Lear*, III iv —

"St Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night-mare and her nine fold,
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee !"

42 *Nay*] Om F

43 *hobs*] hobgoblins

47 *Defend us, Heaven*] So Q, *Defend us good Heaven* F and eds
Knocks down SEBASTIAN, and] Added Colman

Enter LAUNCELOT

Laun Bless my master! Look up, sir, I beseech ye!
Up with your eyes to Heaven!

Seb Up with your nose, sir!
I do not bleed 'Twas a sound knock she gave me 50
A plaguy mankind girl! How my brains totters!
Well, go thy ways, thou hast got one thousand pound
more

With this dog trick Mine own true spirit in her too

Laun In her? Alas, sir,
Alas, poor gentlewoman, she a hand so heavy, 55
To knock ye like a calf down, or so brave a courage
To beat her father? If you could believe, sir

Seb Who wouldst thou make me believe it was?
the devil?

Laun One that spits fire as fast as he sometimes,
sir,
And changes shapes as often your son Thomas 60
Never wonder, if it be not he, straight hang me

Seb He! If it be so,
I'll put thee in my will, and there's an end on't

Laun I saw his legs, 'has boots on like a player,
Under his wench's clothes, 'tis he, 'tis Thomas, 65
In his own sister's clothes, sir, and I can warrant him

Seb No more words then, we'll watch him Thou'lt
not believe, Launce,
How heartily glad I am

Laun May ye be gladder,
But not this way, sir

Seb No more words, but watch him [*Exeunt*]

48 *Bless my master*] So Q, Weber, *Bless me master*] F, Seward, Colman Dyce Dyce suggests, plausibly, that Fletcher wrote "Bless me, my master!"
51 *mankind*] man like, masculine Cf *man maiden*, V iii 37 *totters*] So Q and F, *totter* all eds

55 *gentlewoman*] *Gentlewoman* F

66 *can warrant him*] *can wast him* Q and F, "the original compositor, I suppose, having mistaken 'wart' of the MS for 'wast' Seward gave in the text '*can watch him*,' and conjectured in a note '*canvast him*' the Editors of 1778 adopted the former, Weber the latter alteration Mason thought that 'the true reading is *can vouch him*.'"—Dyce

SCENE VII

A room in the lodge belonging to VALENTINE'S house

Enter MARY, DOROTHEA, and Maid

Mary When comes he?

Dor Presently

Mary Then get you up, Doll,
Away! I'll straight come to you [*Exit DOROTHEA*]
Is all ready?

Maid All

Mary Let the light stand far enough

Maid 'Tis placed so

Mary Stay you to entertain him to his chamber
But keep close, wench, he flies at all

Maid I warrant ye 5

Mary You need no more instruction?

Maid I am perfect [*Exit*]

SCENE VIII

Before the same lodge

Enter VALENTINE and THOMAS

Tho [*Aside*] More stops yet? Sure the fiend's my
ghostly father

Old Valentine! what wind's in his poop?

Val Lady,

You are met most happily oh, gentle Doll,

You must now do me an especial favour

Tho What is it, Master Valentine? I am sorely
troubled 5

With a salt rheum fall'n i' my gums

Val I'll tell ye,

And let it move you equally My blest mistress,
 Upon a slight occasion taking anger,
 Took also (to undo me) your aunt's nunnery,
 From whence by my persuasion to redeem her 10
 Will be impossible, nor have I liberty
 To come and visit her My good, good Dorothy,
 You are most powerful with her, and your aunt too,
 And have access at all hours liberally,
 Speak now or never for me

Tho In a nunnery? 15
 That course must not be suffered, Master Valentine,
 Her mother never knew it—[*Aside*] Rare sport for
 me!

Sport upon sport!—By th' break of day I'll meet ye,
 And fear not, man, we'll have her out, I warrant ye
 I cannot stay now

Val You will not break?

Tho By no means 20
 Good night

Val Good night, kind mistress Doll [*Exit*

Tho This thrives well,
 Every one takes me for my sister, excellent!
 This nunnery's fall'n so pat too, to my figure,
 Where there be handsome wenches, and they shall
 know it,

If once I creep in, ere they get me out again 25
 Stay, here's the house, and one of her maids

Enter Maid

Maid Who's there?

Oh, Mistress Dorothy! you are a stranger

Tho [*Aside*] Still Mistress Dorothy? This gear
 will cotton

Maid Will you walk in, forsooth?

Tho Where is your mistress?

Maid Not very well, she's gone to bed I am glad 30
 You are come so fit to comfort her

Tho Yes, I'll comfort her

17 s d] Inserted Weber

28 s d] Inserted Weber *this gear will cotton* "I e this matter, business,
 will succeed, go on prosperously"—Dyce

Maid Pray make not much noise, for she is sure
asleep
You know your side, creep softly in, your company
Will warm her well

Tho I warrant thee, I'll warm her
Maid Your brother has been here, the strangest
fellow!

35

Tho A very rogue, a rank rogue

Maid I'll conduct ye
Even to her chamber-door, and there commit ye
[*Exeunt*

SCENE IX

Before MICHAEL'S house

Enter MICHAEL, FRANCISCO, and Officers

Mich Come, sir, for this night I shall entertain ye,
And like a gentleman, howe'er your fortune
Hath cast ye on the worst part

Fran How you please, sir
I am resolv'd, nor can a joy or misery
Much move me now

Mich [*Aside*] I am angry with myself now 5
For putting this forc'd way upon his patience,
Yet any other course had been too slender
Yet what to think I know not for most liberally
He hath confess'd strange wrongs, which, if they
prove so,

Howe'er the other's long love may forget all, 10
Yet 'twas most fit he should come back, and this way —
[*Gives money to Officers*] Drink that, and now to my
care leave your prisoner,
I'll be his guard for this night

Offi Good night to your worship
Mich Good night, my honest friends [*Exeunt*
Officers] Come, sir, I hope

IX 5 s d] Added Weber

12 s d] Added Dyce

14 s d] Added Colman

There shall be no such cause of such a sadness
As you put on 15

Fran Faith, sir, my rest is up,
And what I now pull shall no more afflict me
Than if I play'd at span-counter, nor is my face
The map of anything I seem to suffer
Lighter affections seldom dwell in me, sir 20

Mich [*Aside*] A constant gentleman, would I had
taken,

A fever, when I took this harsh way to disturb him!—
Come, walk with me, sir, ere to-morrow night
I doubt not but to see all this blown over [*Exeunt*

16 *my rest is up*] my resolution is taken, to set up one's rest at cards was to venture one's final stake hence, the meaning of adopting a final decision

17 *what I now pull*] i.e. whatever may befall me, to pull was to draw a card

18 *span-counter*] A game in which one player threw a counter on the ground, and another tried to hit it with his counter, or to get so near to it that he could span the space between them and touch both the counters In either case he won, if not, his counter remained where it fell, and became a mark for the first player, and so alternately till the game was won [*Cont Dict*]

21 s d] Added Dyce

ACT V

SCENE I

Before the lodge belonging to VALENTINE'S house

Enter HYLAS

Hylas I have dogg'd his sister, (sure 'twas she,)
 And I hope she will come back again this night too,
 Sam I have lost of purpose now if I can,
 With all the art I have, as she comes back,
 But win a parley for my broken pate,
 Off goes her maidenhead, and there's *vindicta* '
 They stir about the house, I'll stand at distance
[Exit

SCENE II

A bed-chamber in the same

*Enter MARY and DOROTHEA, and then THOMAS
 and Maid*

Dor Is he come in?

Mary Speak softly,

He is, and there he goes

Tho Good night, good night, wench

A bed discovered with a Blackamoor in it

Maid As softly as you can

Tho I'll play the mouse, Nan — [Exit Maid

How close the little thief lies!

Mary How he itches!

V 1] *Scena Quarta* Q, and so forward to *Scena Undecima* Corrected in F

V 11] No division of scenes in Q or F

2 s d] So Q and F Dyce changed and elaborated the s d's It is, of course, to be understood that Dorothea and Mary stand at one side of the stage during the action of the scene

Dor What would you give now to be there, and I
At home, Mall? 5

Mary Peace, for shame!

Tho In what a figure
The little fool has pull'd itself together!
Anon you will lie straighter Ha! there's rare cir-
cumstance

Belongs to such a treatise Do ye tumble?

I'll tumble 'with ye straight, wench She sleeps
soundly 10

Full little think'st thou of thy joy that's coming,

The sweet, sweet joy! full little of the kisses,

But those unthought-of things come ever happiest

How soft the rogue feels! Oh, ye little villain,

Ye delicate coy thief, how I shall thrum ye! 15

Your "Fie! away, good servant! as ye are a gentle-
man!"

Mary Prithce, leave laughing

Tho "Out upon ye, Thomas!

What do ye mean to do? I'll call the house up!

Oh, God, I am sure ye will not!" shall not serve
ye,

For up ye go now, an ye were my father 20

Mary Your courage will be cool'd anon

Tho If I do hang for't,

Yet I'll be quarter'd here first

Dor Oh, fierce villain!

Mary What would he do indeed, Doll?

Dor You had best try him

Tho I'll kiss thee ere I come to bed, sweet Mary—

Mary Prithce, leave laughing

Dor Oh, for gentle Nicholas! 25

Tho And view that stormy face that has so
thundered me

A coldness crept over't now? By your leave, candle,

11 *thy*] So Q, F, *the* Dyce

16 *ye*] you F

17 *Out upon ye, Thomas*] Q gives this speech to Mary

18 *ye*] you F

21 *cool'd*] *cold* Q Line given to *Maid* in F *If I do hang for't*] *If it do hang for't* Q, *If it do I'll hang for't* F

25 *Oh, for gentle Nicholas*] Dyce queries whether this may be an allusion to the conclusion of Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*

And next, door, by yours too so—Ah, pretty, pretty,
Shall I now look upon ye? By this light, it moves me!

Mary Much good may it do you, sir!

Tho Holy saints defend me! 30
The devil, devil, devil! oh, the devil!

Mary, Dor Ha, ha, ha, ha! The devil! oh, the devil!

Tho I am abus'd most damnedly, most beastly!

Yet, if it be a she-devil—but the house is up,
And here's no staying longer in this cassock— 35

Woman, I here disclaim thee, and, in vengeance,

I'll marry with that devil, but I'll vex thee!

Mary By'r Lady, but you shall not, sir, I'll watch ye

Tho Plague o' your Spanish leather hide! I'll
waken ye [Beats the Moor

Devil, good night! Good night, good devil! 40
Moor Oh!

Tho Roar again, devil, roar again [Exit

Moor Oh, oh, sir!

Mary Open the doors before him, let him vanish

Now, let him come again, I'll use him kinder—

How now, wench?

Moor Pray lie here yourself next, mistress,
And entertain your sweetheart

Mary What said he to thee? 45

Moor I had a soft bed, and I slept out all
But his kind farewell ye may bake me now,
For, o' my conscience, he has made me venison

Mary Alas, poor Kate! I'll give thee a new petticoat

Dor And I a waistcoat, wench

Mary Draw in the bed, maids, 50
And see it made again, put fresh sheets on, too,

For Doll and I—Come, wench, let's laugh an hour now

To-morrow, early, will we see young Cellide,

They say she has taken sanctuary love and hay

Are thick sown, but come up so full of thistles! 55

Dor They must needs, Mall, for 'tis a pricking age
grown

28 *Alk*] *a* all eds to Dyce

31 *The devil, devil, devil*] So F, Seward, Dyce, *devil* four times repeated
in Q, Colman, Weber

39 s d] Added Weber

54 *sanctuary*] *a Sanctuary F love and hay*] *love and they Q d F*,
Seward's alteration

Prithee, to bed, for I am monstrous sleepy

Mary A match, but art not thou thy brother's ?

Dor Would I were, wench !

You should hear further

Mary Come, no more of that, Doll !
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *

Before the same

Enter HYLAS

Hylas I heard the doors clap, now, an't be thy will,
wench——

By th' mass, she comes

Enter, from the house, THOMAS

You are fairly met, fair

gentlewoman

I take it, Mistress Doll, Sebastian's daughter

Tho You take [it] right, sir — [*Aside*] Hylas, are
you ferreting ?

I'll fit you with a penny-worth presently 5

Hylas How dare you walk so late, sweet, so weak
guarded ?

Tho Faith, sir, I do no harm, nor none I look for,
Yet I am glad I have met so good a gentleman,
Against all chances, for though I never knew ye,
Yet I have heard much good spoke of ye

Hylas Haik ye, 10

What if a man should kiss ye ?

Tho That's no harm, sir —
[*Aside*] Pray God he scapes my beard ! there lies the
mischief

58 *Would I would* F

Sc III] Sc II in F, owing to failure to mark the real Sc II, accordingly
each of the four following scenes in F is one below the proper number

2 s d] Inserted Dyce Q and F have *Enter Hylas, and Thomas* at
beginning of scene *fairly met* So Colman, Weber, Dyce, *surely met* Q,
surely met F, Seward

4 *You take [it] right* I take *right* Q, F, altered by Seward Dyce suggests
in a note *Ay, you take right* s d] Added Dyce

6 *late, sweet* late so sweet Q

12 s d] Added Dyce

Hylas [*Kisses him Aside*] Her lips are monstrous
 rugged, but that surely
 Is but the sharpness of the weather—Hark ye once
 more,
 And in your ear, sweet mistress for ye are so,
 And ever shall be from this hour, I have vow'd it 15

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELCT

Seb Why, that's my daughter, rogue, dost thou
 not see her

Kissing that fellow there, there in that corner?

Laun Kissing!

Seb Now, now, now they agree o' th' match too

Tho Nay then, ye love me not

Hylas By this white hand, Doll! 20

Tho I must confess, I have long desir'd your sight,
 sir

Laun Why, there's the boots still, sir

Seb Hang boots, sir!

Why, they'll wear breeches too

Tho Dishonest me!

Not for the world

Seb Why, now they kiss again, there!
 I knew 'twas she, and that her crafty stealing 25
 Out the back way must needs have such a meaning

Laun I am at my small wits' end

Tho If ye mean honourably—

Laun Did she ne'er beat ye before, sir?

Seb Why dost thou follow me?

Thou rascal slave, hast thou not twice abus'd me?
 Hast thou not spoil'd the boy? By thine own
 covenant, 30

Wouldst thou not now be hang'd?

Laun I think I would, sir,
 But you are so impatient! Does not this show, sir,—
 I do beseech ye speak, and speak with judgment,
 And let the case be equally considered—
 Far braver in your daughter? In a son now, 35

13 s d] Added Weber and Dyce

14 once more] once once more F

20 ye] you F

'Tis nothing, of no mark, every man does it,
 But to beget a daughter, a man-maiden,
 That reaches at these high exploits, is admirable,
 Nay, she goes far beyond him, for when durst he,
 But when he was drunk, do any thing to speak of? 40
 This is Sebastian truly

Seb Thou sayest right, Launce,
 And there's my hand once moie

Tho Not without marriage

Seb Didst thou hear that?

Laun I think she spoke of marriage

Seb And he shall marry her—for it seems she likes
 him—

And their first boy shall be my heir

Laun Ay, marry, 45

Now ye go right to work

Tho Fie, fie sir!

Nōw I have promis'd ye this night to marry,
 Would ye be so intemperate? are ye a gentleman?

Hylas [*Aside*] I have no maw to marriage, yet this
 rascal

Tempts me extremely—Will ye marry presently? 50

Tho Get you afore, and stay me at the chapel,
 Close by the nunnery, there you shall find a night-
 priest,

Little Sir Hugh, and he can say the matrimony
 Over without book, for we must have no company,
 Nor light, for fear my father know, which must not
 yet be 55

And then to-morrow night

Hylas Nothing to-night, sweet?

Tho No, not a bit I am sent of business,
 About my dowry, sweet, do not you spoil all now,
 'Tis of much haste I can scarce stay the marriage!
 Now, if you love me, get you gone

Hylas You'll follow? 60

Tho Within this hour, my sweet chick

Hylas Kiss

Tho [*Aside*] A rope kiss ye!—

Come, come, I stand o' thoins

Hylas [*Aside*] Methinks her mouth still
Is monstrous rough, but they have ways to mend it —
Farewell

Tho Farewell — I'll fit ye with a wife, sir [*Exit*
Seb Come, follow close I'll see the end she aims

at,

And if he be a handsome fellow, Launcelot,
Fiat, 'tis done! and all my state is settled [*Exit*

65

SCENE IV

A hall in the Nunnery of St Katherine's

Enter Abbess, CELLIDE, and Nuns

Abbess Come, to your matins, maids — These early
hours,

My gentle daughter, will disturb a while
Your fair eyes, nurtur'd in ease

Cel No, virtuous mother,
'Tis for my holy health, to purchase which
They shall forget the child of ease, soft slumbers
[*Aside*] Oh, my afflicted heart, how thou art tortur'd!

5

And, Love, how like a tyrant thou reign'st in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one instant!

Why came I hither, that desire to have

Only all liberty to make me happy?

10

Why didst thou bring that young man home, oh,
Valentine,

That virtuous youth? why didst thou speak his
goodness

In such a phrase as if all tongues, all praises,
Were made for him? Oh, fond and ignorant,

Why didst thou foster my affection

15

Till it grew up to know no other father,

And then betray it ?

Abbess

Can ye sing ?

Cell

Yes, mothei,—

[*Aside*] My sorrows only

Abbess

Be gone, and to the choir, then

[*Exeunt Music, singing*]

SCENE V

A room in MICHAEL'S house

Enter MICHAEL and Servant, and FRANCISCO

Mich Hast thou inquir'd him out ?

Serv

He's not at home, sir ,

His sister thinks he's gone to th' nunnery

Mich Most likely , I'll away An hour hence,
sirrah,

Come you along with this young gentleman ,

Do him all service, and fair office

Serv

Yes, sir [*Exeunt* 5

SCENE VI

A street

Enter HYLAS and SAM

Sam Where hast thou been, man ?

Hylas

Is there ne'er a shop open ?

I'll give thee a pair of gloves, Sam

Sam

What's the matter ?

Hylas What dost thou think ?

Sam

Thou art not married ?

Hylas By th' mass, but I am, all to-bemarried ,

17 s d] Added Dyce

4 *all to bemarried*] thoroughly married , *to* is the Anglo Saxon intensive prefix None of the editors before Dyce understood the construction Colman emended to *all to being married*, Mason proposed *altogether married*, and Weber *all now as to be married*

I am i' th' order now, Sam

Sam To whom, prithee? 5

I thought there was some such trick in't, you stole
from me

But who, for Heaven sake?

Hylas Ev'n the sweetest woman,
The rarest woman, Samuel, and the lustiest,
But wondrous honest, honest as the ice, boy,
Not a bit beforehand, for my life, sirrah, 10
And of a lusty kindred

Sam But who, Hylas?

Hylas The young gentleman and I are like to be
friends again,
The fates will have it so

Sam Who, Monsieur Thomas?

Hylas All wrongs forgot

Sam Oh, now I smell ye, Hylas!

Does he know of it?

Hylas No, there's the trick I owe him, 15

'Tis done, boy, we are fast, faith my youth now

Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities

Sam Is there no trick in't?

Hylas None, but up and ride, boy
I have made her no jointure, neither, there I have
paid him

Sam She's a brave wench

Hylas She shall be, as I'll use her, 20
And, if she anger me, all his abuses

I'll clap upon her cassock

Sam Take heed, Hylas

Hylas 'Tis past that, Sam Come, I must meet her
presently,

And thou shalt see me a most glorious husband

[*Exeunt*]

6 *some such*] *so much* Weber

7 *Heaven*] *So Q, Heavens F*

19 *her*] *Om F*

24 *thou shalt*] *now shalt Q, F, Dyce*, altered by Seward

SCENE VII

*Before the Nunnery**Enter DOROTHEA, MARY, and VALENTINE**Dor* In troth, sir, you never spoke to me⁶*Val* . . . Can ye forget me?

Did not you promise all your help and curning

In my behalf, but for one hour to see hei?

Did you not swear it? By this hand, no strictness

Nor rule this house holds shall by me be broken 5

Dor I saw ye not these two days*Val* Do not wrong me

I met ye, by my life, just as you enter'd

This gentle lady's lodge, last night, thus suited,

About eleven o'clock

Dor 'Tis true, I was there,

But that I saw or spoke to you

Mary [*Aside to DOROTHEA*] I have found it, 10

You brother Thomas, Doll

Dor Pray, sir, be satisfied,

And wherein I can do you good, command me —

What a mad fool is this! — Stay here a while, sir,

Whilst we walk in and make your peace

Val I thank ye
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VIII

*A hall in the Nunnery**Enter Abbess Squeak within**Abbess* Why, what's the matter there among these
maids?Now, *benedicite*! Have ye got the breeze there?

Give me my holy sprinkle!

VII 10 s d] Added Weber

Sc VIII] No division of scenes indicated in Q or F, changed by Weber

2 breeze] Cf IV v1 29

Enter two Nuns

1 *Nun* Oh, madam, there's a strange thing like a
gentlewoman,
Like Mistress Dorothy, (I think the fiend,) 5
Crept into th' nunnery we know not which way,
Plays revel-rout among us

Abbess Give me my holy-water pot !

1 *Nun* Here, madam

Abbess Spirit of earth or air, I do conjure thee,
Of water, or of fire [Squeak within

1 *Nun* Hark, madam, hark ! 10

Abbess Be thou ghost that cannot rest,
Or a shadow of the blest,
Be thou black, or white, or green,
Be thou heard, or to be seen

Enter THOMAS and CELLIDE

2 *Nun* It comes, it comes !

Cel What are ye ? Speak, speak gently , 15
And next, what would ye with me ?

Tho Anything you'll let me

Cel You are no woman, certain

• *Tho* Nor you no nun, nor shall not be

Cel What make ye here ?

Tho I am a holy friar

Abbess Is this the spirit ?

Tho Nothing but spirit, aunt

Abbess Now out upon thee ! 20

Tho Peace, or I'll conjure too, aunt

Abbess Why come you thus ?

Tho That's all one , here's my purpose
Out with this nun ! she is too handsome for ye
I'll tell thee, aunt, and I speak it with tears to thee,
If thou keep'st her here, as yet I hope thou art
wiser,

Mark but the mischief follows

25

Abdess She is a votress

Tho Let her be what she will, she will undo thee
Let her but one hour out, as I direct ye,
Or have among you nuns again !

Abdess You have no project
But fair and honest ?

Tho As thine eyes, sweet abbess 30

Abdess I will be rul'd then

Tho Thus, then, and persuade her—[*Whispers*
But do not juggle with me, if ye do, aunt—

Abdess I must be there myself

Tho Away, and fit her

Abdess Come, daughter, you must now be rul'd,
or never

Cel I must obey your will

Abdess That's my good daughter [*Exeunt* 35

SCENE IX

A street

Enter DOROTHEA and MARY

Mary What a coil has this fellow kept i' th'
nunnery !

Sure, he has run the abbess out of her wits

Dor Out of the nunnery, I think, for we can
neither see her,

Nor the young Cellide

Mary Pray Heavens he be not teasing !

Dor Nay, you may thank yourself, 'twas your own
structures

5

Enter HYLAS and SAM

Sam Why, there 's the gentlewoman

Hylas Mass, 'tis she indeed

26 *She is a votress*] *She's but a votress* Weber, for some unaccountable
reason

31 s d] Added Dyce

Sc IX] Sc vii in F

How smart the pretty thief looks !—'Morrow, mistress !

Dor Good morrow to you, sir !

Sam How strange she bears it !

Hylas Maids must do so at first

Dor Would ye aught with us, gentlemen ?

Hylas Yes, marry, would I, 10

A little with your ladyship

Dor Your will, sir ?

Hylas Doll, I would have ye presently prepare
Yourself and those things you would have with you,
For my house is ready

Dor How, sir !

Hylas And this night, not to fail, you must come
to me, 15

My friends will all be there too For trunks, and those
things,

And household-stuff, and clothes, you would have
carried,

To-morrow or the next day I'll take order,
Only what money you have, bring away with ye,
And jewels

Dor Jewels, sir !

Hylas Ay, for adornment 20

There's a bed up to play the game in, Dorothy
And now, come kiss me heartily

Dor Who are you ?

Hylas This lady shall be welcome, too

Mary To what, sir ?

Hylas Your neighbour can resolve ye

Dor The man's foolish

Sir, you look soberly who is this fellow, 25
And where's his business ?

Sam By Heaven, thou art abus'd still !

Hylas It may be so—Come, ye may speak now
boldly

There's none but friends, wench

Dor Came ye out of Bedlam ?—

Alas, 'tis ill, sir, that ye suffer him

To walk in th' open air thus ! 'twill undo him 30

A pretty handsome gentleman great pity !

9 *strange*] "i.e. coy reserved, distant"—Dyce

13 *Yourself*] Part of preceding line in Q and F

Sam Let me not live more, if thou be'st not cozen'd

Hylas Are not you my wife? Did not I marry you
last night

At St Michael's chapel?

Dor Did not I say he was mad?

Hylas Are not you Mistress Dorothy, Thomas'
sister?

Mary There he speaks sense, but I'll assure ye,
gentleman, 35

I think no wife of yours At what hour was it?

Hylas 'Sprecious, you'll make me mad! Did not
the priest,

Sir Hugh, that you appointed, about twelve o'clock,
Tie our hands fast? Did not you swear you lov'd me? 40
Did not I court ye, coming from this gentlewoman's?

Mary Good sir, go sleep, for, if I credit have,
She was in my arms then abed

Sam I told ye

Hylas Be not so confident

Dor By th' mass, she must, sir,
For I'll no husband here, before I know him 45
And so good morrow to ye — Come, let's go seek 'em

[*Exit with MARY*]

Sam I told ye what ye had done

Hylas Is the devil stirring?
Well, go with me, for now I will be married [*Exeunt*

SCENE X

A room in VALENTINE'S house

Enter MICHAEL, VALENTINE, and ALICE

Mich I have brought him back again

Val You have done a friendship
Worthy the love you bear me

Mich Would he had so too!

Val Oh, he's a worthy young man!

Mich When all's tried,
I fear you'll change your faith — Bring in the gentleman

*Enter FRANCISCO and Servant, Abbess and
CELLIDE, severally*

Val [*Aside*] My happy mistress too! Now,
Fortune, help me! 5
And all you stars that govern chaste desires,
Shine fair, and lovely!

Abbess But one hour, dear daughter,
To hear your guardian, what he can deliver
In love's defence and his, and then your pleasure

Cel Though much unwilling, you have made me
yield,— 10

[*Aside*] More for his sake I see how full of sorrow,
Sweet catching sorrow, he appears! Oh, Love,
That thou but knew'st to heal, as well as hurt us!

Mich Be rul'd by me I see her eye fast on him
And what ye heard believe, for 'tis so certain 15
He neither dare nor must oppose my evidence
And be you wise, young lady, and believe too —
This man you love, sir?

Val As I love my soul, sir

Mich This man you put into a free possession
Of what his wants could ask, or yourself render? 20

Val And shall do still

Mich Nothing was barr'd his liberty
But this fair maid that friendship first was broken,
And you and she abus'd, next, (to my sorrow
So fair a form should hide so dark intentions,) 25
He hath himself confess'd (my purpose being
Only to stop his journey, by that policy
Of laying felony to his charge, to fright the sailors)
Divers abuses done, thefts often practis'd,
Moneys and jewels too, and those no trifles

Cel Oh, where have I bestow'd my faith? in neither— 30
Let's in for ever now—there is virtue

5 s d] Added Dyce

11 s d] Added Weber *More for his sake I see* "i.e. for the sake of
Francisco, whom she then perceives"—Weber

16 *dare*] *dar'd* Q, F, and eds. to Dyce

30 *bestow'd*] *bestrew'd* Q and F

Mich Nay, do not wonder at it, he shall say it —
Are ye not guilty thus?

Fran Yes — Oh, my fortune!

Mich To give a proof I speak not enviously,
Look here — do you know these jewels?

Cel In, good mother! 35

Val These jewels I have known

*Enter THOMAS, DOROTHEA, and MARY, then
SEBASTIAN and LAUNCELOT*

Dor You have made brave sport!

Tho I'll make more, if I live, wench
Nay, do not look on me, I care not for ye

Laun Do you see now plain? that's Mistress
Dorothy,

And that's his mistress

Seb Peace, let my joy work easily — 40

Ha, boy! art there, my boy? mine own boy, Tom,
boy! —

Home, Launce, and strike a fresh piece of wine, the
town's ours! —

Val Sure, I have known these jewels

Alice They are they, certain

Val Good Heaven, that they were!

Alice I'll pawn my life on't,

And this is he — Come hither, Mistress Dorothy, 45

And Mistress Mary — who does that face look like?

And view my brother well

Dor In truth, like him

Mary Upon my troth, exceeding like

Mich Beshrew me,

But much and main resemblance, both of face

And lineaments of body — now Heaven grant it! 50

Alice My brother's full of passion — I'll speak to
him —

Now, as you are a gentleman, resolve me

Where did you get these jewels?

Fran Now I'll tell ye,

Because blind Fortune yet may make me happy

42 *strike a fresh piece*] broach a fresh cask

51 *passion*] sorrow — Weber, better, violent agitation of mind — Duce

Of whom I had 'em I have never heard yet, 55
 But, from my infancy, upon this arm
 I ever wore 'em

Alice 'Tis Francisco, brother,
 By Heaven I tied 'em on!—A little more, sir,
 A little, little more, what parents have ye?

Fran None, that I know yet, the more my stubborn 60
 fortune,
 But, as I heard a merchant say that bred me,
 Who, to my more affliction, died a poor man,
 When I reach'd eighteen years

Alice What said that merchant?

Fran He said an infant in the Genoa galleys,
 (But from what place he never could direct me,) 65

I was taken in a sea-fight, and from a mariner,
 Out of his manly pity, he redeem'd me,
 He told me of a nurse that waited on me,
 But she, poor soul, he said, was killed
 A letter, too, I had enclos'd within me, 70

To one Castiuccio, a Venetian merchant,
 To bring me up the man, when years allow'd me,
 And want of friends compell'd, I sought, but found him
 Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him
 The wars was my retreat then, and my travel, 75
 In which I found this gentleman's free bounty,
 For which Heaven recompense him! Now ye have all

Val And all the worldly bliss that Heaven can
 send me,

And all my prayers and thanks!

Alice Down o' your knees, sir,
 For now you have found a father, and that father 80
 That will not venture ye again in galleys

Mich 'Tis true, believe her, sir, and we all joy
 with ye

Val My best friend still, my dearest! now, Heaven
 bless thee,

And make me worthy of this benefit!—
 Now, my best mistress

60 *None that I know*] Q, F and other eds print thus—

“*Fran* None,
 That I know yet,” etc

77 *recompense*] *recompenc'd* Q and F

Cel Now, sir, I come to ye—— 85
Abdess No, no, let's in, wench
Cel Not for the world, now, mother —
 And thus, sir, all my service I pay to you,
 And all my love to him
Val And may it prosper! —
 Take her, Francisco, now no more young Callidon,
 And love her dearly, for thy father does so 90
Fran May all hate seek me else! and thus I seal it
 ' [*Kisses her*
Val Nothing but mirth now, friends

Enter HYLAS and SAM

Hylas Nay, I will find him
Sam What do all these here?
Tho You are a trusty husband,
 And a hot lover too
Hylas Nay then, good morrow,
 Now I perceive the knavery
Sam I still told ye! 95
Tho Stay, or I'll make ye stay — Come hither, sister
Val Why, how now, Mistress Thomas?
Tho Peace a little —
 Thou wouldst fain have a wife?
Hylas Not I, by no means
Tho Thou shalt have a wife, and a fruitful wife, for
 I find, Hylas,
 That I shall never be able to bring thee children 100
Seb A notable brave boy! 'nown son again!
Hylas I am very well, sir
Tho Thou shalt be better

89 *young Callidon*] see Introduction, Mason suggested that the youth's travelling name was Francisco Callidon'

91 s d] Added Weber

97 *Mistress Thomas*] Alluding, of course, to the woman's clothes still worn by Thomas

99 *Thou shalt have*, etc] So printed as single line in Q and F Colman, followed by Weber and Dyce, thus—

"Thou shalt have a wife,
 And a fruitful wife, for I find, Hylas"

101 *'nown son again*] Q prints thus

"*Seb* A notable brave boy

'nown son agen'

F omits last three words

Hylas, thou hast seven hundred pound a year,
And thou shalt make her three hundred jointure

Hylas No

Tho Thou shalt, boy, and shalt bestow 105
Two hundred pounds in clothes Look on her,
A delicate lusty wench, she has fifteen hundred,
And feasible strike hands, or I'll strike first

Dor You'll let me-like?

Mary He's a good handsome fellow,
Play not the fool

Tho Strike, brother Hylas, quickly 110

Hylas If you can love me well

Dor If you can please me

Tho Try that out soon, I say, my brother Hylas

Sam Take her, and use her well, she's a brave
gentlewoman

Hylas You must allow me another mistress

Dor Then you must allow me another servant 115

Hylas Well, let's together then a lusty kindred!

Seb I'll give thee five hundred pound more for that
word

Mary Now, sir, for you and I to take the feast
full

Tho No, not a bit, you are a virtuous lady,
And love to live in contemplation 120

Mary Come, fool, I am friends now

Tho The fool shall not ride ye
There lie, my woman! [*Throws off his female attire*]

Now my man again!

And now for travel once more!

Seb I'll bail that first

Mary And I next

Tho Hold yourself contented, for I say I will
travel, 125

And so long I will travel, till I find a father
That I never knew, and a wife that I never look'd for,
And a state without expectation
So rest you merry, gentlemen!

Mary You shall not
Upon my faith, I love you now extremely, 130
And now I'll kiss ye

Tho This will not do it, mistress

Mary Why, when we are married, we'll do more

Seb There's all, boy

The keys of all I have Come, let's be merry ,

For now I see thou art right

Tho Shall we to church straight ?

Val Now, presently , and there with nuptial 135

The holy priest shall make ye happy all

Tho Away then, fair afore ! [Exeunt

THE CHANCES

EDITED BY E K CHAMBERS

In the Folios 1647, 1679, the Prologue and Epilogue also in B aumont's
Poems (1653)

THE CHANCES

TEXT —The basis of the text is F1, all changes introduced either in F2 or in later editions have been recorded, if they are of the slightest importance, together with many which obviously are not. The copy of F1 which I have used is that in the British Museum (C 39, k 5), formerly belonging to Thomas Birch, and with a useful conjecture, presumably by him, on I i 38. The copies of F1 do not appear to be quite uniform, cf. note to I vi 33. The orthography and punctuation are mainly Dyce's, and the latter does not exactly represent either the original text or modern usage. I have systematically restored *ye* where he substituted *you*. On the other hand I have allowed *'has* to replace the *has* (for *he has*) of the Ff. The stage-directions are mainly those of F1, or in a few cases F2, some convenient additions have been placed in square brackets.

AUTHORSHIP —Scholars are unanimous in regarding the play as practically the unaided work of Fletcher. Mr G. C. Macaulay (*Cambridge History of English Literature*, vi 140) thinks that it is "probably touched here and there by another hand, e.g. in Act I sc. 11, Act II sc. 11." I indicate below reasons for supposing that another hand has been at work on III 1. The Prologue and Epilogue are, of course, not Fletcher's. The attribution of the play to 'Will Shakespear' in the catalogue of plays attached by Edward Archer to his 1656 edition of *The Old Law* (W. W. Greg *List of Masques*, iv) is wholly devoid of importance.

DATE —This has recently been the subject of a discussion, in which Prof. J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, Mr G. C. Macaulay, and the present writer took part, in *The Modern Language Review* iv 512, v 112, 210. It is clear that the Prologue, with its references to Fletcher as no longer 'living,' belongs to a production after his death on 29 August 1625. I assign this production to the spring of 1627, on the ground of the allusions in III 1 5-9 to the power of the Duke of Lorraine and to the breaking loose of the Pope's bulls and the hating of them in England. These seem to have no point, other than in their contemporary topical interest to an English audience. I take the insertion of them to have been due to the issue in 1627 of Henry Burton's *The Baiting of the Pope's Bull*, a tract motivated by Urban VIII's *breve* of the previous year against the oath of allegiance and to the mission in the same spring of Walter Montagu to the Duke of Lorraine for help in the war contemplated by Charles I against France. The papal allusion, at least, would not have been apposite, in view of the friendly relations between the English court and the Vatican, at any date between 1613 and 1625. Earlier than 1613 the play cannot be, in view of its dependence upon *La Señora Cornelia*, or earlier than 1615, if, as it is now the tendency to hold, Fletcher only used the *Novelas exemplares* in Rosset and L'Audiguier's French translation of 1615. One must, however, face the possibility of the production of 1627 having been no more than a revival. Mr Macaulay thinks that this was not so, partly because he sees (more strongly than I do) internal evidence in the Prologue that it belongs to a first production, partly because the style of the play seems to him like that of Fletcher's latest comedies. Here his opinion, confirmed by that of Mr Bullen (*DNB*), must carry weight, nor is there complete conviction in the argument of Mr Oliphant (*Englische Studien*, xv 355) that the absence

of any mention of the play by Sir Henry Herbert points to a date before 1622, since it is by no means clear that Malone's extracts from Herbert's papers are exhaustive. At the same time it must be admitted that, if Herbert had recorded a production of *The Chances*, it would have been odd of Malone to omit it from his account of the similar notes relating to Fletcher's plays in the *Variorum Shakespeare* (1821), iii 226. It is perhaps worth pointing out that, while professing to give a list of eleven plays, he, in fact, names only ten, conceivably the missing eleventh may be *The Chances*. I find that Prof Thorndike (*The Influence of Beaumont and Fletcher upon Shakespeare*, 92) dates the play "1615?" while Prof Schelling (*Elizabethan Drama*, ii 207) more boldly says that it was "certainly acted by 1615." I believe this chronology to be merely another illustration of the persistent hypnotism exercised upon historians of the drama by the ill-considered guesses of Mr Fleay. Having failed to find a date for the play in 1874 (*New Sh Soc Trans* 1874, 52) and 1876 (*Shakespeare's Manual*, 152), and having assigned its production in 1886 (*Englische Studien*, i 23) to 1625-6, he reverted at greater length to the subject in 1891 (*Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama*, i 199). After suggesting that

'Dost thou think
The devil such an ass as people make him

furnished a title to Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass* of 1616, and calling attention to the Folio version of the stage-direction to III ii 27, 'Enter Rowl, with Wine,' he concludes, "I have very little doubt that it was written for Prince Charles' men 1615, and I think it likely that it was the play, *A Vow and a Good One*, acted by them before the Prince, 1623, Jan 6. Compare i 10, the Duke's vow, with v 3, the final line." It is amusing to observe that in the same work (ii 98) Mr Fleay also identified the *A Vow and a Good One* mentioned in Herbert's manuscripts (*Variorum*, iii 147) with Middleton and Rowley's *A Fair Quarrel*. So many seventeenth century plays have vows in them that the process might be repeated *ad libitum*. As far as I can see, Mr Fleay was really led to the date 1615 by the rather absurd notion that Jonson must have borrowed his title from a casual phrase in the play, obviously any borrowing may very well have been in the other direction. Having arrived at 1615, Mr Fleay assigned *The Chances* to Prince Charles' men, because he identified, as he states, the 'Rowl' of the stage-direction with William Rowley, who was then one of those men. Even, however, if this identification were justified, no inferences in favour of the company could be based upon it, since Rowley, although technically a Prince's servant until 1625, was playing with the King's men by 1623, when he appears in the actor list of their *The Maid in the Mill*, of which he was part author, and remained with them until 1625, or later (J. T. Murray, *English Dramatic Companies*, i 172). But it must be very doubtful whether Rowl is William Rowley. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr Fleay that one who was already a leading actor in 1615 was not likely to take the mute part of a servant, nor did he apparently know that the expansion of the name, not into Rowley but into Rowland, with which he upbraids Dyce, comes from the 1711 Quarto of the plays. No doubt the authority of this Quarto is almost negligible. But it so happens that there was an actor Rowland who appeared amongst the King's men in Massinger's *Believe as You List* of 1631 (Murray *ut supra*), and if, as may well be the case, Rowl represents the name, not of a personage but of an actor, it is not unlikely to have been this Rowland. There is, therefore, no evidence either that *The Chances* was produced in Fletcher's lifetime, or that it ever belonged to a company other than the King's men, whether the Prince's, or, as suggested by Mr Oliphant, the Children of the Revels or the Lady Elizabeth's, for whom, regardless of

La Señora Cornelia, he thinks that it may have been written about 1609-10, or about 1614. All that is certainly known as to the property in the play is, that it belonged to the King's men in 1641 (*Malone Society Collections*, i 368), but this does not exclude the possibility that it may have passed to them from another company.

ARGUMENT —Dons John and Frederick, two Spanish students at Bologna, lodge in the house of Dame Gillian, whom they treat with much impudence, and spend most of their time wenching. A report has reached them of a rare beauty, of whom they can get no sight. Having arranged a meeting place one night, each has an adventure. A woman at a house door, puts into John's arms a bundle, which discloses a child. Frederick falls in with a veiled lady, who implores his protection. She is, in fact, Constantia, eloping with the Duke of Ferrara. Her brother Petruccio, having intelligence of her intrigue, is lying in wait with his friend Antonio to slay the duke. Each Spaniard takes his prize home. John gives the child to his landlady, whose suspicion he incurs, and goes out again to seek Frederick. Frederick brings in the lady secretly, and at her entreaty sallies forth to see if he can find and succour a man hard beset. It is, however, John who rescues the duke from Petruccio's party, and wounds Antonio. The friends then meet, exchange adventures, and return home, where John is made known to the lady. Then comes Petruccio with a letter of introduction to John, to whom he imparts the duke's seduction of his sister Constantia, and begs his company to challenge him at a neighbouring castle. The friends thus guess the identity of the lady, who was indeed the beauty of their fruitless search. They both ride with Petruccio, but when they meet the duke, he professes marriage, and a reconciliation follows. On their return to Bologna, they find Constantia fled, with Gillian and the child, which is Constantia's own. They are, in fact, in hiding with Peter Vecchio, Gillian's kinsman and a wizard, it is Gillian's revenge for the chaff to which the Spaniards have subjected her. Frederick suspects John, who must clear himself. There is a false scent, which only leads to a second Constantia, Antonio's light of love, who has run off with the fiddler Francisco. At last Vecchio is consulted professionally, and after doing some devil raising, has little trouble in producing the fugitives. Antonio, too, by a similar method, recovers his Constantia, and saves her from a whipping.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT —Gerard Langbaine, *Account of English Dramatic Poets* (1691), 207, found the story in *La Señora Cornelia*, which is the fourth Novel of the second Volume of Cervantes' *Novelas ejemplares* (1613). The following is Weber's summary, as revised by Dyce. Don Antonio de Ysunca, and Don Juan de Gamboa, two gentlemen of high rank, and of the same age, had left Salamanca to distinguish themselves in the wars of the Netherlands, but by the earnest persuasion of their parents they proceeded to Bologna, where they resumed their studies, and where their accomplishments procured them a good reception. In that city the lady most celebrated for her beauty was Cornelia Bentivoglio, and it became a favourite object with the two companions to obtain a sight of her, which her retired life rendered a matter of great difficulty. Juan one night declared his intention to his friend of going his usual rounds, nor would he accept of Antonio's offer to accompany him. When Juan was about to return home, he heard the door of a house opened, and a voice asking him whether he was Fabio? Upon his answering in the affirmative, a bundle was given to him, which he found so heavy that he forced to employ both his hands. The door was then shut, and while he was ruminating how to act, he heard the crying of an infant in the bundle. Having carried it to the old woman with whom he and his companion lodged, he ordered her to procure a nurse, and instead of the valuable cloth in which

it was wrapped, to dress it in others more humble," in order to prevent discovery. He then returned to the house where he had received it, and on his approach heard the clashing of swords, and found a single gentleman oppressed by a number of opponents. He immediately flew to his succour, but at the same time the gentleman was struck to the ground. Juan assaulted his enemies furiously, and the neighbours collecting to assist him, they were forced to fly. In the scuffle Juan had lost his bonnet, and finding another, he put it on without considering whether it was his own or not. He inquired of the gentleman if he had been wounded, and was answered that God and a good breast plate had preserved him. At the same time appeared eight friends of the gentleman, who then begged Juan, after inquiring his name, to depart, and missing his bonnet, and finding that Juan wore it, insisted upon his retaining it as a mark whereby he should recognise his benefactor. Juan returning, met his friend Antonio, who informed him, that having gone in search of him, he had encountered a female who had requested his protection, and that he had conveyed her to their lodgings. She had fainted, and on lifting her veil to revive her, he had discovered a face of extreme beauty. Upon her recovery she had prayed him to return to the street where he had met her, and if he found any one assaulted by enemies, to succour him. Juan then related his own adventures, and they proceeded homewards, Antonio telling his friend that the lady had entreated that no one but himself might behold her. When they entered the house, they found that the bonnet which Juan had received from the gentleman was a most superb one, ornamented with a diamond of great value. Antonio went into the chamber of the lady, and Juan could not restrain himself from peeping in. The lady seeing the glitter of the diamond, addressed him by the title of Duke, and said to Antonio that she knew the Duke of Ferrara by his hat. Juan then entered at her desire, and stated the circumstances under which he had obtained the hat. During his narration the old woman passed by the room with the infant, which induced the lady to inquire concerning it, and upon beholding it, she found that it was her own. At the request of the two friends she related her history, informing them that she was Cornelia, the sister of Lorenzo Bentivoglio, by whom she had been carefully educated, that she and Alfonso de Este, Duke of Ferrara, having accidentally met, a mutual attachment followed, and that at last, on the promise of marriage, the duke accomplished his wishes, excusing however the immediate fulfilment of that promise on account of several difficulties which stood in the way, that she soon discovered the effects of their intercourse, and acquainted the duke with the danger of her situation, that he promised to convey her privately to Ferrara, and there to espouse her publicly, but that on the very night fixed for her escape she perceived her brother and some others in complete armour, which, as she guessed the cause, filled her with dismay, and brought on a premature delivery, that she caused the child to be given to a faithful servant, and afterwards herself escaped from the house. Having finished the relation, she threw herself on the bed in despair, but was at last comforted by assurances of protection and service from the two Spaniards.

In the morning they visited the lady, when one of their pages entered with the news that Lorenzo Bentivoglio was below, inquiring for Juan. Upon this, Cornelia, in great distress, renewed her request of protection and secrecy, and received the strongest assurances from Juan. He and his friend armed themselves, and the three pages were also furnished with weapons. Juan found Lorenzo below, who, taking him into a church opposite, informed him that his sister had been seduced and carried off by the Duke of Ferrara, under promise of marriage, which from the superior wealth and station of the duke he believed would never be performed. He then requested Juan to accompany him to Ferrara, believing that one Spaniard was as good a guard as the whole army of Xerxes. The reason why he chose a stranger, was to prevent the inter-

cession and anxiety of friends Juan immediately accepted the proposal, and begged permission to acquaint his companion with the matter, to which Lorenzo consented. Juan then returned to his lodgings, where he made known to Cornelia and Antonio the result of the interview, and quieted the fears of the former, pointing out to her the necessity of learning the real intentions of the duke.

Having recommended Cornelia to the care of the old woman, Juan joined Lorenzo, and they began their journey to Ferrara. Antonio followed them in disguise, that he might succour his friend in case of necessity. He had scarcely left Cornelia when the old dame entered, and filled her mind with apprehensions of her brother having purposely drawn off her protectors, in order to seize her. She persuaded her to go with her to the curate of a neighbouring village, whom she had formerly served, and whose secrecy and fidelity could be depended on.

Meanwhile Lorenzo and Juan were proceeding to Ferrara and hearing that the duke was still at Bologna, they left the by paths, which they had hitherto kept, and took the high road, in expectation of meeting him on his return to Ferrara. They soon beheld a company on horse back, and Lorenzo requested Juan to await their approach, and discover whether the duke was among them, while he himself rode apart. When the troop came up, the duke recognised his preserver by his hat, and they both dismounted from their horses. Lorenzo, imagining that his second was attacked, rode back to him, and found him in the embraces of the duke. The latter recognised the brother of his mistress, and went aside with Juan, who asked his intentions respecting Cornelia. The duke answered that he had designed to take her to Ferrara, there publicly to espouse her, but that both she and the child had disappeared, and that he was more perplexed as his mother intended, on his return, to marry him to the daughter of the Duke of Mantua. Upon this, Lorenzo, having advanced at a signal from Juan, was embraced and saluted by the duke with the name of brother, and learning from Juan the intentions of the duke, he threw himself at his feet, and thanked him for the honour of the purposed alliance. The two reconciled friends then resolved to search for Cornelia and her child, when Antonio came up, and having been made known to the duke, informed him, at the desire of his comrade, that Cornelia and her child were safe in their lodgings.

They now determined to return to Bologna, and Antonio went before to apprise Cornelia of the reconciliation and approach of her brother and the duke, but to his astonishment he learned that she, as well as the old dame, were missing. When the others arrived with the joyful expectation of beholding the objects of their affection, they found Antonio in the utmost despair. Suddenly one of the pages came in, and informed them that his fellow, Santistevan, had a lady locked within his chamber. Antonio immediately flew up to the room, which he found secured. He knocked, and called upon Cornelia to open the door, as her brother and the duke were reconciled and arrived. But a strange voice answered, "Why do you jeer me? I am truly not so ugly that dukes and counts might not look for me, but I deserve this treatment for being the companion of pages." Upon this, Santistevan appeared, and throwing himself at the feet of Antonio, implored him not to mention the circumstance to his master Juan. He then informed him that the courtesan's name was also Cornelia. Lorenzo hearing this, asked, "Where is Cornelia?" and he and the duke rushed up and repeated the question. The courtesan replied, "Here is Cornelia," and inquired whether it was so wonderful a thing that a woman should cohabit with a roguish page. Lorenzo tore off her veil, and discovered a girl of considerable beauty. The duke began to suspect the truth of the two Spaniards, and hurried out of the house. Juan and Antonio resolved to search for the lady in every part of the country.

The duke, having set out on his return, came accidentally to the village curate, with whom Cornelia was concealed. She overheard the announcement of his arrival, but restrained herself from bursting into his apartment, and requested the priest to make him acquainted with her being in the house. By his advice the infant was decorated with all the jewels which the duke had given her, and the curate presented it to him, saying that it had been brought from Bologna, and placed in his charge by a lady of extreme beauty, accompanied by an old confidante. Cornelia now entered, and the duke recognising her, was nearly overcome by his feelings. He dispatched one of his followers to Bologna, who, in three days, returned with Lorenzo and the two Spaniards. The duke pretended to them, that as Cornelia was not to be found, he had determined to fulfil another promise of marriage which he had given to a peasant girl in the village, and, seeing the rage of Lorenzo and the two friends, he said that her extreme beauty would soon induce them to applaud his breach of faith to Cornelia. When he had left the room, Juan swore that the duke's life should pay for his unfaithfulness, and Lorenzo and Antonio declared themselves of the same resolution, but their anger was soon allayed when they beheld Cornelia brought in by the duke, with the old woman and the nurse. The two lovers were secretly married by the curate, but the speedy death of the duke's mother soon enabled him to declare Cornelia his duchess.

E Koppel, *Quellen Studien zu den Dramen Ben Jonson's, John Marston's und Beaumont und Fletcher's* (1895), 92, compares Fletcher's handling of the theme with that of Cervantes, and calls attention to the debt of the character of Dame Gillian to that of Juliet's nurse, cf. note on III. 1. 78.

STAGE HISTORY — *The Chances* was revived by the King's men at Drury Lane, between 1663 and 1682 (J. Downes, *Roscius Anglicanus*, 8). "A droll taken from it and called *The Landlady*, which was acted during the suppression of the theatre, is in Kirkman's collection, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, p. 140. In 1682 an alteration of this comedy by the celebrated Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was brought out at the theatre in Dorset Gardens for the two last acts of the original his grace substituted two from his own pen, which though written in very indifferent prose, and grossly indelicate, are by no means destitute of humour, and heighten perhaps the interest of the catastrophe. In 1773 Garrick produced at Drury Lane Theatre another alteration of *The Chances*, which was little more than Buckingham's alteration rendered more decent, and—considerably more dull. In 1821 *Don John, or The Two Violettas, a musical drama in three acts, founded on Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of The Chances*, was played at Covent-Garden Theatre"—Dyce.

THE SONG OF JOHN DORRIE — This song is named in III. ii. 29, and in a related stage-direction, but is not given in the text. Weber printed it from Thomas Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia* (1609), as follows—

As it fell on a holy day,
And upon an holy tide a
John Dory bought him an amoling nag,
To Paris for to ride a

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the gate a,
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted
To let him in thereat a

The first man that John Dory did meet
Was good King John of France a,
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell down in a trance a

A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
 For my merie men and for me a
 And all the churles in merie England,
 He bring them all bound to thee a

And Nicholl was then a Cornish man,
 A little beside Bohide a
 And he mande forth a good blacke barle,
 With fiftie good oares on a side a

Run up, my boy, unto the maine top,
 And looke what thou canst spie a
 Who ho! who ho! a goodly ship I do see,
 I trow it be John Dory a

They hoist their sailes, both top and top,
 The meisseine and all was tride a,
 And every man stood to his lot,
 Whatever should betide a

The roring cannons then were plide
 And dub a dub went the drumme a
 The braying trumpets lowd they cride
 To courage both all and some a

The grappling hooks were brought at length
 The browne bill and the sword a
 John Dory at length, for all his strength
 Was clapt fast under board a

Weber states that it is mentioned as 'an old three man's song' by R. Carew, *The Survey of Cornwall* (1602)

PROLOGUE

APTNESS^{*} for mirth to all ! This instant night
 Thalia hath prepared, for your delight, . . .
 Her choice and curious viands, in each part
 Season'd with rarities of wit and art
 Nor fear I to be tax'd for a vain boast , 5
 My promise will find credit with the most,
 When they know ingenuous Fletcher made it, he
 Being in himself a perfect comedy ,
 And some sit here, I doubt not dare aver
 Living he made that house a theatre 10
 Which he pleased to frequent and thus much we
 Could not but pay to his loved memory
 For ourselves, we do entreat that you would not
 Expect strange turns and windings in the plot,
 Objects of state, and now and then a rhyme, 15
 To gall particular persons, with the time ,
 Or that his towering Muse hath made her flight
 Nearer your apprehension than your sight ,
 But, if that sweet expressions, quick conceit,
 Familiar language, fashion'd to the weight 20
 Of such as speak it, have the power to raise
 Your grace to us, with trophies to his praise ,
 We may profess, presuming on his skill,
 If his CHANCES please not you, our fortune's ill

PROLOGUE] Printed by Ff at end of Act V, immediately before the Epilogue

4 and] F2 as 1653, F1

7 *ingenious*] F1 *ingenio* is 1653, F2 "The words were formerly synonymous"—Dyce

12 *pay*] Ff *play* 1653

12 *loved*] Dyce *loud* 1653, Ff

19 *expressions*] Ff *expression* 1653

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE of Ferrara	
PETRUCHIO, Governor of Bologna	
DON JOHN	{ two Spanish Gentlemen
DON FREDERICK	
	{ and Comrades
ANTONIO, an old stout Gentleman, kinsman to PETRUCHIO	
Three Gentlemen, friends to the Duke	
Two Gentlemen, friends to PETRU CHIO	
FRANCISCO, a Musician, ANTONIO'S Boy	
PETER VECCHIO, a teacher of Latin and Music, a reputed Wizard	
	PETER and { two Servants to ANTHONY { DON JOHN and FREDERICK
	A Surgeon
	WOMEN
	CONSTANCIA, Sister to PETRUCHIO, and Mistress to the Duke
	Gentlewoman, Servant to Constancia
	[GILLIAN an] Old Gentlewoman, Landlady to Don John and Frederick
	CONSTANCIA, a Whore to old An tonio
	Bawd

The Scene —Bologna

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] Omitted by F1 *Persons Represented in the Play* F2
[Francisco] Weber adds *Rowland* as another servant to Antonio, but on this,
see Introduction

Constancia] spelt *Constantia* in the text

Gillian] She always appears as Landlady in the speech prefixes, but her
name is furnished by V in 120-138

The Scene —Bologna] Omitted by F1 *Scene*—Bologna and the adjacent
country Weber

SCENE I

A room in the house of GILLIAN

Peter I would we were removed from this town,
Anthony,

That we might taste some quiet ! for mine own part,
I'm almost melted with continual trotting
After inquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom or where Serve wenching
 soldiers.

That know no other paradise but plackets?

I'll serve a priest in Lent first, and eat bell-ropes

Anth Thou art the froward'st fool—

Peter Why, good tame Anthony,

Tell me but this, to what end came we hither?

Anth To wait upon our masters

Peter But how, Anthony? 10

Answer me that , resolve me there, good Anthony

Anth To serve their uses

Peter Shew your uses, Anthony

The Chances, A Comedy] F2 *The Chances* Fi

ACT I Sc I] The play is divided into acts and scenes throughout in the Ff

Gillian] The notes of locality throughout the play were added by

6 kn | F1 knows F2

plackets] Primarily an opening in a woman's skirt, and by derivation a woman, generally with an improper suggestion

II *resolve*] "satisfy, inform"—Dyce

Anth To be employ'd in any thing

Peter

No, Anthony,

Not any thing, I take it, nor that thing

We travel to discover, like new islands

15

A salt itch serve such uses! In things of moment,

Concerning things, I grant ye, not things errant,

Sweet ladies' things, and things to thank the surgeon,

In no such things, sweet Anthony Put case

Anth Come, come,

20

All will be mended, this invisible woman,

Of infinite report for shape and virtue,

That bred us all this trouble to no purpose,

They are determined now no more to think on,

But fall close to their studies

Peter

Was there ever

25

Men known to run mad with report before?

Or wander after that they know not where

To find? or, if found, how to enjoy? Are men's brains

Made now-a-days of malt, that their affections

Are never sober, but, like drunken people,

30

Founder at every new fame? I do believe, too,

That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men

Are ever loving

Anth

Prishee, be thou sober,

And know that they are none of those, not guilty

Of the least vanity of love, only a doubt

35

Fame might too far report, or rather flatter

The graces of this woman, made them curious

To find the truth, which since they find so bolted

And lock'd up from their searches, they are now settled

To give the wonder over

Peter

Would they were settled

40

To give me some new shoes too! for I'll be sworn

These are e'en worn out to the reasonable souls

In their good worships' business and some sleep

Would not do much amiss, unless they mean

To make a bellman on me And what now

45

27 wander] Dyce wonder Ff

that] F1 Omitted by F2

38 bolted] Burch's conjecture blotted F1 blocked F2

40 over] F2 ever F1

42 souls] soles Dyce A pun is of course intended

45 on] of Colman

Mean they to study, Anthony? moral philosophy,
After their mar-all women?

Anth Mar a fool's head!

Peter 'T will mar two fools' heads, and they take not
heed,
Besides the giblets to 'em

Anth Will you walk, sir,
And talk more out of hearing? your fool's head. 50
May chance to find a wooden nightcap else

Peter I never lay in any

Enter DON JOHN and FREDERICK

Anth Then leave your lying,
And your blind prophesying Here they come
You had best tell them as much

Peter I am no tell-tale *Exeunt*

John I would we could have seen her though! for,
sure, 55
She must be some rare creature, or report lies,
All men's reports too

Fred I could well wish I had seen her,
But since she is so conceal'd, so beyond venture
Kept and preserved from view, so like a paradise,
Placed where no knowledge can come near her, so
guarded 60
As 't were impossible, though known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief

John Hang me, from this hour
If I more think upon her, or believe her,
But, as she came a strong report unto me,
So the next fame shall lose her

Fred 'Tis the best way 65
But whither are you walking?

John My old round
After my meat, and then to bed

Fred 'Tis healthful

John Will not you stir?

52, 53 *Then* [*prophesying*] 'Ought this to stand as two lines of Skel-
tonic verse and a quotation?'—Dyce

65 *best* Ed *next* Ff The slip is due to the *next* earlier in the line Cf a
similar error in I ii 39

Fred I have a little business
John Upon my life, 'this lady still—
Fred Then you will lose it
John Pray, let's walk together
Fred Now I cannot 70
John I have something to impart
Fred An hour hence
I will not miss to meet you
John Where?
Fred I' th' high street,
 For, not to lie, I have a few devotions
 To do first, then I am yours
John Remember *Exeunt*

SCENE II

A room in the house of PETRUCHIO

Enter PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, and two Gentlemen

Ant Cut his wind-pipe, I say.
First Gent Fie, Antonio!
Ant Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive him
 If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts
 A surgeon may see through him
First Gent You are too violent
Sec Gent Too open, undiscreet
Petru Am I not ruin'd? 5
 The honour of my house crack'd? my blood poison'd?
 My credit, and my name?
Sec Gent Be sure it be so,
 Before ye use this violence let not doubt
 And a suspecting anger so much sway ye
 Your wisdom may be question'd
Ant I say, kill him, 10
 And then dispute the cause cut off what may be,
 And what is shall be safe

70 *Pray*] *F1* 'Pray *F2*

II 4 *A* *him*] "I e so that a surgeon may see through him"—Mason
 Cf the rammai of II 10 and 50, in both of which *that* is also omitted

Sec Gent Hang up a true man,
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish!
Alas, is this good justice?

Petru I know, as certain
As day must come again, as clear as truth, 15
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence,
Maliciously abused, blasted for ever
In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,
But what is smear'd and shameful I must kill him, 20
Necessity compels me

First Gent But think better

Petru There is no other cure left yet, witness
with me
All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed man's blood, and would 't were
possible— 25
I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
To offend the sacred image of my Maker—
My sword could only kill his crimes! No, 'tis honour,
Honour, my noble friends, that idol honour
That all the world now worships, not Petruchio, 30
Must do this justice

Ant Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter whether you, or honour,
Or both, be accessory

Sec Gent Do you weigh, Petruchio,
The value of the person, power and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?

Petru To perform it, 35
So much I am tied to reputation
And credit of my house, let it raise wild-fires
That all this dukedom smoke, and storms that toss me
Into the waves of everlasting ruin,

24-28 *I am crimes* "An unmistakeable echo of *Julius Caesar*, II 1
167-170—

'We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood,
O! that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar!'"—Koppel

39 *waves*] F2 *storms* F1 The F1 reading is a printer's or copyist's error
similar to that in I 1 65

Yet I must through If ye dare side me

Ant

Dare? 40

Petru Ye're friends indeed, if not

Sec Gent

Here's none flies from you,

Do it in what design ye please, we'll back ye

Petru But, then, be sure ye kill him

Sec Gent

Is'the cause

So mortal, nothing but his life——

Petru

Believe me,

A less offence has been the desolation

45

Of a whole name

First Gent.

No other way to purge it?

Petru There is, but never to be hoped for

Sec Gent

Think an hour more,

And, if then ye find no safer road to guide ye,

We'll set up our rests too

Ant

Mine's up already,

And hang him, for my part, goes less than life!

50

Sec Gent If we see noble cause, 'tis like our swords

May be as free and forward as your words

Exeunt

SCENE III

Street before the house of PETRUCHIO

Enter DON JOHN

John The civil order of this town, Bologna,
Makes it beloved and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles,

43 *Petru*] *Seward* *First Gent* *Ff* *Ant* *Colman*, *Weber*, *Dyce* "These words are much more suitable to *Antonio*, we think, who is crying out for blood through the whole scene"—*Colman* "I am not sure, however, but that *Seward* was right"—*Dyce* I think that the speaker of ll 44-46 is also the speaker of these words

46 *First Gent*] *F1* 2 *Gent* *F2*

47 *There for*] The 'other way' is probably the marriage of the Duke with *Constantia*

49 *set up our rests*] i.e. 'lay our stakes,' 'take our chance,' an expression borrowed from *primero* and other games of hazard

50 *goes less*] "It is a phrase borrowed from gaming, and means properly—play for a smaller stake"—*Dyce*

Sc III] 1 *Bologna*] *F2* *Bellona* *F1*

Beside the wholesome seat, and noble temper
 Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise, 5
 And to all strangers virtuous But I see
 My admiration has drawn night upon me,
 And longer to expect my friend may pull me
 Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
 Which all good governments are jealous of 10
 I'll home, and think at liberty Yet, certain,
 'Tis not so far night as I thought, for, see,
 A fair house yet stands open yet all about it
 Are close, and no lights stirring, there may be foul
 play,
 I'll venture to look in, if there be knaves, 15
 I may do a good office

Woman (within) Signior!

John [Aside] What! how is this?

Woman (within) Signior Fabritio!

John [Aside] I'll go nearer

Woman (within) Fabritio!

John [Aside] This is a woman's tongue, here ay
 be good done

Woman (within) Who's there? Fabritio?

John Ay

Woman (within) Where are ye?

John Here

Woman (within) Oh, come, for Heaven's sake!

John [Aside] I must see what this means 20

Enter Woman with a Child [hidden in a bundle]

Woman I have stay'd this long hour for you
 Make no noise,
 For things are in strange trouble Here, be secret,
 'Tis worth your care [*Gives him the bundle*] Begone
 now more eyes watch us
 Than may be for our safeties

John Hark ye!

Woman Peace good night [*Exit*]

John She is gone, and I am loaden, fortune for
 me! 25

SCENE V

A room in the lodging of the Duke

Enter Duke and three Gentlemen

Duke Welcome to town Are ye all fit ?

First Gent To point, sir

Duke Where are the horses ?

Sec Gent Where they were appointed

Duke Be private, and whatsoever fortune
Offer itself, let's stand sure

Third Gent Fear not us
Ere ye shall be endanger'd or deluded, 5
We'll make a black night on't

Duke No more, I know it
You know your quarters ?

First Gent Will you go alone, sir ?

Duke Ye shall not be far from me, the least noise
Shall bring ye to my rescue

Sec Gent We are counsell'd *Exeunt*

SCENE VI

A street

Enter DON JOHN [with a child in his arms]

John Was ever man so paid for being curious,
Ever so bobb'd for searching out adventures,
As I am ? Did the devil lead me ? must I needs be
peeping
Into men's houses, where I had no business
And make myself a mischief ? 'Tis well carried ! 5
I must take other men's occasions on me,

Sc V] 1 *To point*] The French *a point*, Latin *ad punctum*, 'to the last point,' 'completely' cf *Hamlet*, I ii 200 Armed at point actly.
cap a-pe

3 *Be private*] *Be private all* Seward

Sc VI] 2 *bobb'd*] cheated, tricked

And be I know not whom¹ most finely handled¹
 What have I got by this now? what's the purchase?
 A piece of evening arras-work, a child,
 Indeed an infidel,—this comes of peeping¹— 10
 A lump got out of laziness—Good White-bread,
 Let's have no bawling with ye—'Sdeath, have I
 Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
 Their snares and subtleties, have I read over
 All their school-learnings, dived into their quiddits, 15
 And am I now bum-fiddled with a bastard?
 Fetch'd over with a card of five, and in mine old days,
 After the due massacre of a million
 Of maidenheads, caught the common way? I th' night
 too,
 Under another's name, to make the matter 20
 Carry more weight about it? Well, Don John,
 You will be wiser one day, when ye have purchased
 A bevy of these butter-prints together,
 With searching out conceal'd iniquities
 Without commission Why, it would never grieve me, 25
 If I had got this gingerbread, never stunn'd me,
 So I had had a stroke for't, 't had been justice
 Then to have kept it but to raise a dairy
 For other men's adulteries, consume myself in caudles,
 And scouring-works, in nuisances, bells, and babies, 30
 Only for charity, for me! "I thank you,"
 A little troubles me the least touch for it,
 Had but my breeches got it, had contented me
 Whose'er it is, sure 't had a wealthy mother,
 For 'tis well clothed, and, if I be not cozen'd, 35

15 *quiddits*] Legal subtleties, cf *Hamlet*, V 1 107, 'Where be his quiddits now, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks?'

16 *bum fiddled*] a slang term for sexual relationship

17 *a card of five*] "1 e a fifth card, a five,—which is comparatively a weak one at any game This expression, I believe, is not common, though we find frequent mention of 'a card of ten'"—Dyce

23 *butter-prints*] a slang term for a child, used also in *Wit Without Money*, V 14, 10

29 *caudles*] Seward *candles* Ff Cf *The Lover's Progress*, IV 3, where the Ff have the same misprint

30 *babies*] *bables* (1 e *bawbles*) Sympson's conjecture 'Babies,' of course, is the ordinary term in these plays for 'dolls'

33 *contented*] F2 *contented* F1 in B M copy, Mr Bullen's copy has *contented*

Well lined within To leave it here were barbarous,
 And ten to one would kill it, a more sin
 Than his that got it well, I will dispose on't,
 And keep it, as they keep deaths' heads in rings,
 To cry *memento* to me, no more peeping! 40
 Now all the danger is to qualify
 The good old gentlewoman, at whose house we live,
 For she will fall upon me with a catechism
 Of four hours long I must endure all,
 For I will know this mother—Come, good wonder, 45
 Let you and I be jogging, your starv'd treble
 Will waken the rude watch else—All that be
 Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee! [*Exit*

SCENE VII

Street before the house of PETRUCHIO

Enter FREDERICK

Fred Sure, he's gone home I have beaten all the
 purlieus
 But cannot bolt him If he be a-bobbing,
 'Tis not my care can cure him to-morrow morning
 I shall have further knowledge from a surgeon's,
 Where he lies moor'd to mend his leaks

Enter CONSTANTIA

Con I'm ready, 5
 And through a world of dangers am flown to ye
 Be full of haste and care, we are undone else
 Where are you¹ people? which way must we travel?

39 *deaths' heads*] Cf 2 *Hen IV* ii 4, 254, 'Peace, good Doll! do not
 speak like a death's head Do not bid me remember mine end', and Donne,
A Valediction of my Name, in the Window (*Muses Library* ed 1 26)—

'It as a given death's head keep,
 Lovers' mortality to preach'

41 *qualify*] placify

Sc VII 5 *leaks*] Cf note to I ii 5

For Heaven sake, stay not here, su'!

Fred [*Aside*] What may this prove?

Con [*Aside*] Alas, I am mistaken, lost, undone, 10
For ever perish'd!—[*Aloud*] Sir, for Heaven sake, tell
me,

Are ye a gentleman

Fred I am

Con Of this place?

Fred No, I'm born in Spain

Con As ever you loved honour,
As ever you desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit, 15
For I am forced to trust ye

Fred Y'ave charm'd me
Humanity and honour bids me help ye,
And, if I fail your trust—

- *Con* The time's too dangerous
To stay your protestations, I believe ye—
Alas, I must believe ye! From this place, 20
Good noble sir, remove me instantly,
And for a time, where nothing but yourself
And honest conversation may come near me,
In some secure place settle me What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit 25
Into a stranger's hand, the fears and dangers
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you

Fred Come, be hearty,
He must strike through my life that takes ye from me
Exeunt

SCENE VIII.

Another street

Enter PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, and two Gentlemen

Petru He will sure come Are ye well arm'd?

Ant Never fear us
Here's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle

Petru We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvised ones

Ant Best gamesters make the best game?
We shall fight close and handsome, then

First Gent Antonio, 5
You are a thought too bloody

Ant Why? All physicians
And penny almanacks allow the opening
Of veins this month Why do ye talk of bloody?
What come we for? to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would ye make the cause a cudgel-quarrel? 10
On what terms stands this man? is not his honour
Open'd to his hand, and pick'd out like an oyster?
His credit like a quart-pot knock'd together,
Able to hold no liquor? Clear but this point

Petru Speak softly, gentle cousin

Ant I'll speak truly 15
What should men do allied to these disgraces?
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance him?

Sec Gent You are as far o' th' bow-hand now

Ant And cry,
"That's my fine boy! thou wilt do so no more, child"

Petru Here are no such cold pities

Ant By Saint Jaques, 20
They shall not find me one! Here's old tough

Andrew,
A special friend of mine, and he but hold,
I'll strike 'em such a hornpipe! knocks I come for,
And the best blood I light on, I profess it,
Not to scare costermongers if I lose mine own, 25
Mine audit's cast, and farewell five and fifty!

7 *penny almanacks*] "The stated price of almanacks, as appears from several authorities"—Dyce The Elizabethan *Ephemerides* or astrological almanacks, e.g. those of Erra Pater, give elaborate directions as to the auspicious seasons for bleeding, tooth-drawing, hair-cutting, etc Cf *Richard II*, I 1 157, 'Our doctors say this is no month to bleed'.

18 *o' th' bowhand*] "The bow-hand was the left hand, but 'to be much o' th' bow hand' means, to have your arrow full much on the left hand of the mark at which you shoot"—Dyce

21 *Andrew*] "Meaning his broad sword, which was called an Andrew Feirra from the name of a man famous for making that weapon"—Mason

26 *Mine dit's cast*] i.e. my account is made up For the metaphor, cf II 1 14, and note *ad loc*

cast] F2 *lost Ft*

Petru Let's talk no longer place yourselves with
 silence
 As I directed ye, and when time calls us,
 As ye are friends, so show yourselves
Ant So be it *Exeunt*

SCENE IX

A room in the house of GILLIAN

Enter DON JOHN and his Landlady

Gillian Nay, son, if this be your regard
John Good mother
Gillian Good me no goods! Your cousin and
 your-self
 Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
 Like honest and true gentlemen Bring hither
 To my house, that have ever been reputed 5
 A gentlewoman of decent and fair carriage,
 And so behaved myself
John I know ye have
Gillian Bring hither, as I say, to make my name
 Stink in my neighbours' nostrils, your devices,
 Your brats, got out of Alligant and broken oaths! 10
 Your linsey-woolsey work, your hasty puddings!
 I foster up your filch'd iniquities!
 Y' are deceived in me, sir, I am none
 Of those receivers
John Have I not sworn unto you
 'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it? 15
Gillian Ye found an easy fool that let you get it,
 She had better have worn pasteins
John Will ye hear me?

10 *Alligant*] "As our early writers very frequently corrupt the word—we see a red wine of *Alicant* in the province of Valencia (In Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, Act IV sc 11, the Clown calls it *Allegant*)"—Dyce

11 *linsey woolsey*] neither one thing nor the other, and so, irregular
hasty puddings] a slang term for bastards

17 *pasteins*] *pattens* Mason "Cotgrave explains, *Empas*, shackles, fetters or pasterns, for unruly or unbroken horses"—Weber

Gillian Oaths ! what do you care for oaths, to gain
 your ends,
 When ye are high and pamper'd ? what saint know ye ?
 O ! what religion, but your purposed lewdness, 20
 Is to be look'd for of ye ? Nay, I will tell ye,
 You will then swear like accused cut-purses,
 As far off truth too, and lie beyond all falconers
 I'm sick to see this dealing

John Heaven forbid, mother

Gillian Nay, I am very sick

John Who waits there ?

Ant (within) Sir ? 25

John Bring down the bottle of Canary wine

Gillian Exceeding sick, Heaven help me !

John Haste ye, sirrah —

[*Aside*] I must even make her drunk — [*Aloud*] Nay,
 gentle mother —

Gillian Now, fie upon ye ! was it for this purpose
 You fetched your evening walks for your digestions ? 30
 For this, pretended holiness ? No weather,
 Not before day, could hold ye from the matins
 Were these your bo-peep prayers ? ye have pray'd well,
 And with a learn'd zeal, watch'd well too your saint,
 It seems, was pleased as well — Still sicker, sicker ! 35

Enter ANTHONY, with a bottle of wine

John [*Aside*] There is no talking to her till I have
 drench'd her

[*Aloud*] Give me — Here, mother, take a good round
 draught,

'Twill purge spleen from your spirits deeper, mother,

Gillian Ay, ay, son, you imagine this will mend all

John All, i' faith, mother

Gillian I confess the wine 40

Will do his part

John I'll pledge ye

Gillian But, son John —

John I know your meaning, other, touch it once
 more,

Alas, you look not well ! take a round draught

It warms the blood well, and restores the colour,
And then we'll talk at large

Gillian A civil gentleman! 45
A stranger! one the town holds a good regard of!

John [*Aside*] Nay, I will silence thee

Gillian One that should weigh his fair name!—Oh,
a stitch!

John There's nothing better for a stitch, good
mother

Make no spare of it, as you love your health, 50
Mince not the matter

Gillian As I said, a gentleman!
Lodge in my house! Now Heaven's my comfort,
signior

John [*Aside*] I look'd for this

Gillian I did not think you would have used me
thus,

A woman of my credit, one, Heaven knows,
That loved you but too tenderly

John Dear mother, 55
I ever found your kindness, and acknowledge it

Gillian No, no, I am a fool to counsel ye Where's
the infant?

Come, let's see your workmanship

John None of mine, mother,
But there 'tis, and a lusty one

Gillian Heaven bless thee! 60
Thou hadst a hasty making, but the best is,
'Tis many a good man's fortune—As I live,
Your own eyes, signior, and the nether lip
As like ye as ye had spit it

John I am glad on't

Gillian Bless me, what things are these?

John I thought my labour 65
Was not all lost 'Tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich and right, I hope

Gillian Well, well, son John,
I see ye are a woodman and can choose
Your deer, though it be 'i th' dark, all your discretion

47 *thee* F2 *there* F1

56 *acknowledge*] *knowledge* F2

68 *woodman*] forester

Is not yet lost , this was well clapp'd aboard
 Here I a with you now, when, as they say, 70
 Your pleasure comes with profit , when ye must needs
 do,

Do where ye may be done to, tis a wisdom
 Becomes a young man well be sure of one thing
 Lose not your labour and your time together,
 It seasons of a fool, son , time is piecious, 75
 Work wary whilst ye have it since ye must traffic
 Sometimes this lippery way, take sure hold, signior ,
 Trade with no broken merchants, make your lading
 As you would make your rest, adventurously,
 But with advantage ever

John All this time, mother, 80
 The child wants looking-to, wants meat and nurses

Gillian Now blessing o' thy care ! it shall have all,
 And instantly , I'll seek a nurse myself, son
 'Tis a sweet child —Ah, my young Spaniard !—
 Take you no further care, sir

John Yes, of these jewels, 85
 I must, by your leave, mother These are yours,
 To make your care the stronger , for the rest
 I'll find a master The gold, for bringing up on 't,
 I freely render to your charge

Gillian No more words,
 Nor no ore children, good son, as you love me 90
 This may do well

John I shall observe your morals,
 But where's Don Frederick, mother ?

Gillian Ten to one
 About the like adventure , he told me,
 He was to find you out *Exit [with child]*

John Why should he stay thus ?
 There may be some ill chance in 't sleep I will not, 95
 Before I have found him now this woman's pleased
 I'll seek my friend out, and my care is eased *Exit*

SCENE X

A street

Enter Duke and Gentlemen

First Gent. Believe, sir, 'tis as possible to do it
As to remove the city the main faction
Swarm through the streets like hornets, armed with
angers

Able to ruin states, no safety left us,
Nor means to die like men, if instantly
You draw not back again

Duke May he be diawn,
And quarter'd too, that turns now! Were I surer
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with death
More than those fears are too

First Gent Sir, I fear not

Duke I would not crack my vow, start from my
honour, IO
Because I may find danger, wound my soul
To keep my body safe

First Gent I speak not, sir,
Out of a baseness, to you

Duke No, nor do not,
Out of a baseness, leave me. What is danger,
More than the weakness of our apprehensions ?
A poor cold part o' th' blood who takes it hold of ?
Cowards and wicked livers valiant minds
Were made the masters of it, and, as hearty seamen
In desperate storms stem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean,
So with their cause and swords do they do dangers
Say we were sure to die all in this venture
(As I am confident against it), is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would choose luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirit, send his soul out
In sugar-sops and syrups ? Give me dying,

As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,
 Parting with mankind by a man that's manly !
 Let 'em be all the world, and bring along 30
 Cain's envy with 'em, I will on

Sec Gent You may, sir ,
 But with what safety ?

First Gent • Since 'tis come to dying,
 You shall perceive, sir, here be those amongst us
 Can die as decently as other men,
 And with as little ceremony On, brave sir 35

Duke That's spoken heartily
First Gent And he that flinches,
 May he die lousy in a ditch !

Duke No more dying ,
 There's no such danger in it What's o'clock ?

Third Gent Somewhat above your hour
Duke Away, then, quickly !
 Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us *Exeunt* 40

SCENE XI

A Room in the house of GILLIAN

Enter FREDERICK, and PETER, with a candle

Fred Give me the candle So, go you out that
 way

Peter [*Aside*] What have we now to do ?

Fred And, o' your life, sirrah,
 Let none co e near the door without my knowledge,
 No, not my landlady, nor my friend

Peter 'Tis done, sir

Fred Nor any serious business that concerns me 5

Peter [*Aside*] Is the wind there again ?

Fred Begone

Peter I am, sir *Exit*

Fred Now enter without fear

37 *No more dying*] Possibly we should read, both for sense and rhythm,
No more of dying

Enter CONSTANTIA with a jewel

—and, noble lady,
That safety and civility ye wish'd for
Shall truly here attend you no rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no wishes 10
Beyond the moderation of a man
Dare enter here, your own desires and innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you,
Were dangers more than doubts

Con Ye are truly noble,
And worth a woman's trust Let it become me, 15
(I do beseech you, sir,) for all your kindness,
To render, with my thanks, this worthless trifle
I may be longer troublesome [*Offers the jewel*]

Fred Fair offices
Are still their own rewards Heaven bless me, lady,
From selling civil courtesies! May it please ye, 20
If ye will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good angel I am engaged

Con It shall be,
For I am truly confident ye are honest
The piece is scarce worth looking on [*Unveils*]
Fred Trust me, 25

The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness!—
[*Aside*] Defend me, honest thoughts! I shall grow
wild else

What eyes are there, rather what little heavens,
To stir men's contemplations! what a paradise
Runs through each part she has! Good blood, be
temperate 30

I must look off, too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it — [*Aloud*] Noble lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour ye,
Or the engagement of whole families 35

Con Your service is too liberal, worthy sir
Thus far I shall entreat

Fred Command me, lady,
You make your power too poor

Con That presently,
 With all convenient haste, you would retire
 Unto the street you found me in

Fred 'Tis done 40

Con There, if you find a gentleman oppress'd
 With force and violence, do a man's office,
 And draw your sword to rescue him

Fred He's safe,
 Be what he will, and let his foes be devils,
 Arm'd with your pity, I shall conjure 'em 45
 Retire, this key will guide ye all things necessary
 Are there before ye

Con All my prayers go with ye! *Exit*

Fred Ye clap on proof upon me

Men say gold
 Does all, engages all, works through all dangers
 Now I say beauty can do more The king's ex-
 chequer, 50

Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
 Through half those miseries this piece of pleasure
 Might make me leap into We are all like sea-cards,
 All our endeavours and our motions,
 As they do to the north, still point at beauty, 55

Still at the fairest for a handsome woman,
 Setting my soul aside, it should go hard
 But I would strain my body, yet to her,
 Unless it be her own free gratitude,
 Hopes, ye shall die, and thou, tongue, rot within me, 60
 Ere I infringe my faith Now to my rescue *Exit*

48 *proof*] "that is, armour of proof"—Mason

53 *sea cards*] "the mariners' compasses—properly, the cards or papers on which the points of the wind were marked"—Dyce

ACT II

SCENE I

A street

*Enter Duke, pursued by PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, and
that Faction*

Duke You will not all oppress me ?

Ant Kill him i' th' wanton eye, let me come to him

Duke Then ye shall buy me dearly

Petru Say you so, sir ?

Ant I say cut his weasand, spoil his peeping —
Have at your love-sick heart, sir !

Enter DON JOHN

John Sure, 'tis fighting 5
My friend may be engaged — Fie, gentlemen !
This is unmanly odds

Ant I'll stop your mouth, sir

Duke falls down, DON JOHN bestrides him

John Nay, then, have at thee freely !
There 's a plum, sir, to satisfy your longing

Petru Away ! I hope I have sped him Here 10
comes rescue,

We shall be endanger'd Where 's Antonio ?

Ant I must have one thrust more, sir

John Come up to me
[Wounds ANTONIO]

Ant A mischief confound your fingers !

Petru How is 't ?

4 *peeping*] F1 *piping* F2 "i.e. chirping, 'To peep (as birds), *pepio*,'
Coles's *Dict*" — Dyce But I suppose there is a punning allusion to 'peeping'
in the more ordinary sense, as used e.g. in l. 74

Ant Well
 'Has given me my *quietus est*, I felt him
 In my small guts, I'm sure 'has feezed me 15
 This comes of siding with ye
Sec. Gent Can you go, sir?
Ant I should go, man, and my head were off
 Never talk of going
Petrus Come, all shall be well, then
 I hear more rescue coming

Enter the Duke's Faction

Ant Let's turn back, then,
 My skull's uncloven yet, let me but kill 20
Petrus Away, for Heaven sake, with him!
 [Exit PETRUCHIO, with ANTONIO, and two Gentlemen]
John How is't?
Duke Well, sir,
 Only a little stagger'd
Gentlemen Let's pursue 'em
Duke No, not a man, I charge ye!—Thanks, good
 coat,
 Thou hast saved me a shrewd welcome 'twas put
 home, too,
 With a good mind, I'm sure on't
John Are ye safe, then? 25
Duke My thanks to you, brave sir, whose timely
 valour
 And manly courtesy came to my rescue
John Ye had foul play offer'd ye, and shame befall
 him
 That can pass by oppression!
Duke May I crave, sir,
 But thus much honour more, to know your name, 30
 And him I am so bound to?

14 *quietus est*] The metaphor is the same as that in I. iii. 26. When
 an account submitted for audit was 'cast' (i.e. calculated) and found correct,
 the accountant was said to be *quietus* or 'quit'. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. i. 75—

'When he himself may his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin'

15 'has'] Ed. *has* Ff. *he has* Dyce

16 go] i.e. walk

John For the bond, sir,
 'Tis every good man's tie; to know me further
 Will little profit ye I am a stranger,
 My country Spain, my name Don John, a gentleman
 That lies here for my study

Duke I have heard, sir, 35
 Much worthy mention of ye, yet I find
 Fame short of what ye are

John You are pleased, sir,
 To express your courtesy may I demand
 As freely what you are, and what mischance
 Cast you into this danger?

Duke For this present 40
 I must desire your pardon you shall know me
 Ere it be long, sir, and a nobler thanks
 Than now my will can render

John Your will's your own, sir
Duke What is't you look for, sir? have ye lost
 anything?

John Only my hat i' th' scuffle sure, these fellows 45
 Were night-snaps

Duke No, believe, sir Pray ye, use mine,
 For 'twill be hard to find your own now

John No, sir
Duke Indeed ye shall, I can command another
 I do beseech ye honour me

John I will, sir
 And so, I'll take my leave

Duke Within these few days 50
 I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge,
 Till when, I love your memory *Exit Duke, etc*

John I yours
 This is some noble fellow

Enter FREDERICK

Fred 'Tis his tongue, sure —
 Don John?

35 *lies*] F1 *lie* F2
 44 *ye lost*] F1 *you lost* F2
 46 *night-snaps*] 1 *e* night robbers So Autolycus, in *Winter's Tale*,
 IV iii 26, was 'a snapper up of unconsidered trifles'
 53 *his tongue*] F1 *is tongue* F2

John Don Frederick?

Fred Y' are fairly met, sir
I thought ye had been a-bat-fowling Prithee, tell me 55
What revelations hast thou had to-night,
That home was never thought of?

John Revelations!
I'll tell thee, Frederick, but, before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding

Fred 'Tis prepared, sir. •

John Why, then, mark what shall follow This 60
night, Frederick,
This bawdy night

Fred I thought no less

John This blind night,
What dost think I have got?

Fred The pox, it may be

John Would 'twere no worse! Ye talk of revela-
tions,
I have got a revelation will reveal me
An arrant coxcomb while I live

Fred What is't? 65
Thou hast lost nothing?

John No, I have got, I tell thee

Fred What hast thou got?

John One of the infantry, a child

Fred How!

John A chopping child, man

Fred 'Give ye joy, sir!

John A lump of lewdness, Frederick, that's the
truth on't

This town's abominable

Fred I still told ye, John, 70
Your whoing must come home, I counsell'd ye
But where no grace is

John 'Tis none o' mine, man

Fred Answer the parish so •

John Cheated, in troth,

54 *Y'are*] Ed *Ye' are* F1 *Ye're* F2 *You're* Dyce

65 *coxcomb*] "This should not be understood in the sense the word coxcomb now bears, but simply in that of 'fool', the term being derived from the cock's comb, which generally surrounded the caps of domestic fools, and which was one of their principal insignia"—Weber

68 *chopping*] i e fine

Peeping into a house, by whom I know not,
 Nor where to find the place again No, Frederick, 75
 Had I but kiss'd the ring for 't—'Tis no poor one,
 That's my best comfort, for 't has brought about it
 Enough to make it man

Fred Where is 't?

John At home

Fred A saving voyage! But what will you say,
 signior,*

To him that, searching out your serious worship, 80
 Has met a stranger fortune?

John How, good Frederick?

A militant girl now to this boy would hit it

Fred No, mine's a nobler venture What do you
 think, sir,

Of a distressed lady, one whose beauty

Would over-sell all Italy?

John Where is she— 85

Fred A woman of that rare behaviour,

So qualified as admiration

Dwells round about her, of that perfect spirit——

John Ay, marry, sir!

Fred That admirable carriage,

That sweetness in discourse, young as the moining, 90

Her blushes staining his?

John But where's this creature?

Shew me but that

Fred That's all one, she's forth-coming,

I have her sue, boy

John Hark ye, Frederick,

What truck betwixt my infant——

Fred 'Tis too light, sir,

Stick to your charges, good Don John, I am well 95

John But is there such a wench?

Fred First tell me this,

Did ye not lately, as ye walk'd along,

Discover people that were arm'd, and likely

To do offence?

John Yes, marry, and they urged it

91 *staining*] “i.e. out doing or excelling his, making them appear faint
 by the superior lustre of her own”—Mason

95 *your*] *our* Seward's conjecture *charges*] *charge* Seward

As far as they had spirit

Fred Pray, go forward 100

John A gentleman I found engaged amongst 'em,
It seems of noble breeding, I'm sure brave mettle,
As I return'd to look you I set in to him,
And without hurt, I thank Heaven, rescued him,
And came myself off safe too

Fred My work's done, then 105
And now, to satisfy you, there is a woman,
Oh, John, there is a woman——

John Oh, where is she?

Fred And one of no less worth than I assure ye,
And, which is more, fall'n under my protection

John I am glad of that Forward, sweet Frederick 110

Fred And, which is more than that, by this night's
wandering,

And, which is most of all, she is at home too, sir

John Come, let's be gone, then

Fred Yes, but 'tis most certain
You cannot see her, John

John Why?

Fred She has sworn me
That none else shall come near her, not my mother, 115
Till some few doubts are clear'd

John Not look upon her!
What chamber is she in?

Fred In ours

John Let's go, I say
A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making
They must for modesty a little we all know it

Fred No, I'll assure you, sir

John Not see her! 120
I smell an old dog-trick of yours Well, Frederick,
Ye talk'd to me of whoring let's have fair play,
Square dealing, I would wish ye

Fred When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your spoon shall be as deep as mine, sir

John Tell me, 125
And tell me true, is the cause honourable,
Or for your ease?

Fred By all our friendship, John,
'Tis honest, and of great end

John I am answer'd
But let me see her though, leave the door open
As ye go in

Fred I dare not

John Not wide open, 130
But just so as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through

Fred That courtesy,
If ye desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford ye Come, 'tis now near morning

Exit

SCENE II

A room in the house of GILLIAN

Enter PETER and ANTHONY

Peter Nay, the old woman's gone too

Anth She's a-catc'wauling
Among the gutters but, conceive me, Peter,
Where our good masters should be?

Peter Where they should be
I do conceive, but where they are, good Anthony—

Anth Ay, there it goes my master's bo-peep with
me, 5

With his sly popping in and out again,
Argued a cause, a frippery cause

Peter Believe me,
They bear up with some carvel

Anth I do believe thee,
For thou hast such a master for that chase,
That till he spend his main-mast——

Peter Pray, remember 10
Your courtesy, good Anthony, and withal,
How long 'tis since your master sprung a leak,

5 *bo peep*] *bo beeps* 1711

8 *carvel*] "A somewhat small, light, and fast ship"—*N E D*

10 *spend his main mast*] 1 e suffer from venereal disease

spend] *spends* Colman

12 *a leak*] Cf note to I iv 5

He had a sound one since he came *Lute sounds within*

Anth Hark !

Peter What ?

Anth Doest not hear a lute ? Again !

Peter Where is 't ?

Anth Above, in my master's chamber

Peter There's no creature, 15
He hath the key himself, man

SING *within*

Merciless Love, whom nature hath denied
The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride
And glory in thy murders, why am I,
That never yet transgress'd thy deity, 20
Never broke vow, from whose eyes never flew
Disdainful dart, whose hard heart never slew,
Thus ill rewarded ? Thou art young and fair,
Thy mother soft and gentle as the air,
Thy holy fire still burning, blown with prayer 25
Then, everlasting Love restrain thy will,
'Tis god like to have power, but not to kill

Anth This is his lute, let him have it

Peter I grant you, but who strikes it ?

Anth An admirable voice too, hark ye

Peter Anthony,

Art sure we are at home ?

Anth Without all doubt, Peter 30

Peter Then this must be the devil

Anth Let it be *Sing again*

Good devil, sing again ! Oh, dainty devil !

Peter, believe it, a most delicate devil,

The sweetest devil——

Enter FREDERICK and DON JOHN

Fred If ye could leave peeping !

John I cannot, by no means

14 *Doest*] F1 *Dost* F2

17 27 *Sing within*] F2 The song is omitted by F1, which however has the stage directions to l 13, 'Lute sounds within,' to l 16, 'Sing within a little,' and to l 31, 'Sing agen' "Probably the song was divided originally, and different portions of it sung at different times to the end of the scene" — Weber

20 *transgress'd*] not infrequently used in these plays for 'transgressed against'

22, 23 *whose rewarded*] Weber *whose hard heart never, Slew those*
rewarders F2 *whose hard heart none e'er slew, Thus ill rewarded* Seward
whose hard heart never slew Those his regards, Mitford's conjecture

Fred Then come in softly, 35
And, as ye love your faith, presume no further
Than ye have promised

John Basta

Fred What make you up so early, sir?

John You, sir, in your contemplations!

Peter Oh, pray ye, peace, sir!

Fred Why peace, sir? 40

Peter Do you hear?

John 'Tis your lute

Fred Pray ye, speak softly,
She's playing on't

Anth The house is haunted, sir,
For this we have heard this half-year

Fred Ye saw nothing?

Anth Not I

Peter Nor I, sir

Fred Get us our breakfast, then,
And make no words on't We'll undertake this spirit, 45
If it be one

Anth This is no devil, Peter *Sing*
Mum, there be bats abroad *Exeunt* Servants

Fred Stay, now she sings

John An angel's voice, I'll swear!

Fred Why didst thou shrug so?
Either allay this heat, or, as I live,
I will not trust ye

John Pass I warrant ye *Exeunt* 50

SCENE III

Another room in the same

Enter **CONSTANCIA**

Con To curse those stars that men say govern us,
To rail at Fortune, fall out with my fate,
And tax the general world, will help me nothing
Alas, I am the same still! neither are they
Subject to helps or hurts our own desires 5

37 *Basta*] F2 *Basto* F1 The word is Italian for 'enough'

Sc III] Weber There is no break in the Ff

3 *tax*] F2 *taske* F1

Are our own fates, our own stars all our fortunes,
Which, as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us

Enter FREDERICK, and DON JOHN, *peeping*

Fred Peace to your meditations !

John [*Aside, to* FREDERICK] Pox upon ye,
Stand out o' th' light !

Con I crave your mercy, sir, .
My mind, o'ercharged with care, made me unmannerly 10

Fred Pray ye, set that mind at rest, all shall be
perfect

John [*Aside*] I like the body rare, a handsome
body,

A wondrous handsome body Would she would turn !
See, and that spiteful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again !

Fred 'Tis done 15
As all that you command shall be the gentleman
Is safely off all danger

John [*Aside*] *Oh, de Dios !*

Con How shall I thank ye, sir ? how satisfy ?

Fred Speak softly, gentle lady, all's rewarded —

[*Aside*] Now does he melt, like marmalade

John [*Aside*] Nay, 'tis certain 20
Thou art the sweetest woman I e'er look'd on
I hope thou art not honest

Fred None disturb'd ye ?

Con Not any, sir, nor any sound came near me,
I thank your care

Fred 'Tis well

John [*Aside*] I would fain pray now,
But the devil and that flesh there, o' the world— 25
What are we made to suffer ! [*Puts his head in, with*
the Duke's hat on]

Fred [*Aside*] He will enter

[*To* JOHN] Pull in your head, and be hang'd !

John Hark ye, Frederick,

25 that o' the world] that (O the world!) Seward, who also
proposed that and the world "By that flesh there o' the world John,
of course, means Constantia"—Dyce
26 He will] Colman He'll Ff

I have brought ye home your pack-saddle

Fred Pox upon ye!

Con Nay, let him enter — Fie, my lord the duke
Stand peeping at your friends!

Fred Ye are cozen'd, lady, 30
Here is no duke

Con I know him full well, signior

John [*Aside*] Hold thee there, wench!

Fred [*Aside*] This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all

Con I do beseech your grace come in

John [*Aside*] My grace!
There was a word of comfort!

Fred Shall he enter,
Whoe'er he be?

John [*Aside*] Well follow'd, Frederick! 35

Con With all my heart

Fred Come in, then

Enter DON JOHN

John 'Bless ye, lady!

Fred Nay, start not, though he be a stranger to
ye,

He's of a noble strain, my kinsman, lady,

My countryman, and fellow-traveller

One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us, 40

And one faith free between us Do not fear him,

He's truly honest

John [*Aside*] That's a lie

Fred And trusty

Beyond your wishes, valiant to defend,

And modest to converse with as your blushes

John [*Aside*] Now may I hang myself, this com-
mendation 45

Has broke the neck of all my hopes, for now

Must I cry, "No, forsooth," and "Ay, forsooth," and
"Surely,"

And "Truly, as I live," and "As I am honest"

'Has done these things for 'nonce too, for he knows,

Like a most envious rascal as he is, 50

I am not honest, nor desire to be,

Especially this way 'has watch'd his time,
But I shall quit him

Con Sir, I credit ye

Fred Go kiss her, John

John . . . Plague o' your commendations !

Con Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble 55

John Never, to me, sweet lady thus I seal

My faith and all my service [Kisses her]

Con One word, signior [To FREDERICK]

John [Aside] Now 'tis impossible I should be honest,

"She kisses with a conjuration

Would make the devil dance What points she at ? 60

My leg, I warrant, or my well-knit body

Sit fast, Don Frederick !—

Fred 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took such care of, his own being lost i' th' scuffle

Con With much joy may he wear it !—'Tis a right one,

I can assure ye, gentleman, and right happy 65

May you be in all fights for that fair service !

Fred Why do ye blush ?

Con 'T had almost cozen'd e,
For, not to lie, when I saw that, I look'd for

Another master of it but 'tis well *Knock within*

Fred Who's there ? Stand ye a little close

Exit CONSTANTIA

Come in sir ! 70

Enter ANTHONY

Now, what's the news with you ?

Anth There is a gentleman without
Would speak with Don John

John Who, sir ?

Anth I do not know, sir, but he skews a man
Of no mean reckoning

53 quit] "i e. requite"—Dyce

60 What . at] Constantia is pointing at John's hat, given him at II 1 49 by the Duke, and asking Frederick for an explanation

70 Exit Constantia] Omitted by F1

71 gentleman] F2 gentlemen F1

Fred Let him shew his name,
And then return a little wiser

Anth Well, sir *Exit ANTHONY* 75

Fred How do you like her, John?

John As well as you, Frederick,
For all I am honest, you shall find it so too

Fred Art thou not honest?

John Art thou not an ass?
"And modest as her blushes!" what a blockhead
Would c'en have popp'd out such a dry apology 80
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman?
A woman of her youth and delicacy?
They are arguments to draw them to abhor us
An honest moral man! 'tis for a constable
A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man, 85
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like Hercules, unslaked with service,
The same to-night, to-morrow-night, the next night,
And so to perpetuity of pleasures,—
These had been things to hearken to, things catching 90
But you have such a spiced consideration,
Such qualms upon your worship's conscience,
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things pinch
ye,
Which nature, and the liberal world, makes custom,
And nothing but fair honour, oh, sweet honour! 95
Hang up your eunuch honour! That I was trusty
And valiant, were things well put in, but modest!
A modest gentleman! Oh, wit, where wast thou?

Fred I am sorry, John

John My lady's gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a school-boy, 'ake me blush 100
With playing with my codpiece-point fie on thee!
A man of thy discretion!

Fred It shall be mended,
And henceforth ye shall have your due

John I look for 't

78 *not an ass*] Colman *an ass* Ff79 *What a blockhead*] F1 *What blockhead* F2 *Why, what blockhead*
Seward91 *spiced*] "i.e. nice, scrupulous"—Dyce100 *School-boy*] F1 *School boy* F2

Enter ANTHONY

How now? who is't?

Anth A gentleman of this town,
And calls himself Petruchio

John I'll attend him 105
[*Exit ANTHONY*]

Enter CONSTANTIA

Con How did he call himself?

Fred Petruchio
Does it concern you aught?

Con Oh, gentlemen,
The hour of my destruction is come on me!
I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin!

As ever ye had pity— [Kneels] •
John Do not fear, 110

Let the great devil come, he shall come through e
Lost here, and we about ye!

Fred Fall before us?

Con Oh, y unfortunate estate! all angers
Compared to his, to his—

Fred Let his, and all men's,
Whilst we have power and life—Stand up, for Heaven
sake! [Raising her] 115

• *Con* I have offended Heaven too, yet Heaven
knows—

John We are all evil
Yet Heaven forbid we should have our deserts!
What is 'a?

Con Too, too near to my offence, sir
Oh, he will cut me piece-meal!

Fred 'Tis no treason? 120

John Let it be what it will, if 'a cut here,
I'll find him cut-work

Fred He ust buy you dear,
With more than common lives

John Fear not, nor weep not

119 'a] Ed a F1 he F2
121 'a] Ed a F1 he F2

By Heaven, I'll fire the town before ye perish !
 And then, the more the merrier, we 'll jog with ye 125
Fred Come in and dry your eyes
John Pray, no more weeping
 Spoil a sweet face for nothing ! My return
 Shall end all this, I warrant you
Con Heaven grant it !
Exeunt

SCENE IV

Street before the house of GILLIAN

Enter PETRUCHIO, with a letter

Petru This man should be of special rank , for these
 commends
 Carry no common way, no slight worth, with 'em
 'A shall be he

Enter DON JOHN

John 'Save ye, sir ! I am sorry
 My business was so unmannerly to make ye
 Wait thus long here
Petru Occasions must be served, sir 5
 But is your name Don John ?
John It is, sir
Petru Then,
 First, for your own brave sake, I must embrace ye ,
 Next, from the credit of your noble friend
 Hernando de Alvara, make ye mine,
 Who lays his charge upon me in this letter 10
 To look ye out, and, for the goodness in ye
 Whilst your occasions make ye resident
 In this place, to supply ye, love and honour ye ,
 Which, had I known sooner
John Noble sir,

128 you] F2 you F1

Sc IV] Weber Scene III Ff

3 'A] Ed AF1 He F2

14 had I known] F1 had I know F2 had I but known Seward

You'll take y thanks too poor I wear a sword, sir, 15
 And have a service to be still disposed of
 As you shall please command it

Petru

Gentle sir,

That only courtesy is half my business
 And, to be short, to make ye know I honour ye,
 And in all points believe your worth like oracle, 20
 And how above my friends, which are not few,
 And those not slack, I estimate your virtues,
 Make yourself understand, this day Petruchio,
 A man that may command the strength of this place,
 Hazard the boldest spirits, hath made choice 25
 Only of you, and in a noble office

John Forward, I am free to entertain it

Petru

Thus, then —

I do beseech ye mark me

John

I shall do it

Petru Ferrara's Duke—would I might call him
 worthy!

But that he has razed out from his family, 30
 As he has mine with infamy—this man,
 Rather this powerful monster, we being left
 But two of all our house to stock our memories,
 My sister and myself, with arts and witchcrafts,
 Vows, and such oaths Heaven has no mercy for, 35
 Drew to dishonour this weak aid by stealths
 And secret passages I knew not of,
 Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abused her —
 I am ashamed to say the rest —this purchased,
 And his hot blood allay'd, as friends forsake us 40
 At a while's end upon our way, he left her
 And all our name to ruin

John

This was foul play,

And ought to be rewarded so

Petru

I hope so

He scaped me yesternight, which, if he dare
 Again adventure for, Heaven pardon him! 45
 I shall, with all my heart

John

For me, brave signior,

What do ye intend?

Petru

Only, fair sir, this trust,

Which, from the commendations of this letter,

I dare presume well placed,—nobly to bear him
 By word of mouth a single challenge from me, 50
 That, man to man, if we have honour in him,
 We may decide all difference

John Fair and noble,
 And I will do it home When shall I visit ye?

Petru Please you, this afternoon I will ride with
 ye,
 For at a castle, six mile hence, we are sure 55
 To find him

John I'll be ready

Petru To attend ye,
 My man shall wait With all my love—

John My service shall not fail ye
Exit PETRUCHIO

Enter FREDERICK

Fred How now?

John All's well Who dost thou think this wench is?
 Guess, and thou canst

Fred I cannot

John Be it known, then,
 To all men by these presents, this is she, 60
 She, she, and only she, our curious coxcombs
 Were errant two months after

Fred Who? Constantia?
 Thou talk'st of cocks and bulls

John I talk of wenches,
 Of cocks and hens, Don Frederick, this is the pullet
 We two went proud after

Fred It cannot be

John It shall be, 65
 Sister to Don Petruchio I know all, man

Fred Now I believe

54 *with ye*] F1 *with you* F2

55 *mile*] F1 *miles* F2

57 *With love*—*John My ye*] Weber *With love* *John My*
ye Ff *John With you* Colman's conjecture

60 *She only she*] "This is a quotation from the song 'Say, love, if
 ever thou didst find,' in Dowland's *Third Book of Songs or Aires* (1603)—
 'She, She, She, and only She,

The only queen of love and beauty'"—Bullen

61 *coxcombs*] 1 e heads, but with a suggestion of folly, cf. note to II 1 65

65 *proud*] 1 e amorous

John Go to! there has been stirring
Fu bling with linen, Frederick

Fred 'Tis impossible,
You know her fame was pure as fire

John That pure fire
Has melted out her maidenhead, she is crack'd 70
We have all that hope of our side, boy

Fred Thou tell'st me,
To y imagination, things incredible
I see no loose thought in her

John That's all one,
She is loose i' th' hilt, by Heaven but the world
Must know a fair way,—upon vow of marriage 75

Fred There may be such a slip

John And will be, Frederick,
Whilst the old game's a-foot I fear the boy too
Will prove hers, I took up

Fred Good circumstance
May cure all this yet

John There thou hit'st it, Frederick
Come, let's walk in and comfort her her being here 80
Is nothing yet suspected Anon I'll tell thee
Wherefore her brother came, who, by this light,
Is a brave noble fellow, and what honour
'Has done to me a stranger There be irons
Heating for some, will hiss into their heart-bloods, 85
Ere all be ended So much for this time

Fred Well, sir *Exeunt*

71 of] "i e on"—Dyce

77, 78 *I fear* up] Weber, following Buckingham *I fear the boy too*
Will prove hers too I took up F1 *I fear the boy Will prove hers too I took*
up F2

ACT III

SCENE I

A room in the house of GILLIAN

Enter Landlady, and PETER

Gillian Come, ye do know

Peter I do not, by this hand, mistress

But I suspect

Gillian What?

Peter That, if eggs continue

At this price, women will never be saved

By their good works

Gillian I will know

Peter Ye shall, any thing

Lies in my power The duke of Lorraine now 5

Is seven thousand strong I heard it of a fish-wife,

A woman of fine knowledge

Gillian Sirrah, sirrah!

Peter The pope's bulls are broke loose too, and 'tis
suspected

They shall be baited in England

Gillian Very well, sir!

Peter No, 'tis not so well, neither

Gillian But I say to ye, 10

Who is it keeps your master company?

Peter I say to you, Don John

Gillian I say, what woman?

Peter I say so too

Gillian I say again, I will know

Peter I say, 'tis fit ye should

3 will saved] Ed will ne're be sav'd Ff never will be saved Dyce's
conjecture

5 duke of Lorraine] See Introduction

8 The pope's bulls] See Introduction

Gillian And I tell thee,
He has a woman here
Peter And I tell thee, 15
'Tis then the better for him
Gillian You are no bawd now?
Peter Would I were able to be call'd unto it!
A worshipful vocation for my elders,
For, as I understand, it is a place
Fitting my betters far
Gillian Was ever gentlewoman 20
So frump'd off with a fool! Well, saucy sirrah,
I will know who it is, and for what purpose,
I pay the rent, and I will know how my house
Comes by these inflammations if this gear hold,
Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the signiors, 25
Here ye ay have lewdness at livery
Peter 'Twould be a great ease to your age

Enter FREDERICK

Fred How now?
Why, what 's the matter, landlady?
Gillian What's the matter?
Ye use me decently among ye, gentlemen
Fred Who hast abus'd her? you, sir?
Gillian 'Ods y witness, 30
'I will not be thus treated, that I will not!
Peter I gave her no ill language
Gillian Thou hest lewdly,
Thou took'st e up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a maukin, a flurt-gillian,
And thou think'st, because thou canst write and
read, 35
Our noses must be under thee
Fred Dare you, sirrah?
Peter Let but the truth be kn n, sir, I beseech
ye,
She raves of wenches, and I know not what, sir

21 *frump'd off*] "I e mocked, flouted"—Dyce34 *maukin*] a diminutive of Matilda, often used in a depreciatory for
a woman*flurt gillian*,] "A woman of light or loo behaviour"—NE D

Gillian Go to! thou know'st too well, thou wicked
vailet,
Thou instrument of evil!

Peter As I live, sir, 40
She is ever thus till dinner

Fred Get ye in,
I'll answer you anon, sir

Peter [*Aside to Gillian*] By this hand,
I'll break your posset-pan

Gillian [*Aside to Peter*] Then, by this hood,
I'll lock the meat up *Exit* [PETER]

Fred Now, your grief! what is't?
For I can guess

Gillian Ye may, with shame enough, 45
If there were shame amongst ye nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuse my house! not satisfied
With bringing home your bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your whores here too! My patience
(Because I bear, and bear, and carry all, 50
A d, as they say, am willing to groan under)
Must be your make-sport now!

Fred No more of these words,
Nor no more murmurings, lady, for you know
That I know something I did suspect your anger
But turn it presently and handsomely 55
And bear yourself discreetly to this woman,
(For such a one there is indeed,)—

Gillian 'Tis well, son

Fred Leaving your devil's atins and your melan-
cholies,

Or we shall leave our lodgings

Gillian You have such need 60
To use these vagrant ways, and to much profit
Ye had that right content,
At home, within yourselves too, right good gentlemen,
Wholesome, and ye said handsome but you gallants—
Beast that I was to believe ye

Fred Leave your suspicion,
For, I live, there's no such thing

57 a] F1 an F2

62 right good gentlemen] right good, gentlemen Weber

64 Beast] F2 Boast F

Gillian Mine honour! 65
And 't were not for mine honour——

Fred Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough [*Gives her wine*] Sleek up yourself,
leave crying,
For I must have ye entertain this lady
With all civility (she well deserves it), 70
Together with all secresy I dare trust ye, , ,
For I have found ye faithful when you know her,
You will find your own fault No more words, but
do it

Gillian You know you may command me

Enter DON JOHN

John Worshipful lady,
How does thy velvet scabbard? by this hand, 75
Thou look'st most amiably now could I willingly,
And 't were not for abusing thy Geneva print there,
Venture my body with thee

Gillian You'll leave this ropery
When you come to my years

John By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet, a mere girl, 80
Thou hast not half thy teeth come

Fred Prithee, John,
Let her alone, she has been vex'd already,
She'll grow stark ad, man

John I would see her mad,
An old ad woman——

Fred Prithee, be patient

John Is like a miller's mare troubled with tooth-
ache, 85

68 Gives her wine] Ed Bowle of wine ready, F1 Omitted by F2

75 velvet scabbard] An indecent slang term

77 Geneva print] "I e her immaculate linen The, 'Shee precise Hypocrite' in Earle's *Microcosmographia* has a 'ruffle of Geneva print' "—Bullen

78-79 you'll years] "Cf *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iv 152, 'What saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?' Ethically old Gillian stands on the same level with Juliet's Nurse, but she is quicker at repartee, answering Don John's chaff much more smartly than the Nurse does that of Mercutio The verbal parallel makes it clear that Fletcher had Shakespeare's scene in mind"—Koppel

78 ropery] F1 roguery F2 "I e what deserves a rope or halter"—Dyce

She'll make the rarest faces

Fred Go, and do it,
And do not mind this fellow

Gillian Well, Don John,
There will be times again, when, "Oh, good mother,
What's good for a carnosity in the bladder?
Oh, the green water, mother!"

John Doting take ye! 90
Do ye remember that?

Fred She has paid ye now, sir
Gillian "Clary, sweet mother, clary!"

Fred Are ye satisfied?
Gillian "I'll never whore again, never give petti-
coats

And waistcoats at five pound a piece! Good mother!
Quickly, mother!" Now mock on, son 95

John A devil grind your old chaps!
Fred By this hand, wench,
I'll give thee a new hood for this *Exit* Landlady.
—Has she met with your lordship?

John Touchwood take her!
She's a rare ghostly mother

Enter ANTHONY

Anth Below attends ye
The gentleman's man, sir, that was with ye
John Well, sir [*Exit ANTHONY*] 100.
My time is come, then, yet, if my project hold,
You shall not stay behind I'll rather trust
A cat with sweet milk, Fiederick

Enter CONSTANTIA

By her face,
I feel her fears are working

89 *carnosity*] 1 e a morbid growth, swelling
92 *clary* *clary*] F2 *clarry* *clarry* F1 *NED* explain *clary*
as "a sweet liquor consisting of a mixture of wine, clarified honey, and various
spices, as pepper and ginger."
94 *waistcoats*] part of a lady's attire in the seventeenth century, and
frequently referred to in these plays as characteristic of whores
98 *John*] F2 F1 continues to Frederick
rake] F1 *take* F2
100 *ye*] F1 *you* F2

Con Is there no way
(I do beseech ye think yet) to divert
This certain danger? 105

Fred 'Tis impossible,
Their honours are engaged

Con Then there must be murder,
Which, gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of
Than make one in 't You may, if you please, sir,
Make all go less yet

John Lady, were 't mine own cause, 110
I could dispense, but loaden with my friend's trust,
I must go on, though general massacres,
As much I fear——

Con [To FREDERICK] Do ye hear, sir? for
Heaven's pity,
Let me request one love of you!

Fred Yes, any thing

Con This gentleman I find too resolute, 115
Too hot and fiery for the cause as ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,
Go with him, and allay him your fair temper
And noble disposition, like wish'd showers,
May quench those eating fires that would spoil all else 120
I see in him destruction

Fred I will do it,
And 'tis a wise consideration,
To me a bounteous favour—Hark ye, John,
I will go with ye

John No

Fred Indeed I will,
Ye go upon a hazard no denial, 125
For, as I live, I'll go

John Then make ye ready,
For I am straight a-horse-back

Fred My sword on,
I am as ready as you—What my best labour,
With all the art I have, can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect fair end The old gentlewoman 130
Shall wait upon you, she is both grave and private,
And ye may trust her in all points

Con Ye are noble
Fred And so, I kiss your hand
John That seal for me too,
 And I hope happy issue, lady
Con All Heaven's care upon ye, and my prayers ! 135
John So, now my mind's at rest
Fred Away ! 'tis late, John *Exeunt*

SCENE II

A room in the house of ANTONIO

Enter ANTONIO, a Surgeon, and two Gentlemen

First Gent Come, sir, be hearty, all the worst is
 p t
Ant Give me some wine
Sur 'Tis death, sir,
Ant 'Tis a hoise, sir !
 'Sblood, to be dress'd to the tune of ale only !
 Nothing but sauces to my sores !
Sec Gent Fie, Antonio !
 You must be govern'd
Ant 'Has given me a damn'd glyster, 5
 Only of sand and snow-water, gentlemen,
 Has almost scour'd my guts out
Sur I have given you that, sir,
 Is fittest for your state
Ant And here he feeds me
 With rotten ends of rooks and drowned chickens,
 Stew'd pericraniums and pia-maters, 10
 And when I go to bed (by Heaven, 'tis true, gentle-
 en,)

He rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em,

132 *Ye are*] F1 *You are* F2

133 *Fred*] Seward Part of Constantia's speech in Ff "This certainly belongs to *Friederik* 'Tis the usual compliment from a gentleman to a lady, but not from a lady to a gentleman, and *John* confirms it by desiring the same favour."—Seward

3 'Sblood] F1 Omitted by F2

5 glyster] injection

That I am just the man i' th' almanac,—
 "In head and face is Aries' place"

Sur Will 't please ye
 To let your friends see ye open'd?

Ant Will it please you, sir, 15
 To let me have a wench? I feel my body
 Open enough for that yet

Sur How? a wench?

Ant Why, look ye, gentlemen, thus I am used still,
 I can get nothing that I want

First Gent Leave these things,
 And let him open ye

Ant D' ye hear, surgeon? 20
 Send for the music, let me have some pleasure
 To entertain my friends, beside your salads,
 Your green salves, and your searches, and some wine
 too,

That I may only smell to it, or, by this light,
 I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom 25

First Gent Let him have music

Sur 'Tis i' th' house, and ready,

Enter ROWLAND with wine

If he will ask no more But wine—— *Music*

Sec Gent He shall not drink it

Sur Will these things please ye?

14 *In*] *My Seward*, following Buckingham
Aries' place] "Antonio means that the 'labels' make him resemble
 the figure we find in old almanacs,—a man surrounded by the 12 signs of the
 zodiac, each sign being placed beside that part of the body which it governs,
 and each having a 'label,' from '*Aries, the head and face*,' to '*Pisces the*
feet' Probably the very words of this line are quoted from some almanac"

—Dyce

ye] *you, sir* Weber

15 *see ye*] *Fi* *see you* *F2*

see ye open'd] *i e* *see your wounds dressed*

Will it] *Fi* *Will't* *F2*

22 *salads*] Poulitices of lettuces appear to have been used to reduce inflammation by seventeenth century physicians, cf *Thierry and Theodoret*, V 11 8

23 *searches*] *sear-cloths* Seward *searces* (*i e* fine sieves) Mas "Sieves
 are "tents or probes"—Dyce

26 *i' th'*] *Fi* *in the* *F2*

27 Rowland] 1711 Rowl *Ff* See introductory note on the date of the
 play

Ant Yes, and let 'em sing

John Dornie

Sec Gent 'Tis too long

Ant I'll have *John Dornie*,
For to that warlike tune I will be open'd — 30
Give me some drink — Have ye stopp'd the leaks well,
surgeon?

All will run out else

Sur Fear not

Ant Sit down, gentlemen —
And now advance your plasters *Song of John Dornie*
Give 'em ten shillings, friends

[*Exeunt ROWLAND and Music*]

—How do ye find me?

What symptoms do you see now?

Sur None, sir, dangerous, 35
But, if you will be ruled——

Ant What time?

Sur I can cure ye
In forty days, so you will not transgress me

Ant I have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty
In how long canst thou kill me?

Sur Presently

Ant Do it, there's more delight in't

First Gent You must have patience 40

Ant Man, I must have business this foolish fellow
Hinders himself, I have a dozen rascals
To hurt within these five days — Good man-mender,
Stop me up with some parsley, like stuff'd beef,
And let me walk abroad

Sur You shall walk shortly 45

Ant For I must find Petruchio

Sec Gent Time enough

First Gent Come, lead him in, and let him sleep —
Within these three days

We'll beg ye leave to play

Sec Gent And then how things fall
We'll certainly inform ye

31 the leaks] i e his wounds

33 Son of John Dornie] See Introduction

36 re ye] Fr cure you F2

44 Stop parsley] Colman Stop me up with parsley F1 Stop
with some parsley F2

Ant But, surgeon, promise me
 I shall drink wine then too
Sur A little temper'd 50
Ant Nay, I'll no tempering, surgeon
Sur Well, as 't please ye,
 So ye exceed not
Ant Farewell and, if ye find
 The mad slave that thus slash'd me, commend me to
 him,
 And bid him keep his skin close
First Gent Take your rest, sir
Exeunt

SCENE III

A room in the house of GILLIAN

Enter CONSTANTIA and Landlady

Con I have told ye all I can, and more than yet
 Those gentlemen know of e, ever trusting
 Your counsel and concealment, for to me
 You seem a worthy woman, one of those
 Are seldom found in our sex, wise and virtuous 5
 Direct me, I beseech ye
Gillian Ye say well, lady,
 And hold ye to that point, for, in these businesses,
 A woman's counsel, that conceives the matter,
 (Do ye mark e? that conceives the matter, lady,)
 Is worth ten men's engagements she knows something, 10
 And out of that can work like wax, when men
 Are giddy-headed, either out of wine,
 Or a ore drunkenness, vain ostentation,
 Discovering all, there is no more keep in 'em
 Than hold upon an eel's tail, nay, 'tis held fashion 15
 To defame now all they can
Con Ay, but these gentlemen
Gillian Do not you trust to that, these gentlemen
 Are, as all gentle en, of the same barrel,
 Ay, a d the self-same pickle too Be it granted

They have used ye with respect and fair behaviour 20
 Yet since ye came, do you know what must follow?
 They are Spaniards, lady, jennets of high mettle,
 Things that will thrash the devil or his dam,
 Let 'em appear but cloven—

Con Now Heaven bless me!

Gillian Mad colts will court the wind, I know 'em,
 lady,

To the least-hair they have, and I tell you, 25
 Old as I am, let but the pint-pot bless 'em,
 They 'll offer to my years

Con How?

Gillian Such rude gambols—

Con To you?

Gillian Ay, and so handle me, that oft I am forced 30
 To fight of all four for my safety There's the
 younger,

Don John, the arrant'st Jack in all this city
 The other time has blasted, yet he will stoop,
 If not o'erflown, and freely, on the quarry,
 'Has been a dragon in his days but, Tarmont, 35
 Don Jenkin is the devil himself, the dog-days,
 The most incomprehensible whoremaster,
 Twenty a night is nothing, beggars, bloom-wo en,
 And those so miserable they look like famine,
 Are all sweet ladies in his drink

Con He's a handsome gentleman, 40
 Pity he should be master of such follies

Gillian He's ne'er without a noise of syringes
 In's pocket, (those proclaim him,) birding-pills,

21 *Yet*] F1 *E1 e* F2

22-25 *jennets* *mad colts*] This seems to be an inversion of the ordinary
 fiction of romances by which fillies are supposed to conceive by the wind, of
 e.g. *Valentinian*, IV 1 51

31 *of all four*] 1 e on all fours

34 *o'erflown*] 1 e drunk

35 *'Has*] *Has* Ff *H'as*, 1711

but] F2 *Bur* F1

Tarn out] an oath, by Termagant "Termagant was a deity, whom
 the Crusaders and romance writers charged the Saracens with worshipping,
 though there was certainly no such Saracenic deity"—Dyce

36 *Jenkin*] a diminutive of 'John'

42 *noise*] 1 e company, as in the phrase 'a noise of musicians'

syringes] used surgically in cases of venereal disease

43 *birding-pills*] *purging pills* Seward 'Birding-pills' are, "I suppose,
 pills to cure the consequences of *birding* (wenching)"—Dyce

Waters, to cool his conscience, in small vials,
 With thousand such sufficient emblems the truth is, 45
 Whose chastity he chops upon he cares not,
 He flies at all Bastards, upon my conscience,
 He has now in making, multitudes, the last night
 He brought home one, I pity her that bore it,
 But we are all weak vessels, some rich woman 50
 (For wise I dare not call her) was the mother,
 For it was hung with jewels, the bearing-cloth,
 No less than crimson velvet.

Con How?

Gillian 'Tis true, lady

Con Was it a boy too?

Gillian A brave boy, deliberation
 And judgment shew'd in 's getting, as, I'll say for hi, 55
 He's as well paced for that sport—

Con May I see it?

For there is a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
 Has had a late mischance, which willingly
 I would know further of now, if you please
 To be so courteous to me

Gillian Ye shall see it 60

But what do ye think of these men, now ye know
 'em,

And of the cause I told ye of? Be wise,
 Ye may repent too late else, I but tell ye
 For your own good, and as you will find it, lady

Con I am advised

Gillian No more words, then, do that, 65
 And instantly, I told ye of, be ready—

[*Aside*] Don John, I'll fit ye for your frumps

Con I shall be

But shall I see this child?

Gillian Within this half-hour
 Let's in, and there think better she that's wise
 Leaps at occasion first, the rest pay for it *Exeunt* 70

52 *bearing cloth*] "The fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized"—Weber

67 *fit ye*] *F1* fit you *F2*

frumps] Cf. note to III. 1. 21

SCENE IV

*The country**Enter* PETRUCHIO, DON JOHN, *and* FREDERICK

John Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a gentleman

(If I that so much love him may commend him),
Of free and virtuous parts, and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us (for which fear I brought him),
Will not fly back for fillips

Petru Ye much honour me, 5
And once more I pronounce ye both mine

Fred Stay, what troop
Is that below i' th' valley there?

John Hawking, I take it

Petru They are so 'tis the duke, 'tis even he,
gentlemen —

[*To Servant within*] Sirrah, draw back the horses till
we call ye —

I know him by his company

Fred I think too 10
He bends up this way

Petru So he does

John Stand you still
Within that covert till I call You, Frederick,
By no means be not seen, unless they offer

To bring on odds upon us He comes forward,
Here will I wait him fairly To your cabins! 15

Petru I need no more instruct ye?

John Fear me not,
I'll give it him, and boldly

Exeunt PETRUCHIO *and* FREDERICK

Enter Duke *and* his faction

Duke Feed the hawks up,
We'll fly no more to-day — Oh, my blest fortune!
Have I so fairly met the man?

John Ye have, sir ,
And him you know by this [*Points to his hat*]
Duke Sir, all the honour

John I do beseech your grace stay there
(For I know you too now), that love and honour
I come not to receive, nor can you give it,
Till ye appear fair to the world I must beseech ye,
Dismiss your train a little

Duke Walk aside, 25
And out of hearing, I command ye

[*Exeunt the Faction*]

Now, sir

John Last time we met, I was a friend

And nobly
You did a friend's office let your business
Be what it may, you must be still——

John Never a friend to him cannot be friend
To his own honour

Your pardon,

Duke In what have I transgress'd it?
Ye make a bold breach at the first, sir

John You made that breach that let in infamy
And ruin, to surprise a noble stock

Duke Be plain, sir

John I will, and short ye have wrong'd a gentleman, 35
Little behind yourself, beyond all justice,
Beyond the mediation of all friends

Duke The man, and manner of wrong?

John Petruchio,
The wrong, ye have whored his sister

Duke What's his will in't?

John His will is to oppose you like a gentle an, 40
And, single, to decide all

Duke Now stay you, sir,
And hear me with the like belief This gentleman
His sister that you named, 'tis true I have long loved,
Nor was that love lascivious, as he makes it,
As true, I have enjoy'd her, no less truth, 45

28 *did a]* *did me a* Seward
37 *the]* Dyce O tted by Ff

I have a child by her but that she, or he,
 Or any of that family are tainted,
 Suffer disgrace or ruin by my pleasures,
 I wear a sword to satisfy the world no,
 And him in this cause when he please, for know, sir, 50
 She is my wife, contracted before Heaven
 (Witness I owe more tie to than her brother),
 Nor will I fly from that name, which long since
 Had had the church's approbation,
 But for his jealous danger

John Sir, your pardon, 55
 And all that was my anger, now my service

Duke Fair sir, I knew I should convert ye Had we
 But that rough man here now too

John And ye shall, sir —
 Whoa, ho, hoo !

Duke I hope ye have laid no ambush ?

John. Only friends

Enter PETRUCHIO

Duke My noble brother ! welcome ! 60
 Come, put your anger off, we'll have no fighting,
 Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
 To bear that name

Petru Do you speak this heartily ?

Duke Upon my soul, and truly the first priest
 Shall put you out of these doubts

Petru Now I love ye, 65
 And I beseech you pardon my suspicions
 You are now more than a brother, a brave friend too
John The good man's over-joy'd

Enter FREDERICK

Fred How now ? how goes it ?

John Why, the man has his mare again, and all's
 well, Frederick,

55 *his jealous danger*] "1 e for the danger arising from his jealousy" —
 Seward

danger] *anger* Seward

61 *have*] F1 Omitted by F2

68 *How now*] F1 *How's* F2

The duke professes freely he's her husband

Fred 'Tis a good hearing

70

John

Yes, for modest gentlemen

I must present ye — May it please your grace

To number this brave gentleman, my friend

And noble kinsman, amongst those your servants

Duke Oh, 'y brave friend, you shower your bounties
on me!

75

Amongst my best thoughts, signior, in which number

You being worthily disposed already,

May place your friend to honour.

Fred

My love, sir,

And, where your grace dares trust me, all my service

Petru Why, this is wondrous happy But now,
brother,

80

Now comes the bitter to our sweet Constantia——

Duke Why, what of her?

Petru

Nor what, nor where, do I know

Wing'd with her fears, last night, beyond my know-
ledge,

She quit my house, but whither——

Fred

Let not that——

Duke No more, good sir, I have heard too much

Petru

Nay, sink not,

5

She cannot be so lost

John

Nor shall not, gentlemen

Be free again, the lady's found That smile, sir,

Shows ye distrust your servant

Duke

I do beseech ye

John Ye shall believe by my soul, she is safe——

Duke Heaven knows, I would believe, sir

Fred

Ye say safely

90

John And under noble usage this fair gentle an
Met her in all her doubts last night, and to his eard

(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her person,

Who waited on her to our lodging, where all respect,

Civil and honest service, now attend her

95

Petru Ye may believe now

Duke.

Yes, I do, and strongly —

Well, y good friends, or rather y good angels

(For ye have both preserved me), when these virtues

Die in your friend's remembrance

John

Good your grace,

Lose no more time in compliment, 'tis too precious 100

I know it by myself, there can be no hell

To his that hangs upon his hopes, especially

In way of lustly pleasures

Petru

He has hit it

Fred To horse again, then, for this night I'll crown

With all the joys ye wish for

Petru

Happy gentlemen! 105

Exeunt

SCENE V

Another part of the country

Enter FRANCISCO

Fran This is the maddest mischief never fool

Was so fubb'd off as I am, made ridiculous,

And to myself mine own ass Trust a woman!

I'll trust the devil first, for he dare be

Better than's word sometime What faith have I
broke? 5

In what observance fail'd? let me consider,

For this is monstrous usage

Enter DON JOHN and FREDERICK

Fred

Let them talk,

We'll ride on fan and softly

Fran

Well, Constantia——

Fred Constantia!—What's this fellow? stay, by all
means

Fran Ye have spun yourself a fair thread now

Fred

Stand still, John 10

Fran What cause had you to fly? what fear
possess'd ye?

Were you not safely lodged from all suspicion?

Used with all gentle means? did any know

How ye came thither, or what your sin was?

Fred

John,

I smell some juggling, John

John

Yes, Frederick,

15

I fear it will be found so

Fran

So strangely,

Without the counsel of your friends, so desperately,

To put all dangers on ye!

Fred

'Tis she

• •

Fran

So deceitfully,

After a stranger's lure!

John

Did ye mark that, Frederick?

Fran

To make ye appear more monster, and the law 20

More cruel to reward ye! to leave all,

All that should be your safeguard, to seek evils!

Was this your wisdom? this your promise? Well,

He that incited ye—

Fred

Mark that too

John

Yes, sir

Fran

'Had better have plough'd farther off Now,

lady,

25

What will your last friend, he that should preserve ye,

And hold your credit up, the brave Antonio,

Think of this slip? he'll to Petruchio,

And call for open justice

John

'Tis she, Frederick

Fred

But what that he is, John

Fran

I do not doubt yet 30

To bolt ye out, for I know certainly

Ye are about the town still Ha! no more words

Exit

Fred Well!

John

Very well!

Fred

Discreetly—

John

Finely carried!

Fred

You have no more of these tricks?

John

Ten to one, sir,

I shall meet with 'em, if ye have

Fred

Is this honest? 35

John

Was it in you a friend's part to deal double?

I a no ass, Don Frederick

Fred And, Don John,
It shall appear I am no fool Disgrace me,
To make yourself a lecher! 'tis boyish, 'tis base
John 'Tis false, and most unmanly to upbraid me, 40
Nor will I be your bolster, sir

Fred Thou wanton boy, thou hadst better have
been eunuch,
Thou com on woman's courtesy, than thus
Lascivious, basely to have bent mine honour
A friend? I'll make a horse my friend first
John Holla, holla! 45
Ye kick too fast, sir what strange brains have you
got,
That dare crow out thus bravely! I better been an
eunuch!

I privy to this dog-trick! Clear yourself
(For I know where the wind sits), and most nobly,
Or, as I have a life *A noise within like horses*
Fred No more,—they're horses,— 50
Nor show no discontent to-morrow comes
Let's quietly away If she be at home,
Our jealousies are put off

John The fellow,
We have lost him in our spleens, like fools

Enter Duke and PETRUCHIO

Duke Come, gentlemen,
Now set on roundly suppose ye have all mistresses, 55
And mend your pace according

Petru Then have at ye!
Exeunt

50 *they're*] *their* Seward
53, 54 *The fello*, *We have*] *The fellow we Have* Dyce I take it that
jealousies is here a word of four syllables

ACT IV

SCENE I

Bologna—Street before the house of GILLIAN

Enter DUKE, PETRUCHIO, FREDERICK, and JOHN

Petru Now to Bologna, my most honour'd brother,
I dare pronounce ye a hearty and safe welcome
Our loves shall now way-lay ye—Welcome, gentle-
men!

John The same to you, brave sir!—Don Frederick,
Will ye step in, and give the lady notice 5
Who comes to honour her?

Petru Bid her be sudden
We come to see no curious wench, a night-gown
Will serve the turn here's one that knows her nearest
Fred I'll tell her what ye say, sir

Duke *Exit FREDERICK*
My dear brother,
Ye are a merry gentleman

Petru Now will the sport be, 10
To observe her alterations, how like wildfire
She'll leap into your bosom, then seeing me,
Her conscience and her fears creeping upon her,
Dead, as a fowl at souse, she'll sink

Duke Fair brother,
I must entreat you——

Petru I conceive your mind, sir, 15
I will not chide her yet, ten ducats, duke,
She falls upon her knees, ten ore, she dare not—

Duke I must not have her frightened

1 *Bologna*] F2 *Bologna* F1

11 *wildfire*] F1 *a wildfire* F2

14 *at souse*] "1 e at the stroke of another bird descending violently on it"
—Dyce

Petru Well, you shall not
But like a summer's evening against heat,
Mark how I'll gild her cheeks

Enter FREDERICK and PETER

John How now?

Duke Ye may, sir 20

Fred Not to abuse your patience, noble friends,
Nor hold ye off with tedious circumstance,
For you must know—

Petru What?

Duke Where is she?

Fred Gone, sir

Duke How?

Petru What did you say, sir?

Fred Gone, by Heaven, removed!
The woman of the house too

John Well, Don Frederick! 25

Fred Don John, it is not well, but

Petru Gone?

Fred This fellow

Can testify I lie not

Peter Some four hours after
My master was departed with this gentleman,
My fellow and myself being sent of business,
(As we must think) of purpose

Petru Hang these circumstances! 30
They appear like owls, to ill ends

John [*Aside*] Now could I eat
The devil in his own broth, I am so tortured!—
Gone?

Petru Gone?

Fred Directly gone, fled, shifted
What would you have me say?

20 *Duke* *Ye may, Sir*] Seward In If these words are put of *Frederick's* following speech "I have ventured to give the three first words of *Frederick's* speech to the *Duke* they are a proper answer to *Petruchio*, but are not intelligible in *Frederick's* mouth, without considering them as a broken sentence relating to the usual suspicion between John and him, and then perhaps too much would be left wanting"—Seward

30 (*As think purpose*) (*As think purpose*) Dyce

Duke Well, gentlemen,
 Wrong not my good opinion
Fred For your dukedom 35
 I will not be a knave, sir
John He that is,
 A rot run in his blood !
Petru But hark ye, gentlemen ,
 Are ye sure ye had her here ? did ye not dream this ?
John Have you your nose, sir ?
Petru Yes, sir
John Then we had her
Petru Since you are so short, believe your having 40
 her
 Shall suffer more construction
John Let it suffice
 But, if I be not clear of all dishonour,
 Or practice that may taint my reputation,
 And ignorant of where this woman is,
 Make me your city's monster !
Duke I believe ye 45
John [*Aside*] I could lie with a witch now, to be
 revenged
 Upon that rascal did this !
Fred Only thus much
 I would desire your grace (for my mind gives me,
 Before night yet she is yours),—stop all opinion,
 And let no anger out, till full cause call it , 50
 Then every man's own work's to justify him !
 And this day let us give to search My man here
 Tells me, by chance he saw out of a window
 (Which place he has taken note of) such a face
 As our old landlady's, he believes the same too, 55
 And by her hood assures it let's fist thither ,
 For, she being found, all's ended
Duke Come, for Heaven's sake !—
 And, Fortune, and thou be'st not ever turning,
 If there be one firm step in all thy reelings,
 Now settle it, and save my hopes —Away, friends ! 60
Ex. nt

43 *practice*] i e intrigue, treachery51 *work's*] *works* 171154 *note*] *Fi notice* 172

SCENE II

*Another street**Enter ANTONIO and his Servant.**Ant* With all, my jewels?*Serv* All, sir*Ant* And that money

I left i' th' trunk?

Serv The trunk broke, and that gone too*Ant* Francisco of the plot?*Serv* Gone with the wench too*Ant* The mighty pox go with 'em! Belike they thoughtI was no man of this world, and those trifles 5
Would but disturb my conscience*Serv* Sure, they thought, sir,
You would not live to persecute 'em*Ant* Whore and fiddler?
Why, what a consort have they made! Hen and bacon!
Well, my sweet mistress, well, good madam Mar-tail,
You that have hung about my neck and lick'd me, 10
I'll try how handsomely your ladyship
Can hang upon a gallows, there's your master-
piece —But, haik ye, sirrah, no imagination
Of where they should be?*Serv* None, sir, yet we have search'd
All places we suspected I believe, sir, 15
They have taken towards the ports*Ant* Get me a conjurer,
One that can raise a water-devil I'll port 'em
Play at duck and drake with my money! Take heed,
fiddler,

Servant] Rowland, Dyce's conjecture, as Antonio's servant is called Rowland in the stage directions to Act III sc ii But see Introduction

8 consort] "One of the many quibbles in old writings on *consort* and *consort*, which were anciently spelt with the same letters"—Weber

9 *Mar tail*] a slang name for a whore

14 *Should be*] In F1 but not in F2 follows a stage-direction 'Bawd ready above' "A direction for the prompter to see that the Bawd is ready for the next scene"—Weber

I'll dance ye, by this hand, your fiddle-stick
 I'll grease of a new fashion, for presuming 20
 To meddle with my de-gamboys—Get me a
 conjurer,
 Inquire me out a man that lets out devils—
 None but my C cliff serve your turn?
Serv I know not
Ant In every street, Tom Fool, any blear-eyed
 people,
 With red heads and flat noses, can perform it 25
 Thou shalt know 'em by their half-gowns and no
 breeches—
 Mount my mare, fiddler! ha, boy! up at first dash!
 Sit suie, I'll clap a nettle, and a s art one,
 Shall make your filly firke, I will, fine fiddler,
 I'll put you to your plunge, boy—Sirrah, meet me 30
 So e two hours hence at home, in the mean time,
 Find out a conjurer, and know his price,
 How he will let his devils by the day out
 I'll have 'em and they be above ground *Exit* ANTONIO
Serv Now, bless me,
 What a mad man is this! I ust do something 35
 To please his humour such a an I'll ask for,
 And tell him where he is, but to come near him,
 Or have any thing to do with his Don Devils,
 I thank my fear, I dare not, nor I will not *Exit*

SCENE III

Another street

Enter DUKE, PETRUCHIO, FREDERICK, PETER, and
 [separately] *Servant with bottles*

Fred Whither wilt thou lead us?

Peter 'Tis hard by, sir
 And ten to one this wine goes thither •

21 *de-gamboys*] *de gambos* Seward A viol de-gambo is a kind of fiddle held
 between the legs (Italian *gamba*, leg) Antonio of course m his mistress

23 *C cliff*] A musical term, but of course a pun is here intended

29 *firke*] start

29 *fine*] F2 find F1

Duke Forward !
Petru Are they grown so merry ?
Duke 'Tis most likely
 She has heard of this good fortune, and determines
 To wash her sorrows off
Peter 'Tis so, that house, sir, 5
 Is it out of the window certainly
 I saw my old mistress's face
Petru They are merry, indeed *Music*
 Hark ! I hear music too
Duke Excellent music
John [*Aside*] Would I were even among 'em, and
 alone now,
 A pallet for the purpose in a corner, 10
 And good rich wine within me ! what gay sport
 Could I make in an hour now !
Fred Hark ! a voice too
 Let's not stir yet by any means

SONG [WITHIN]

Welcome, sweet liberty ! and, care, farewell !
 I am mine own
 She is twice damn'd that lives in hell, 15
 When heaven is shewn
 Budding beauty, blooming years,
 Were made for pleasure Farewell, fears !
 For now I am myself, mine own command, 20
 My fortune always in my hand

John Was this her own voice ?
Duke. Yes, sure
Fred 'Tis a rare one

Enter BAWD (above)

Duke The song confirms her here too, for if ye
 mark it,
 It spake of liberty, and free enjoying
 The happy end of pleasure
Peter Look ye there, sir 25
 Do ye know that head ?

3 *most*] F *most most* F2
 14-21 Song] F2 Omitted by F1, which, however, has the stage
 direction *Sing* after 'now' in l 9

Fred 'Tis my good landlady
I find fear has done all this

John She, I swear,
And now do I know, by the hanging of her hood,
She is parcel drunk Shall we go in?

Duke Not yet, sir

Petru No, let 'em take their pleasure

Duke When it is highest *Music* 30
We'll step in, and amaze 'em Peace, more music

John [*Aside*] This music murders me what blood
have I now!

Enter FRANCISCO and Exit

Fred I should know that face

John By this light, 'tis he, Frederick,
That bred our first suspicions, the same fellow

Fred He that we overtook, and overheard too, 35
Discoursing of Constantia

John Still the same
Now he slips in

Duke What's that?

Fred She must be here, sir
This is the very fellow, I told your grace
We found upon the way, and what his talk was

Enter FRANCISCO [above]

Petru Why, sure, I know this fellow yes, 'tis he, 40
Francisco, Antonio's boy, a rare musician,
He taught my sister on the lute, and is ever
(She loves his voice so well) about her Certain,
Without all doubt, she is here, it must be so

John Here! that's no question what should our
hen o' the ame else 45

Do here without her? If she be not here
(I am so confident), let your grace believe
We two are arrant rascals, and have abused ye

Fred I say so too

29 *parcel drunk*] "I e partly drunk"—Dyce

45 *our hen o' the game*] I e the landlady, for whom John mistak the Bawd

[Enter Bawd again, above]

John Why, there's the hood again now,
The card that guides us I know the fabric of it, 50
And know the old tree of that saddle yet 'twas made
of,

A hunting-hood, observe it!

Duke Who shall enter?

Petru I'll make one

John I another

Duke But so carry it

That all her joys flow not together

John If we told her

Your grace would none of her?

Duke By no means, signior, 55

'Twould turn her wild, stark frantic

John Or assured her——

Duke Nothing of that stern nature This ye may,

sir,—

That the conditions of our fear yet stand

On nice and dangerous knittings, or that a little

I seem to doubt the child

John [Aside] Would I could draw her 60

To hate your grace with these things!

Petru Come, let's enter—

[Aside] And, now he sees me not, I'll search her
soundly

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and JOHN

Duke Now luck of all sides! *Music*

Fred Doubt it not—More music!

Sure, she has heard some comfort

Duke Yes, stand still, sir [Song within]

Fred This is the maddest song!

50 card] Seward guard If "In either sense of the word 'guard', a watch or sentinel, or as a fringe or hem of a garment, the word is intelligible in this place, but sure 'tis not a very natural expression, and I have therefore ventured to discard it, to make room for what I think a very happy conjecture of Mr Sympon's, 'card,' i.e. the chart or mariner's compass"—Seward Cf I ii 53

57 Nothing nature] 12 Nothing of that stern nature Fr

64 Son within] This song has not been preserved

Duke Applied for certain 65
To some strange melancholy she is loaden with

Fred Now all the sport begins—hark! *Clapping of a door*

Duke They are amongst 'e
The fears now, and the shakings! *Trampling above*

Fred Our old lady
(Hark how they run!) is even now at this instant

Cease music
Ready to lose her head-piece by Don John, 70
Or creeping through a cat-hole

PETRUCHIO and JOHN *within*

Petru Bring 'e down —
And you, sir, follow me

Duke He's angry with 'em
I must not suffer this

John (*within*) Bowl down the bawd there,
Old Erra Mater — You, Lady Lechery,
For the good will I bear to the game, most tenderly 75
Shall be led out, and lash'd

Enter PETRUCHIO, JOHN, Whore, and Bawd *with*
FRANCISCO

Duke Is this Constantia?
Why, gentle en, what do you mean? Is this she?

Whore I am Constantia, sir

Duke A whore ye are, sir

Whore 'Tis very true, I am a whore indeed, sir

Petru She will not lie yet, though she steal

Whore A plain whore, 80
If you please to employ me

Duke And an impudent

Whore Plain dealing now is impudence —
One, if you will, sir, can shew ye as much sport
In one half-hour, and with as much variety,
As a far wiser woman can in half a year, 85
For there y way lies

Duke Is she not drunk too?

66 *Clapping of a door*] F1 Omitted by F2

69 *Cease music*] F1 Omitted by F2

74 *Erra Mater*] i e mother of errant women, an adaptation of the
traditional name Erra Pater, placed on the title pages of almanacs

Whore A little gilded o'er, sir
Old sack, old sack, boys!

Petru This is valiant

John A brave bold quean!

Duke Is this your certainty?
Do ye know the man ye wrong thus, gentlemen? 90
Is this the woman meant?

Fred No

Duke That your landlady?

John I know not what to say

Duke Am I a person

To be your sport, gentlemen?

John I do believe now certain

I am a knave, but how or when

Duke [To the Bawd] What are you?

Petru Bawd to this piece of pie-meat

Bawd A poor gentlewoman 95

That lies in town about law business,

And't like your worships

Petru You shall have law, believe it

Bawd I'll show your mastership my case

Petru By no means,

I had rather see a custard

Bawd My dead husband

Left it even thus, sir

John Bless mine eyes from blasting! 100

I was never so frighted with a case

Bawd And so, sir——

Petru Enough, put up, good velvet-head

Duke What are you two now,

By your own free confessions?

Fred What you shall think us,

Though to myself I am certain, and my life

Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it 105

John We are sure of nothing, Frederick, that's the
truth on't

I do not think my name's Don John, nor dare not

87 *gilded*] a euphemism for 'drunk' "Cf *Tempest*, V 1 279, 'And Trinculo is reeling ripe where should they find this grand liquor, that hath gilded 'em?'"—Reed

88 *valiant*] udden's conjecture *saliant*, Ff

98 *case*] The Bawd means 'law suit,' but Petruchio wilfully misunderstands the word in an indecent sense

102 *velvet head*] "Alluding, of course, to her velvet hood"—Dyce

Believe any thing that concerns me, but my debts,
 Nor those in way of payment — Things are so carried,
 What to entreat your grace, or how to tell ye 110
 We are, or we are not, is past my cunning !
 But I would fain imagine we are honest,
 And, o' my conscience, I should fight in 't

Duke Thus, then,
 For we may be all abused——

Petru 'Tis possible,
 For how should this concern them ?

Duke Here let's part, 115
 Until to-morrow this time, we to our way,
 To make this doubt out, and you to your way,
 Pawning our honours then to meet again
 When, if she be not found——

Fred We stand engaged
 To answer, any worthy way we are call'd to 120

Duke We ask no more

Whore Ye have done with us, then ?

Petru No, dame

Duke. But is her name Constantia ?

Petru Yes, a moveable
 Belonging to a friend of mine — Come out, fiddler,
 What say you to this lady ? be not fearful

Fran Saving the reverence of my master's pleasure, 125
 I say she is a whore, and that she has robb'd him,
 Hoping his hurts would kill him

Whore Who provoked me ?

Nay, sirrah Squeak, I'll see your treble strings
 Tied up too, if I hang, I'll spoil your piping,
 Your sweet face shall not save ye

Petru Thou damn'd impudence, 130
 And thou dried devil ! — Where's the officer ?

Peter He's here, sir

Enter Officer.

Petru Lodge these safe, till I send for 'em
 Let none come to 'em, nor no noise be heard
 Of where they are, or why Away !

[*Exit Officer with Whore, Bawd, and FRANCISCO*]

John [Aside] By this hand,
 A handsome whore!—Now will I be arrested,
 And brought home to this officer's—A stout whore! 135
 I love such stirring ware—Pox o' this business!
 A man must hunt out morsels for another,
 And starve himself!—A quick-ey'd whore, that's wild-

fire,
 And makes the blood dance through the veins like
 billows! 140
 I will reprieve this whore

Duke Well, good luck with ye!

Fred As much attend your grace!

Petru To-morrow, certain—

John If we out-live this night, sir,

Fred Come, Don John,

We have something now to do

John I am sure I would have

Fred If she be not found, we must fight

John I am glad on't, 145

I have not fought a great while

Fred If we die

John There's so much money saved in lechery

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I

*A street**Enter Duke, PFTRUCHIO, below, and VECCHIO, above**Duke* It should be hereabouts*Petru* Your grace is right ,
This is the house, I know it*Vec* [*Aside*] Grace !*Duke* 'Tis further,
By the description we received*Petru* Good y lord the duke,
Believe e, for I know it certainly,
This is the very house*Vec* [*Aside*] My lord the duke ! 5
[*Withdraws*]*Duke* Pray Heaven this man prove right now !*Petru* Believe it, he's a most sufficient scholar,
And can do rare tricks this way , for a figure,
Or raising an appearance, whole Christendom
Has not a better I have heard strange wonders of
him 10*Duke* But can he shew us where she is ?*Petru* Most certain ,
And for what cause too she departed*Duke* Knock, then ,
For I am great with expectation,
Till this man satisfy e I fear the Spaniards ,
Yet they appear brave fellows can he tell us ? 15*Petru* With a wet finger, whether they be
false*Duke* Away, then !*Petr* Who's within here ? [*Knocks*]

Enter VECCHIO

Vec Your grace may enter—
Duke How can he know me?
Petru He knows all
Vec And you, sir, *Exeunt*

SCENE II

Another street

Enter DON JOHN and FREDRICK

John What do you call his name?
Fred Why, Peter Vecchio
John They say he can raise devils—can he make 'em
 Tell truth too when he has raised 'em? for, believe it,
 These devils are the lying'st rascals!
Fred He can compel 'em
John With what?
 Can he tie squibs in their tails, and fire the truth out?
 Or make 'em eat a bawling Puritan,
 Whose sanctified zeal shall rumble like an earthquake?
Fred With spells, man
John Ay, with spoons as soon—Dost thou think
 The devil such an ass as people make him?
 Such a poor coxcomb? such a penny foot-post?
 Compell'd with cross and pile to run of errands?
 With Asteroth, and Behemoth, and Belphegor?
 Why should he shake at sounds that lives in a smith's
 forge?
 Or, if he do—
Fred Without all doubt he does, John
John Why should not bilbo raise him, or a pair of
 bullions?

5, 6 *With out*]—Colman's arrangement Two lines ending *he out*
 If

12 *cross and pile*] i. e. with a silver coin, the 'cross and pile' corresponding
 to 'heads and tails' Conjurers always require their hands 'crossed with
 silver'

16 *bilbo*] a sword, from Bilbao in Spain, where swords were made
bullions] probably bullion hose, trunk hose with exaggerated puffs

They go as big as any , or an unshod car,
 When he goes tumble, tumble, o'er the stones,
 Like Anacreon's drunken verses, make him tremble?
 These make as fell a noise Metninks the colic, 20
 Well handled, and fed with small beer——

Fred 'Tis the virtue——

John The virtue! nay, and goodness fetch him up
 once,

'Has lost a friend of me, the wise old gentleman
 Knows when, and how I'll lay this hand to two-
 pence,

Let all the conjurers in Christendom, 25
 With all their spells and virtues, call upon him,
 And I but think upon a wench, and follow it,
 He shall be sooner mine than theirs where's virtue?

Fred Thou art the most sufficient (I'll say for thee)
 Not to believe a thing——

John Oh, sir, slow credit 30
 Is the best child of knowledge I'll go with ye;
 And, if he can do any thing, I'll think
 As you would have me

Fred Let's inquire along,
 For certain we are not far off

John Nor much nearer
Exeunt

SCENE III

A room in the house of VECCHIO

Enter Duke, PETRUCHIO, and VECCHIO

Vec You lost her yester-night

Petru How think you, sir?

Duke Is your name Vecchio?

Vec Yes, sir

Duke And you can shew me

These things you promise?

19 *make him tremble*] *Mason* *make us tremble* F1 Omitted by F2

21 *virtue*] i.e. potency, but John misunderstands the word in the sense of
 'goodness'

Vec Your grace's word bound to me,
No hand of law shall seize me

Duke As I live, sir!

Petru And as I live, that can do something too,
sir!

Vec I take your promises Stay here a little,
Till I prepare some ceremonies, and I'll satisfy ye
The lady's name's Constantia?

Petru Yes

Vec I come straight
Exit VECCHIO

Duke Sure, he's a learned man

Petru The most now living
Did your grace mark, when we told all these circum-
stances,

How ever and anon he bolted from us,
To use his study's help?

Duke Now I think rather

To talk with some familiar

Petru Not unlikely,

For sure he has 'em subject

Duke How could he else

Tell when she went, and who went with her?

Petru True

Duke Or hit upon mine honour? or assure me
The lady loved me dearly?

Petru 'Twas so

Enter VECCHIO in his habiliments

Vec Now,
I do beseech your grace, sit down, and you, sir
Nay, pray, sit close, like brothers

Petru A rare fellow!

Vec And what ye see, stir not at, nor use a
word,

Until I ask ye, for what shall appear

Is but weak apparition and thin air,

Not to be held nor spoken to *Knocking within*

[16 mine honour] my rank, Vecchio having recognised his visitor as the
Duke

JOHN, FREDERICK, and a Servant *within*

Duke We are counsell'd

Vec What noise is that without there ?

Fred (*within*) We must speak with him

Serv (*within*) He's busy, gentlemen

John (*within*) That 's all one, friend , 25

We must and will speak with him

Duke Let 'em in, sir

We know their tongues and business , 'tis our own,

And in this very cause that we now come for,

• They also come to be instructed

Vec Let 'em in, then

Enter FREDERICK, JOHN, and Servant

Sit down , I know your meaning

Fred The duke before us ! 30

Now we shall sure know something

Vec Not a question ,

But make your eyes your tongues

John This is a strange juggler ,

Neither indent before-hand for his payment,

Nor know the breadth of the business ! Sure, his
devil

Comes out of Lapland, where they sell men winds 35

For dead drink and old doublets

Fred Peace , he conjures

John Let him , he cannot raise my devil

Fred Prithee, peace

Vec Appear, appear !

And you, soft winds, so clear,

That dance upon the leaves, and make them

sing 40

Gentle love-lays to the spring,

Gilding all the vales below

With your verdure as ye blow,

Raise these forms from under ground,

With a soft and happy sound ! • *Soft music* 45

35 *Lapland*] the witches in *Macbeth* dispose of winds It was a northern trait Cf Bartholomew Anglicus, in R Steele, *Medieval Lore*, of the Finlanders, 'and so to men that sail by their coasts, and also to men that abide with them from default of wind, they proffer wind to sailing, and so they sell wind'

John This is an honest conjurer and a pretty poet
I like his words well, there 's no bombast in 'em
But do you think now he can cudgel up the devil
With this short staff of verses?

Fred Peace! the spirits!

Two Shapes of Women pass by

John Nay, and they be no worse——

Vec Do ye know these faces?

Duke No 50

Vec Sit still, upon your lives, then, and mark what
follows——

Away, away!

John These devils do not paint, sure?
Have they no sweeter shapes in hell?

Fred Hark now, John!

CONSTANTIA passes by [veiled]

John Ay, marry, this moves something like, this
devil

Carries some mettle in her gait

Vec I find ye, 55

You would see her face unveil'd?

Duke Yes

Vec Be uncover'd [*She unveils*]

Duke Oh, Heaven!

Vec Peace!

Petru See how she blushes!

John Frederick,

This devil for my money, this is she, boy

Why dost thou shake? I burn

Vec Sit still, and silent

Duke She looks back at me, now she smiles, sir 60

Vec Silence!

Duke I must rise, or I burst *Exit* CONSTANTIA

Vec Ye see what follows

Duke Oh, gentle sir, this shape again!

Vec I cannot,

'Tis all dissolved again This was the figure?

Duke The very same, sir

Petru No hope once more to see it?
Vec You might have kept it longer, had ye spared
 it, 65
 Now 'tis impossible
Duke No means to find it?
Vec Yes, that there is sit still a while, there's
 wine,
 To thaw the wonder from your hearts, drink well,
Vec *Enter VECCHIO*
John This conjurer is a right good fellow too,
 A lad of mettle, two such devils more 70
 Would make me a conjurer What wine is it?
Fred Hollock
John The devil's in it, then, look how it dances!
 Well, if I be— [Drinks]
Petru We are all before ye,
 That's your best comfort, sir
John By th' mass, brave wine!
 Nay, and the devils live in this hell, I dare venture 75
 Within these two months yet to be deliver'd
 Of a large legion of 'em
Duke Here 'a comes

Enter VECCHIO

Silence of all sides, gentlemen!

Vec Good your grace,
 Observe a stricter temper, and you too, gallants,
 You'll be deluded all else This merry devil 80
 That next appears (for such a one you'll find it)

64 *Petru* | *F1* *F2* gives this speech to the Duke

71 *Hollock*] *Holk* Seward "In Henderson's *Hist of Anc and Mod Wines*,
 p 312, the present passage is cited with the erroneous reading 'Hock', but
 that elaborate work contains no account of *hollock* The latter wine, however,
 is frequently mentioned by our early writers so Taylor—

'*Hollock* and Tent would be of small repute'

The Praise of Hemp seed, p 65 — *Workes*, ed 1630

It probably means wine produced in Ilolach or Hohenlohe, a district in the
 circle of Franconia"—Dyce

73 *Well, if I be—*] "The author, I apprehend, wrote, *Well if I be*
deliver'd— John has just said that the devil is in the wine"—Dyce
 I do not suppose that this is what the author wrote, but this is doubtless what
 John's aposiopesis means

77 'a] *F1* *he F2*

Must be call'd up by a strange incantation,—
 A song, and I must sing it pray, bear with me,
 And pardon my rude pipe, for yet, ere parting,
 Twenty to one I please ye

Duke We are arm'd, sir 85

Petru Nor shall you see us more transgress

Fried What think'st thou

Now, John?

John Why, now do I think, Fiedrick,
 (And, if I think amiss, Heaven pardon me)

This honest conjurer, with some four or five
 Of his good fellow-devils, and myself, 90
 Shall be yet drunk ere midnight

Fried Peace, he conjures

SONG

Come away, thou lady gay!—

Hoist, how she stumbles!—

Hark how she mumbles!—

Dame Gillan! 95

Answer I come, I come

By old Claret I enlure thee,

By Cunnary thus I charge thee,

By Britum Matthewglin, and Peter,

Appear, and answer me in metric! 100

Why, when?

Why, Gill!

Why, when?

Answer You'll tarry till I am ready

83 *pray*] LI *pray* F2

92-119 Song] F2 Omitted by LI, which, however, has the stage direction
 Song to 'midnight' in l 91

99 *Matthewglin*] *Methglin*, 1711 *Methglin*, or mead, is made of
 honey. It is called "Britain *Matthewglin*" as being a characteristically
 British drink. "The common appellation of the first [*Methglin*] by the
 name of *Matthew Glin*, (although it seems a Nick't name to the world,) is
 generally received by the History of Monmouth to be the Authours name
 of this Mellifluous mixture, for this *Matthew*, dwelling in a Valley (for so the
 word *Glin* imports Englished from the Welsh), being master of a very great
 stocke of Bees, and wanting vent for the issue of their labours in an abundant
 yeare, betooke himself wholly to his study, and being most ingenious in
 things of this nature, in a short time he profited so well, as out of his maternall
 or mother-wit, of himselfe he perfected this rare composur."—Taylor's
Drinke and Welcome, 1637, sig. A 3, quoted by Dyce

100 *Peter*] "an abbreviation of *Peter-see me*, *Peter samerne*, or *Peter semine*,
 corruptions of the word *Pedro Ximenes*."—Dyce "The *Pedro Ximenes*
 receives its name from a grape which is said to have been imported from the
 banks of the Rhine by an individual called *Pedro Simon* (corrupted to *Ximen* or

Once again I conjure thee,
By the pose in thy nose,
And the gout in thy toes,
By thine old dried skm,
And the mummy within,
By thy little, little ruff,
And thy hood that's made of stuff,
By thy bottle at thy breech,
And thine old salt itch,
By the stakes and the stones,
That have worn out thy bones,
Appear,
Appear,
Appear!

Inspector Oh, I am here !

[illegible]

Enter Landlady and the Child

John I cannot peace devils in French hoods,
Frederick ! Satan's old syringes !

Duke What's this?

Ver Peace!

John She, boy

Fred What dost thou mean?

John She, boy, I say

Fred Ha'

John She, boy

The very child, too, Frederick

Fred She laughs on us 125

Aloud, John has the devil these affections?

I do believe 'tis she, indced

Vec Stand still

John I will not

Ximenes), and is one of the richest and most delicate of the Malaga wines, resembling very much the malmsey of Paxarete"—Henderson's *Hist. of the and Mod. Wines*, p. 193, quoted by Dyce.

101 *Why, when*] "An elliptical expression of impatience, very common in early plays"—Dyce

106 pose] "a catarrh or defluxion of rheum"—Seward

²³ *syringes*] Here used as equivalent to 'bawds', cf. III m 42

'Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed?'

Sweet lady, was it you? if thou be'st the devil,
First, having cross'd my self, to keep out wildfire, 130
Then said some special prayers to defend me
Against thy most unhallow'd hood, have at thee!

Gillian Hold, sir! I am no devil

John That's all one

Gillian I am your very landlady

John I defy thee

Thus, as St Dunstan blew the devil's nose 135
With a pair of tongs, even so, right worshipful——

Gillian Sweet son, I am old Gillian

Duke This is no spirit

John Art thou old Gillian, flesh and bone?

Gillian I am, son

Vic Sit still, sir, now I'll show you all

Exit VECCHIO

John Where's thy bottle?

Gillian Here, I beseech ye, son——

John For I know the devil 140

Cannot assume that shape

Vic 'Tis she, John, certain

John A hog's pox o' your mouldy chaps! what
make you

Tumbling and juggling here?

Gillian I am quit now, signior, "

For all the pranks you play'd, and railings at me,

For to tell true, out of a trick I put 145

Upon your high behaviours (which was a lie,

But then it served my turn), I diew the lady

Unto my kinsman's here, only to torture

Your don-ships for a day or two, and secure her

Out of all thoughts of danger Here she comes now 150

Enter VECCHIO and CONSTANTIA

Duke May I yet speak?

Vic Yes, and embrace her too,

128 *Who* bed? A jesting imitation of a famous speech of Hieronimo in
Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, II v I, which begins, "What outcries pluck me from
my naked bed?"

142 *make*] F1 *makes* F2

145 *true*] *truth* Weber

For one that loves you dearer——

Duke Oh, my sweetest !

Petru Blush not , I will not chide ye

Con To add more

Unto the joy I know I bring ye,—see, sir,

The happy fruit of all our vows !

Duke Heaven's blessing 155

Be round about thee ever !

John Pray, bless me too ,

For, if your grace be well instructed this way,

You'll find the keeping half the getting

Duke How, sir ?

John I'll tell ye that anon

Con 'Tis true, this gentleman

Has done a charity worthy your favour , 160

And let him have it, dear sir

Duke My best lady,

He has, and ever shall have —So must you, sir,

To whom I am equal bound as to my being

Fried Your grace's humble servants

Duke Why kneel you, sir ?

Vec For pardon for my boldness , yet 'twas harm-
less, 165

And all the art I have, sir Those your grace saw,
Which you thought spirits, were my neighbours'
children,

Whom I instruct in grammar here and music ,

Their shapes (the people's fond opinions

Believing I can conjure, and oft repairing 170

To know of things stolen from 'em) I keep about me,

And always have in readiness By conjecture,

Out of their own confessions, I oft tell 'em

Things that by chance have fallen out so , which way

(Having the persons here I knew you sought for) 175

I wrought upon your grace My end is mirth,

And pleasing, if I can, all parties

Duke I believe it,

154 *I know I bring*] Dyce *I know, I bring* F1

159 *ye*] F1 *you* F2

160 *Has*] F2 *'Has* F1

162 *He*] F2 *She* F1

164 *servants*] F1 *servant* F2

169 *shapes*] "I e dresses (for disguise)" —Dyce

For you have pleased me truly, so well pleased me,
That, when I shall forget it——

Petru Here's old Antonio,
(I spied him at a window) coming mainly, 180
I know, about his whore, the man you light on,
As you discover'd unto me Good your grace,
Let's stand by all, 'twill be a mirth above all
To observe his pelting fury

Vec About a wench, sir?

Petru A young whore that has robb'd him

Vec But do you know, sir, 185

Where she is?

Petru Ycs, and will make that perfect

Vec I am instructed well, then

John If he come
To have a devil show'd him, by all means
Let me be he, I can roar rarely

Petru Be so,
But take heed to his anger

Vec Slip in quickly, 190
There you shall find suits of all sorts When I call,
Be ready, and come forward

Exeunt all but VECCHIO

Who's there? come in

Enter ANTONIO

Ant Are you the conjurer?

Vec Sir, I can do a little
That way, if you please to employ me

Ant Presently
Shew me a devil that can tell

Vec Where your wench is 195

Ant You are i' th' right, as also where the fiddler
That was conjuring to her

Vec Sit ye there, sir,

181 *his whore, the man*] *his whore and the man* Mason 'The man is,
of course, Francisco

182 *Light*] *lit* Colman 'Light' is often used for the past tense in these
plays

188 *show'd*] *shewn* Colman

192 *Who's in*] Dyce *Who's there come in?* FI *Who's there comes in?*
F2

Ye shall know presently Can ye pray heartily?

Ant Why, is your devil so furious?

Vec I must show ye
A form may chance affright ye

Ant He must fart fire, then 200
Take you no care for me

Vec Ascend, Asteroth!
Why, when? appear, I say!—

Enter DON JOHN, *like a Spirit*

Now question him

Ant Where is my whore, Don Devil?

John Gone to China,
To be the Great Cham's mistress

Ant That's a lie, devil
Where are my jewels?

John Pawn'd for petticoats 205

Ant That may be Where's the fiddler?

John Condemn'd to th' gallows
For robbing of a mill

Ant The lying'st devil
That e'er I dealt withal, and the unlikeliest!—
What was that rascal hurt me?

John I
Ant How!

John I

Ant Who was he?

John I

Ant Do ye hear, conjurer? 210
Dae ye venture your devil?

Vec Yes

Ant Then I'll venture my dagger—
Have at your devil's pate! [*Attacks* DON JOHN, *who*
throws off his disguise] Do ye mew?

Enter all

Vec Hold!

Petru Hold there!

201 *Asteroth*] *Asterth* Ff *Ast't'roth* Seward

202 *Why, when?*] Cf note to line 100

210 *ye*] F1 *you* F2

212 *ye*] F1 *you* F2

212 *n cw*] "I e cast your dress, properly, moult"—Dyce

I do command ye hold !

Ant Is this the devil ?

Why, conjurer——

Petru 'Has been a devil to you, sir,
But now you shall forget all Your whore's safe, . 215
And all your jewels, your boy too

John Now the devil, indeed
I lay his ten claws upon thee ! for my pate
Finds what it is to be a fiend

Ant All safe ?

Petru Pray ye, know this person, all 's right now

Ant Your grace

May now command me, then But where 's my whore ? 220

Petru Ready to go to whipping

Ant My whore whipp'd !

Petru Yes, your whore, without doubt, sir

Ant Whipp'd ! Pray, gentlemen——

Duke Why, would you have her once more rob ye ?

The young boy

You may forgive, he was enticed

John The whore, sir,
Would rather carry pity, a handsome whore ! 225

Ant A gentleman, I warrant thee

Petru Let 's in all ;

And, if we see contrition in your whore, sir,

Much may be done

Duke Now, my dear fall, to you,

And the full consummation of my vow ! *Exeunt*

213 ye] FI you F2

214 'Has] FI He has 1 2

218 All] All's Weber

219 Pray] FI 'Pray F2

222 Pray] FI 'pray F2

EPILOGUE

WE have not held you long, nor do I see
 One brow in this selected company
 Assuring a dislike Our pains were eased
 Could we be confident that all rise pleased
 But such ambition soars too high if we 5
 Have satisfied the best, and they agree
 In a fair censure, we have our reward,
 And, in them arm'd, desire no surer guard

¹ *nor* ^{see}] Omitted by 1653
⁷ *censure*] “¹ e judgment, opinion ”—Dyce

FINIS

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